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Commentary

Volume Fifty, Number Six, December 1970

Robert A. Nisbet
Roger Starr
David L. Bromwich
Norman Podhoretz
on

The Counter-Culture and Its Apologists

The Deadly Innocences of American Jews
Earl Raab

Babysitting—A Story Johanna Kaplan

Terrorism & Preventive Detention: The Case of Israel
Alan M. Dershowitz

The Topless Tower of Babylon Milton Himmelfarb

Sex and Armageddon John P. Sisk

BOOKS IN REVIEW—Irving Howe/Stanley Rothman/Maurice Friedberg/Lionel Abel

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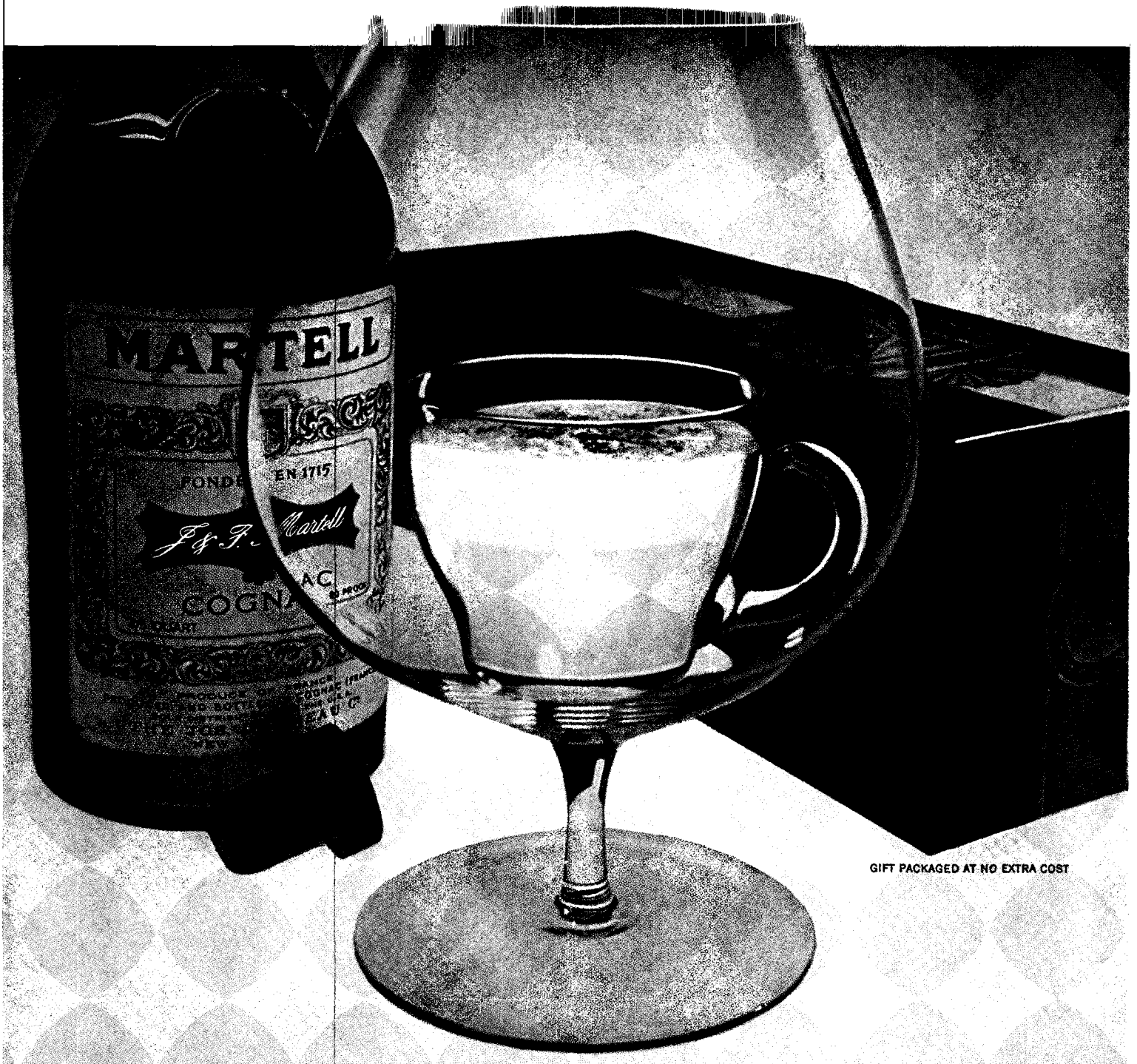

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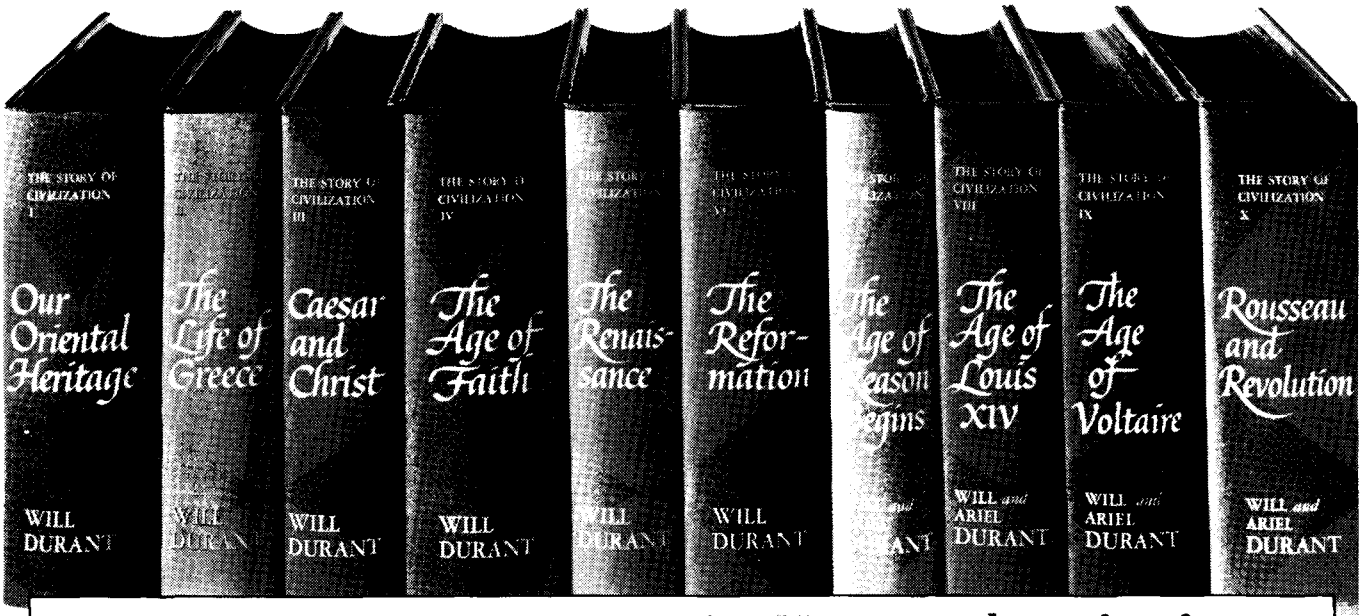

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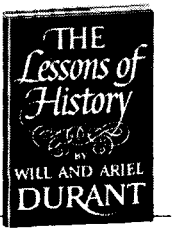

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Commentary

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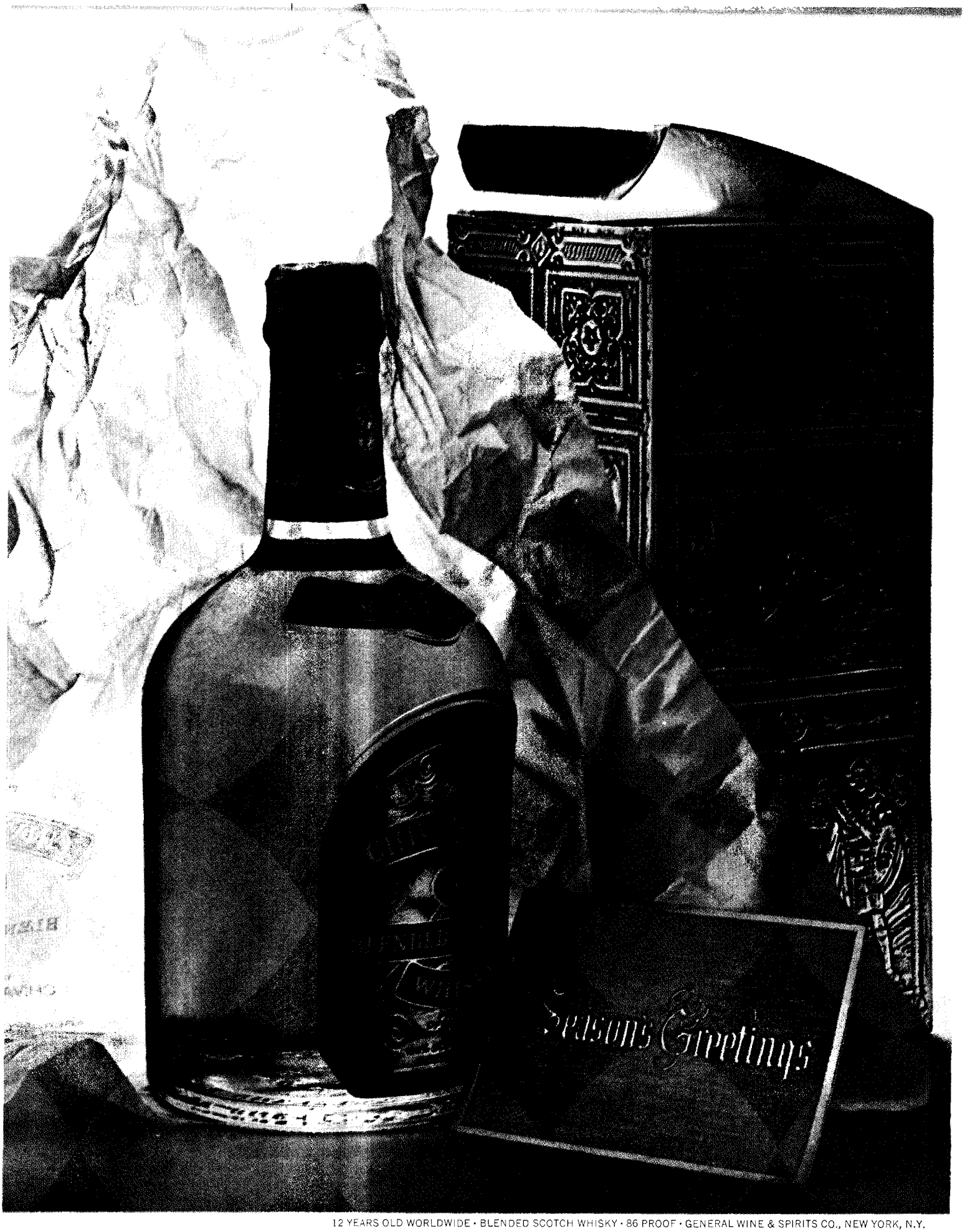

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The New Hypocrisies

Norman Podhoretz

As David L. Bromwich (p. 55) suggests, the counter-culture, previously thought to be the way of life of a tiny minority of the "alienated" young at war with the attitudes and values of the general run of their own contemporaries, not to mention those of virtually all their elders, has now been accorded a kind of *de jure* diplomatic recognition by the United States government itself. Thus the Report of the President's Commission on Campus Unrest (see Robert A. Nisbet, p. 40) asserts that a " 'new' culture is emerging primarily among students" and from its brief if maudlin description of this culture it is clear that the phenomenon the Commission has in mind is the same phenomenon Theodore Roszak and others have called the counter-culture and that its most recent and most egregiously uncritical celebrant, Charles A. Reich, calls Consciousness III (see Roger Starr, p. 46).

To be sure, the Nixon administration has made its displeasure with the Scranton Commission abundantly clear, but the President has nevertheless accepted its Report, thereby conferring upon this document the status of an official state paper of the United States. Whatever Mr. Agnew may find it politically expedient to say, then, the counter-culture has now been established as a legitimate entity of American life, an alternative mode of living and thinking which, the Report comes very close to declaring explicitly, is superior to that of everyone else. Naturally, the Report identifies everyone else as the "elders" of the dissident students, saying nothing about their contemporaries who do not conform to the most publicized generational fashions, and reinforcing the widespread but altogether erroneous impression that we are dealing here with a generational conflict rather than a political one cutting across all age groups on an axis of social class and ethnicity. In any event, now that the counter-culture has achieved this established state, the least one might hope is that its apologists will deny themselves the note of pathos with which they habitually talk when it suits their propagandistic purposes to describe it as a powerless minority. A minority it certainly is; powerless it certainly is not.

The epithet most frequently applied to the counter-culture, often even by people hostile to it, is "idealistic." The Scranton Report puts the case this way: "Most of its members have high ideals. . . . They stress the need for humanity, equality, and the sacredness of life," while "their elders" (i.e., the rest of us) are so "entrapped by materialism and competition" that we have lost our "sense of human purpose." Roszak and Reich say much the same thing—Roszak in my opinion with far greater intellectual authority than Reich in whom, to borrow Christopher Lehmann-Haupt's inspired comparison, the counter-culture has found its Norman Vincent Peale. And so debased has the vocabulary of public discourse become that "enlightened" opinion nods its by now thoroughly bored assent to this crude opposition of "idealism" to "materialism." One wonders why so many people are willing to acquiesce in so insulting and so reductive a characterization of the way they themselves live—I mean, do they really believe that they are exhaustively defined as "entrapped by materialism and competition" and that they are the enemies of "humanity, equality, and the sacredness of life"?

But if it makes no sense—no intellectual sense and no moral sense—to describe the culture of the "elders" as materialistic, it makes even less sense, I would say, to describe the counter-culture as idealistic. If the word "idealistic" has any political meaning at all, it surely refers to action undertaken for the sake of considerations other than immediate self-interest. Now it goes without saying—or at least it used to go without saying—that actions undertaken for the sake of self-interest are not necessarily bad and may even be very good, for others as well as for oneself. Whatever else such actions may be, however, they are not idealistic. For example, when a young man in danger of being drafted opposes the war in Vietnam, he is not being an idealist, although he may well be doing something right or admirable or even, under certain circumstances, courageous. Nor, to take another kind of example, does the protestation of altruistic sentiments or high-sounding opinions by itself mark the protester as an idealist; such protestations may only prove that he is a hypocrite or an unctuous moral narcissist. (There are, of course, political philosophers, including some whose views lie at the basis of the American constitutional system, who have considered that self-interested action was more likely to serve the general good than selfless or idealistic action, which has a habit of becoming fanatical and intolerant in a way that material selfishness rarely has the *chutzpah* to do; but that is yet another matter.)

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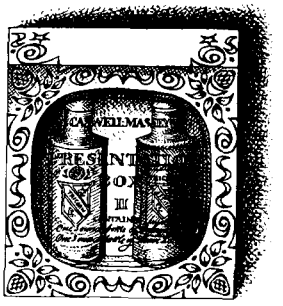

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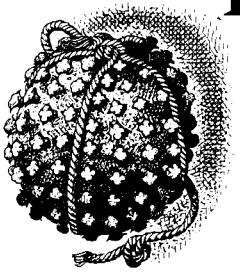

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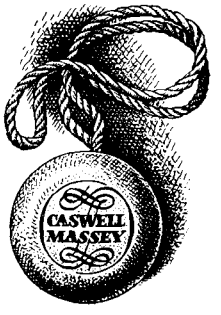

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So far as I have been able to tell from personal observation and from reading, the "idealism" of the counter-culture consists entirely of self-interested action and in professions of virtue whose unctuousness is hidden, but only barely, by the hip idiom in which it so incongruously expresses itself. Perhaps, paraphrasing Charles Reich, one could call these two varieties of "idealism" Hypocrisy II and Hypocrisy III, with Hypocrisy I signifying the more familiar Victorian form. After all, how else but as a species of hypocrisy is one to describe an assertion of natural superiority put forward in the language of egalitarianism? And how else but as hypocritical is one to describe the claim to be distressed by the sufferings of others when this claim coexists peacefully and indeed harmoniously with an indifference and sometimes a positive hostility to the goal of improving the miserable conditions under which great masses of people still live? (Roger Starr and David Bromwich provide instances of both these varieties of counter-culture hypocrisy in the current issue.)

But the position is in truth worse, even, than that. For what is it that the counter-culture actually opposes? By its own account it opposes the predominant values of the American middle class. It has every right to do so. But the fact that it describes these values in terms that are drenched in an arrogant contempt for the lives of millions and millions of people, the vast majority of whom are considerably less affluent and less privileged in every other social regard than the typical counter-culture loyalist, is to me sufficient indication of the ludicrousness of the claim of superior humaneness which it is always making on its own behalf. The snobbish contumely with which the Scranton Report speaks of the "elders" is a salient example. Is it humane and idealistic to identify oneself with all moral virtue and to dismiss everyone else as beneath moral consideration? I would have thought that epithets like insensitive, incurious, unimaginative, and smug would be somewhat more precise.

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Letters from Readers

Pollution & Democracy

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As Lawrence Malkin [Books in Review, September] will doubtless agree, utopian cranks can be expected to take unconventional steps, such as occasionally reviewing the reviews of their own books. Far be it from me to be so ungracious as to overlook his initial complimentary remarks, even though some appear to me to be unwarranted (the fact is that I find myself very much in the orthodox economic tradition). But it would be inconsiderate of me if I left him immersed in his current illusions—many of which, it seems, spring from that commendable excess of democratic feeling to which our American cousins are particularly prone. Certainly, not every eccentric author can claim the distinction of having so moved the reviewer as to be referred to in the same breath, so to speak, as (a) a Luddite, (b) a utopian, (c) an elitist, and effectively (d) a reactionary, inasmuch as (according to Mr. Malkin) I want to stop the world and get off without giving the poor and blacks "their chance to get on." Not only the fastidious, I think, will affect to discern incongruities in this bunch of identity tags.

Speaking for myself, however, I dismiss the lot. First, I believe I had made it abundantly clear in my writing that modern technology is so built into the economic system that to think of halting its advance is quixotic. I am skeptical about this view having been shared by the Luddites. Nor does my reading of history suggest that utopians generally anticipate a decline of social welfare over time, as I do, even though all the policies they advocate come to be implemented. But then Mr. Malkin's researches may well have uncovered novel historical interpretations: has he not made the bizarre discovery that "Europe built up its stock of amenity [*sic*] by a process of the magnificent rich soaking the miserable poor"? (The Cads!)

As for my elitist propensities, I went to some trouble in the latter part of my book to emphasize that my concern was not so much with the welfare of the scientists and professionals, for in the highly technical society we are moving into, they would find some compensations. My concern was with the welfare of ordinary men and women, who would become (I predicted) increasingly expendable and helpless. For such people the traditional sources of gratification and self-respect would be drying up (notwithstanding the prevalence of iced drinks, espresso machines, and similar refinements).

To illustrate further, my proposal for separate amenity areas has no affinity with what Mr. Malkin calls a "let-them-eat-cake proposal." Quite the contrary. Those rich enough today can still get away from it all. The lower- and middle-income family cannot. Indeed, pollution falls heaviest on the poorest. Quiet amenity areas within commuting distances of urban centers is, then, a proposal purporting to offer a vital choice to ordinary people, one not offered to them by the market. And anti-pollution legislation, placing the onus of compensation on polluters, would, I suggest, reveal the establishment of such areas to be economically feasible.

As for equity, one need not labor the case. The average urban or suburban family today has no practical means of escape from shrieking aircraft, from motorized lawn-mowers, and the like. Without in any way interfering with existing residential areas, let us at least make a start in offering the choice of some oases of quiet for the neurotic minority who attach importance to it.

On the question of package tourism, and the world's vanishing resources of natural beauty, Mr. Malkin is again tempted to don his "man o' the people" outfit. Such is his predilection for this role that he commits exactly what I caution the reader not to do: namely, to misread the issue as a conflict between aristocrats and the philistine horde. In essence, the issue has nothing to do with democracy or differences in wealth. It is not so much a question of *who*, as of *how many*. Now that people in many countries have the wherewithal and the technological facilities for swift travel, the numbers are such that they are surely destroying for themselves that which they all seek to enjoy—and not only for themselves, but for their children, and for their children's children. Let the distribution of incomes be as "ideal" as Mr. Malkin wishes, there will still be, under any acceptable economic principle, too much tourism. (And

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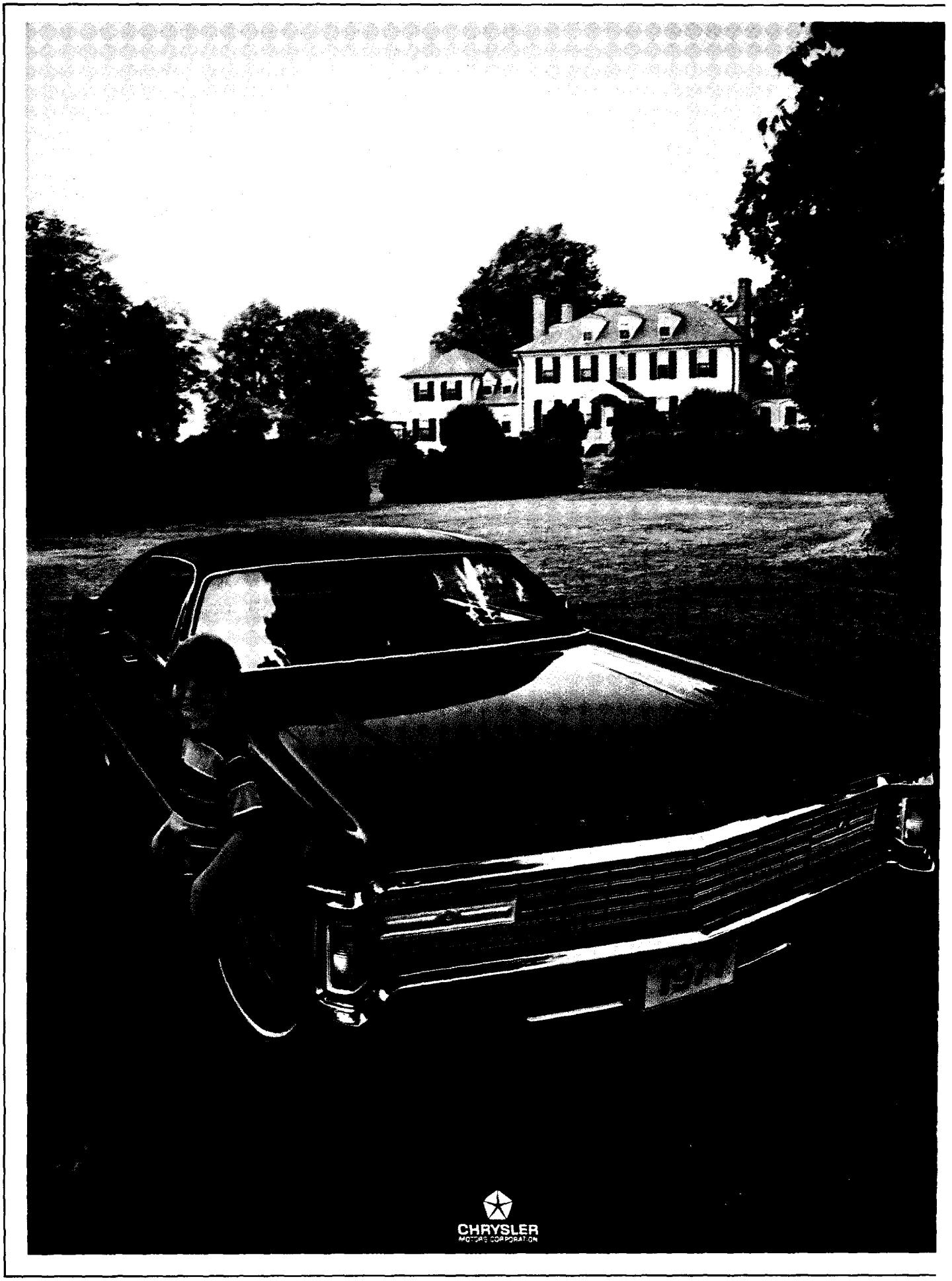

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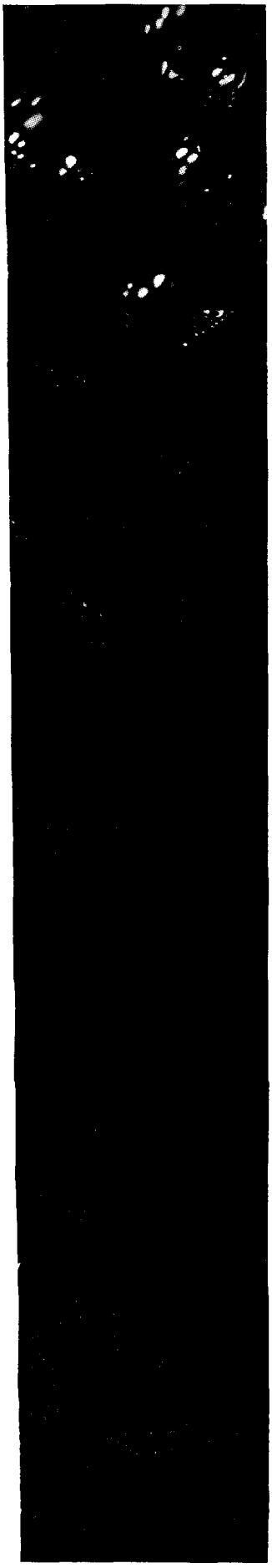

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just how it happens that everyone appears to want to do that which each deplores in everyone else, is what the book sets out to explain in terms of a failure of the price system.)

In the event, the least one can do, as an emergency measure, is to safeguard *some* of the lovelier places that remain, by prohibiting all motorized travel and air travel to and within such areas. And if this means that those having leisure enough will have access to such chosen areas, it seems to me distinctly preferable that a few lucky people should enjoy them than that, very soon, nobody shall. (The possibility that I might be one of the lucky few in no way dilutes my conviction.) However, I am quite prepared to scrap my own emergency scheme for a better and a juster one in the interests of safeguarding a precious heritage from the current frenzy toward universal "development" and universal pollution.

As may be gathered from the above remarks, I do not believe it is possible to discover in my proposals insidious consequences tending to reduce the opportunities open to the less fortunate among us. Certainly, I have no objection to GNP outshining itself. I objected only to its persistent mystique, its personification with the national interest, its false equation with the index of progress, all of which have corrupted men's perspective and judgment. For all it matters to me, GNP can blow along at 10 per cent per annum—provided only that we call a halt to the proliferation of environmental disamenities that makes the sort of life we are moving into rank, hideous, and obscene.

Finally, I might remind Mr. Malkin that the plight of "the poor and the blacks," like the old and the ailing, has long been one of the favorite themes of those capitalists and growthmen who, posing as hard-headed altruists, are for pushing ahead regardless. It is also one of the thinnest excuses there is for putting up with the inescapable uglification produced by indiscriminate economic growth. Twenty-five years ago, when per capita real income in America was a half of what it is now (so swiftly are we traveling toward the promised land!), I recall reading a newspaper article which pointed out that the additional resources produced by a 3-per-cent growth rate would, within a few years, enable every American to have a decent standard of living. Now that the war was over, it went on, slums would become obsolete in a few short years. These sums with the growth rate are still being done. They will continue to be done year after year, and while people are all but smothering in their environment.

But the fact remains that the richest country in the world, having a defense budget that exceeds the whole of Britain's GNP, has become, as it has grown richer, the most polluted, the most crime-ridden, and the most torn by civil strife of any Western country. As Arnold Toynbee has said, it is far worse to be poor in America today than in any other country. (I might add, in parentheses, it is probably also far worse to be rich there.) To continue to hope that a tangle of urgent social problems—including the frustration of the blacks, the chronic condition of the poor, the vociferous dissatisfaction of the young—can be resolved without prodigious political exertion and resource is naive. To believe that, somehow, these problems will be washed away by rising tides of GNP is a form of hallucination that America today can least afford to indulge in.

E. J. MISHAN
London School of Economics
London, England

LAWRENCE MALKIN writes:

I do not quarrel with Mr. Mishan's attack on the growth mystique. Indeed, I praised this orthodox economist for joining Galbraith and others in showing it up as the mirage it has proven to be. But he and others in the environment movement have not faced up to the dilemma posed by their own analysis: shutting off the smoke from electricity plants and automobile exhausts will surely mean more expensive electricity and automobiles, and probably less of both, with the result that some people will be priced out of the market. Given society as it now is, it is utopian to expect that any but the poor will get less, or that they will sit still for it when they do.

After reading Mr. Mishan's comments I remain convinced that he does not offer any realistic policies to help us make the hard choices involved in redirecting toward urgent public needs the private wealth that now pours into an excess of consumption goods. In Europe, people had this choice made for them when they were not permitted to object, and present

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generations are reaping the benefit in beautiful cities, royal parks, etc. In the United States, we now must allocate these resources by democratic means, and of course this will be a matter of "prodigious political exertion" as Mr. Mishan says. Unfortunately, I do not find any specific suggestions for directing these exertions in his works, and from an economist I believe we have a right to expect them. What I do find are a series of emergency solutions which would, in the short run, egregiously benefit the "lucky few" and the "neurotic minority" to which I suspect we both belong. Were they put into effect, I should think that their elitist cast would arouse such resentment among those effectively barred from "amenity areas" as to vitiate the necessary political exertions toward convincing them this was all in their best interest in the sweet by and by.

Perhaps I did not catch Mr. Mishan's point that trying to halt modern technology would be quixotic (but what else is grounding international airliners?), or perhaps he merely wishes to create parks for those who wish to escape from its noxious spillover. This is even worse; it is Luddism for the lucky few, while the many toil away to supply their needs. If Mr. Mishan is unable to discover insidious consequences for the poor in his proposals, I can. When he next visits the United States, let him observe the attempts of reactionary political thought to capture the environment movement and pervert it into a vote-catcher and cop-out for the middle class, diverting attention from the problems of distributing the wealth equitably in the richest country in the world.

Anti-Semitism of the Intellectuals?

To the Editor of Commentary:

Reading the letters brought forth by the article on Matzpen ["The Middle East and the Intellectuals," Letters from Readers, October] must be reassuring to Mr. Peter Viereck, if to no one else, since clearly it is now anti-Semitism which has become the anti-Semitism of the intellectuals.

Reuven Frank

Tenafly, New Jersey

To the Editor of Commentary:

With reference to David Deitch's letter, the following comments are perhaps warranted:

1) As one of the Israeli students invited by Mr. Deitch to debate Arie Bober, I would like to assert that Mr. Deitch's account of my reaction to his offer is inaccurate. I refused Mr. Deitch's offer only because I did not regard his particular auspices as proper for the refutation of the distortions and misrepresentations of facts about Israel and the Israeli society which he presented to readers of the Boston *Globe* in his published interview with Arie Bober. . . . I might note, however, that the opportunity to repair, at least in part, the journalistic damage done by the interview was indeed granted to another Israeli student and myself by the editor of the *Globe* who allowed us, independently of Mr. Deitch, to respond to the interview in a statement of our own.

2) Mr. Deitch's "unintentional" failure to inform various people of his sponsorship of the Committee on New Alternatives in the Middle East and hence of Mr. Bober's visit to Boston . . . extends to the two-hour meeting that I and my above-mentioned companion had with him. Even while making his offer of the debate with Bober, Mr. Deitch, presumably unintentionally, neglected to mention his association with Bober.

3) It is quite instructive to learn from Mr. Deitch about the way he forms his opinion of international, political, and Jewish problems. . . . By his own testimony, six months after not being sure about his feelings about Zionism, the experience of personal harassment following publication of the Bober interview, has "done much" to make up his mind. It would seem that it was this kind of mental gyration that Bertrand Russell had in mind when he wrote: "Many . . . have done more harm than good because they view facts through the distorting medium of their own passion."

Elia Leibowitz

Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the Editor of Commentary:

Murray Kempton appears sincere but naive when he claims that anti-Zionism and anti-Semitism are not the same thing and ought not to be confused, that dislike of Zionists because of their beliefs is not what anti-Semitism has come to mean. However, it was rarely the Jew, per se, who was hated but the evil qualities associated with being Jewish that were despised.

Early in the millennium, it was the Christ-killer and the hypocritical Pharisee; later, it was the infidel or the heretic; and still later, the usurer and the evil Elders of Zion. But in none of these instances was it the Jew who was being reviled except through the label placed upon the group. In practice, of course, this made no difference to the victim, but it allowed the victimizer the luxury of being able to say that he did not hate Jews, that he even had some as "best friends." In fact, it was not until recently that it became permissible and fashionable to hate the Jew simply because he was a Jew. And the results were exceptionally gruesome.

Perhaps the world suffered a trauma at these results and it has now reverted to its old-fashioned form of Jew-hating, but with a handy new label: anti-Zionism. It is chilling and frightening to see intelligent observers, like Mr. Kempton, blind to the meaning of this latest episode in a very old story.

Toby Jay

Stamford, Connecticut

Social Policy

To the Editor of Commentary:

Nathan Glazer's critical review of the first issue of *Social Policy* [Books in Review, August] is thoughtful, relatively fair, and very helpful to us at *Social Policy*. However, since no single issue of a magazine can display all of its characteristics, a review after the first three or four issues would have been more meaningful. Then Mr. Glazer would have had the opportunity to consider an entire issue of *Social Policy* devoted to health policy under the editorship of Sumner Rosen; Mario Fantini's new proposals for education in the 70's; Harriet Johnson's analysis of "learning through teaching" programs and their policy implications for institutional change in the schools; a symposium on strategies for social change including Edgar Friedenberg, Bennett Berger, and others; Bertram Gross's highly original model of American fascism entitled "Can Fascism Happen Here?"; a report on health services in Cuba; a debate on the relevance of imperialism to contemporary America which includes Harry Magdoff, Roy Bennett, and Robert Heilbroner; and an interview with Betty Friedan on *Sexual Politics*. . . .

We think these articles represent what *Social Policy* is: a mag-

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azine about the human services and their necessary reorganization in the United States. Mr. Glazer does not mention the basic focus of *Social Policy* as stated in the first issue, which is on the human services and the movements committed to making basic changes in them—the welfare rights groups, the community-control forces, the black and other minority movements, women's liberation, insurgent professionals and students, and trade unions employing workers in the public sector. We feel that in the 70's the human services are becoming increasingly important to the total economy, both in the employment of labor and in the consumption of services. . . .

Mr. Glazer seems to think that we are not interested in specific programs in the fields of health, education, welfare, and the like. As I indicated above, the Fantini article, as well as the "learning through teaching" article, are specifically directed toward educational policy; the health issue as a whole is devoted to such questions; and, of course, we think that Charles Wilson's article on IS 201 in the first issue is somewhat related to educational policy. . . .

For some reason Mr. Glazer chose to ignore the important article in the first issue by Alvin Gouldner on the radical caucus in sociology, and although he chides us for ignoring the very important health field, he overlooks entirely the interview on health with CORE's Roy Innis that is presented in the first issue. (Though perhaps Innis does not qualify as a properly-credentialed professional.)

Mr. Glazer finds it peculiar that I am presumably disenchanted by the advocacy of change within special institutions since I played a major role in "thinking up and launching precisely such reforms" during the last administration. I hope I am permitted to change and grow. But I think it's also worth noting that the administration has changed to one that now seems committed to a deep human-services recession.

In essence, what Mr. Glazer seems to be saying is that *Social Policy* does not deal with social policy the way the *Public Interest* does. . . . He says there should be two, three, or many journals dealing with social policy, but I wonder whether he thinks they shouldn't all look a lot like the *Public Interest*, and in any case, he seems to feel they should be evaluated by the criteria of how closely they match the *Public Interest*.

Some have said that *Social Policy* is a Left *Public Interest*. I don't think so. I think we have a different agenda, a different *relationship to the movements for social change*. While we are interested in public policy in relation to health, education, welfare, etc., we are not simply concerned with providing a Left angle on these questions to which the *Public Interest* provides a more conservative and elitist angle. We are concerned much more about the movements for big social change and *how social policy is shaped and influenced by constituencies*. . . .

FRANK RIESSMAN
Social Policy
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In his haste to defend his colleagues, Nathan Glazer misread our piece on the *Public Interest*. Otherwise, he would not have been at all "surprised [by] the charge" that, in the main, the *Public Interest* has accented more the professional in professional reform. Nowhere does Mr. Glazer mention professional reform—a term, we duly noted, that Daniel Moynihan coined in the first issue of the *Public Interest*—but, instead, he does battle with the mere concept of professionalism. Our criticism was directed against the technocrat as an elite reformer. Moreover, contrary to Mr. Glazer's comments, we did state that the *Public Interest* published articles on community movements—all of which were hostile. The point of our remarks, of course, was to show how this breed of professional reformer resists lay movements seeking to shape policy.

MAURICE R. BERUBE
MARILYN GITTELL
Institute for Community Studies
Queens College
Flushing, New York

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Who is Nathan Glazer? Why does he put white racism in parentheses? Is he trying to deny its existence even though he benefits from it in economic terms?

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Who assigned him the right to evaluate my standards of logic and coherence without providing alternate evidence?

His attempted review of my article without dealing with and confounding his own "I" institution substantiates the theme of my statement: those who benefit from the privilege of white skin automatically disqualify themselves as scientific humanists. He ends by suggesting that "no one who knows anything of the field" is in agreement. The article was not written to secure agreement—or tenure—or a contract—or credentials—or admission to white society.

PRESTON WILCOX
Afram Associates
New York City

NATHAN GLAZER writes:

I hope I will not be considered to have finked out on my proper duty as a controversialist if I sidestep any lengthy response to these letters, particularly since, in a forthcoming issue of COMMENTARY, I have an opportunity to develop at length the point of view from which I criticized the first issue of *Social Policy*. Naturally, I look forward as an interested reader to further issues, and to the various things Frank Riessman promises, but as I envisage forthcoming issues from his letter, I don't think it changes the main issue drastically. In a word, the point at issue between us is whether one can approach social policy fruitfully primarily from the point of view of the reform or revolutionary social movements of clients, or patients, or the poor, or however one denominates the subjects of social policy; or whether, as I believe, the key issues of social policy are increasingly set by economic and social limits that cannot easily be moved by these movements. I think the evidence increasingly constrains us to the second position; I refer the reader to my forthcoming article.

The Question of Arab Terrorism

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Shlomo Avineri ["The Palestinians and Israel," June; Letters from Readers, September, November] is to be commended for calling attention to the fact that a considerable segment of the Israeli public both acknowledges and supports the legitimate desire of the Palestinian Arabs for political independence. His analysis of the Arab-Israeli conflict, however, leaves much to be desired, for it blurs the issues and also tends to be misleading. In an attempt to place the conflict in its proper historical perspective, Professor Avineri writes that "basically and ultimately" the conflict is one "between two movements for national liberation," that is, between Jewish and Arab nationalism. He goes on to say that, in the final analysis, "there is no conflict between Israel and Egypt, or between Israel and Syria; the conflict is between Israel and the Palestinians." Professor Avineri thus leaves the impression that the Palestinians are the sole representatives of that Arab nationalism which is in conflict with its Jewish counterpart. But he fails to see any problem here, and pushes on to his final conclusion: "It is the Palestinians, despite their failure to achieve their aim through military or terroristic means, to whom one may look for a way out of the present impasse." In other words, if I read Professor Avineri correctly, the terrorists and the Palestinians are synonymous, and the aims of both are identical. This, I submit, is simply untrue.

It is a dangerous fallacy which makes Arab terrorism the point of departure in the search for peace in the Middle East; nor can any useful purpose be served by presenting the Arab-Israeli conflict as merely a confrontation between Israel and the dozen or so terrorist organizations. To begin with, it must be recognized that terrorism has for centuries been endemic in the Middle East (or rather, West Asia, a more accurate designation for the region), and that it remains an integral part of the Arabs' social and political fabric. Despite the apparent changes that have taken place among the Arabic-speaking societies over the last sixty years, they still harbor the conditions which have for centuries made terrorism an essential feature of their social life.

Over the course of the centuries, terrorism has for the Arabs become a *modus operandi* which is not only universally accepted but is virtually ennobled by its affirmation—one might even say, sanctification—by traditional political theory. Historically speaking, the legality of an act of terror in the Arabic-speaking societies is determined only by

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its outcome. Thus, while unconditional obedience to the ruler is traditionally considered a sacred duty of all Moslems, a rebel is entitled to the same obedience the moment he establishes control over any part of the land. If, however, a rebel fails in his attempt, the attempt is condemned without reservation, regardless of its motives. No room is allowed for any consideration except that of success in the violent bid for power. All that the political theorists could do to lessen the hardships caused by a way of life which encourages the resort to violence was to preach immediate submission to the effective power. Indeed, the rule of local strongmen over a certain quarter of a town, a village, or a segment of a highway is still so much a part of daily life in many Arab countries that in most cases it is not even considered an irregularity. Bearing all this in mind, for anyone to maintain that the present Arab terrorism is primarily a response to the processes which culminated in the establishment of Israel is simply to fail to realize the true nature of the phenomenon.

To be sure, for Jews the factor of Arab terrorism has been a consideration ever since the late 19th century, when the first phases of modern Jewish settlement in Palestine were initiated. The dilemma faced by the early Jewish settlers was whether to resign themselves to the terrorist attacks and demands or to develop a more forceful response. The latter course was decided upon and thus, after some experimentation, there came into being the Jewish self-defense organization, which set the pattern for all subsequent relations between the Jewish community in Palestine and Arab terrorism. And while it is true that the *yishuv* was never free from Arab terrorist disturbances, it must also be realized that this was only one aspect of the relations between Jews and Arabs, and a rather limited one at that. Very few Arabs participated in terrorist activity against the Jews; indeed, the Arab community at any given time suffered more from the terrorists than did the Jewish community. On the whole, the relations between the two communities were normal, with few indications of mutual distrust. Even in periods of intensified hostility, such as the years 1936-38, normal peaceful communications were, for the most part, the rule. Many observers fail to understand the submissiveness of the Arab population in the face of the activities of the terrorists, and tend to look upon it as a mark of support for the terrorists. But they are wrong, for they fail to appreciate the strength of the instinct of self-preservation in a society which has for so long been subjected to the rule of terror.

With the advent of "modernism" among the Arabs, Western terminology percolated down even to the terrorist stratum, and gangs of terrorists formerly known by the names of their leaders began to identify themselves by such "modern" nomenclature as the National Front of So-and-So, the Popular Group of Such-and-Such, etc. Insofar as the present terrorist raids against the Jewish population are concerned, nationalist terminology has been found the most appropriate verbal embellishment for the same kind of acts which Arab terrorists used to perpetrate in the days of the Ottoman Empire. But basically nothing much has changed. As always, the main victims of the terrorists' activities are the Arabs themselves. Now as then, more Arabs than Jews are being killed by the terrorists, more Arab property is being damaged than Jewish property, and only a fraction of a per cent of the Arab population either belongs to or actively supports the terrorist gangs. From Israel's point of view, then, Arab terrorism is undeniably a great nuisance, but its role should not be exaggerated, particularly with respect to the outcome of the Arab-Israeli conflict.

Some readers may take exception to the foregoing analysis on the ground that there is in fact an open conflict between Israel and its Arab neighbors; the "downgrading" of Arab terrorism to an internal social phenomenon with only marginal effects on Israel would, therefore, seem to be contrary to what is so obviously the case. One should not, however, be too ready to equate Arab terrorism with Arab hostility to Israel. Indeed, it is altogether very difficult to measure the extent of Arab hostility to Israel, dealing as we are here with terrorized societies with few possibilities for accurate pulsetaking. Be that as it may, there is certainly adequate proof of the hostility of the Arab political leadership toward Israel (although it is highly doubtful that every sentiment they express is shared by the public). And to that extent it is certainly true that the leaders of the various Arab

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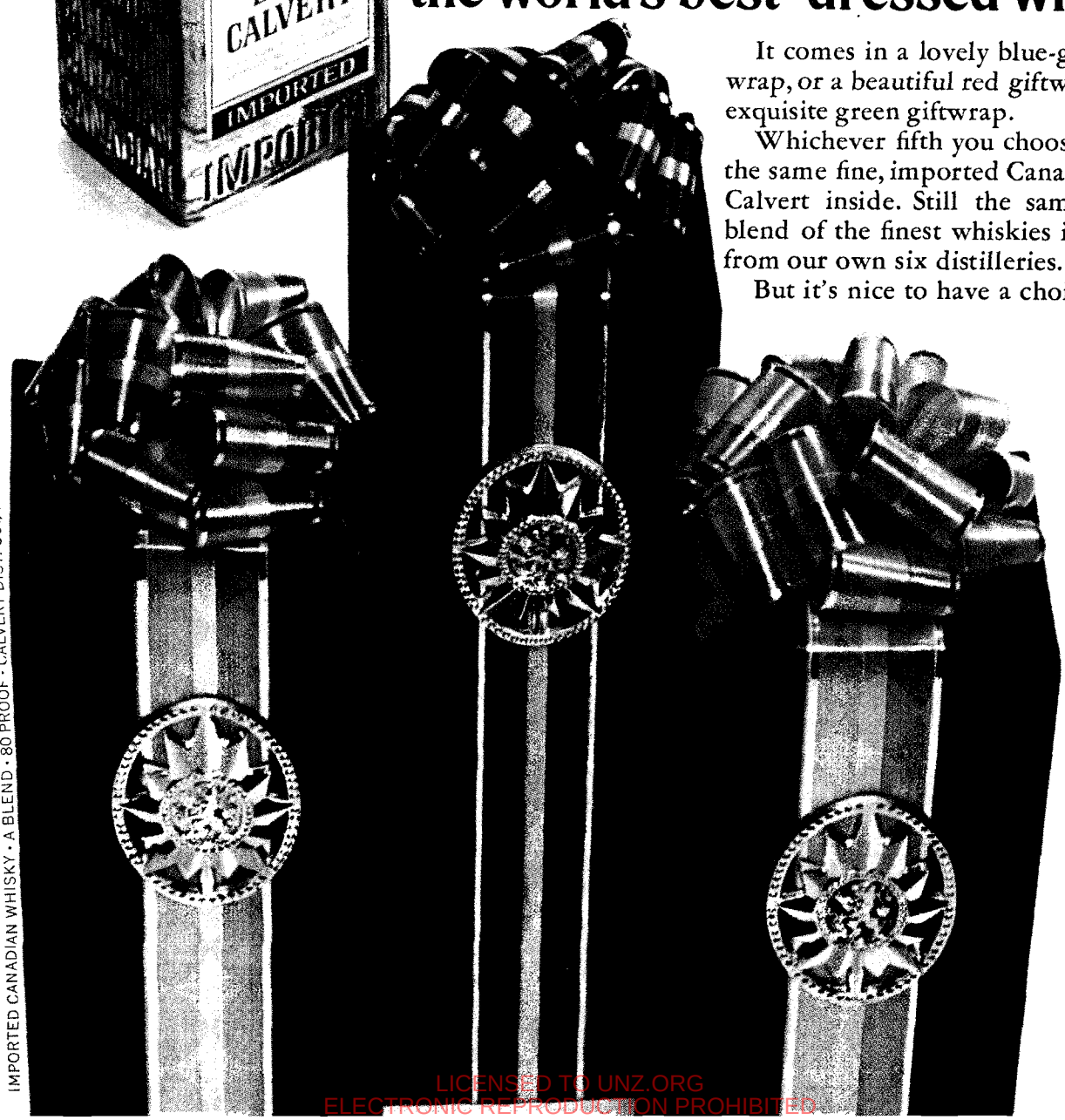

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terrorist groups also evince a great deal of hostility toward Israel. But what is often lost sight of—and this is extremely important—is that forays into Israel do not constitute the major activity of the Arab terrorists. The far greater, and certainly more crucial, thrust of terrorist activity is directed at the Arab terrorists themselves, and feeds on assorted fraternal disputes. In this respect, Israel's existence or nonexistence plays no role whatsoever.

It should be noted that the political and social problems faced by the Arab-speaking societies in West Asia are so complex and so urgent that the issue of Israel must of necessity be relegated to a lower rung of priority. Very briefly, the problems of the Arabs in West Asia are similar to those of the Africans in their newly independent states: they are attempting to perpetuate a political existence within a framework that was designed to suit the needs of the former foreign occupying powers. They lack the courage and the will, and probably the intellectual capability, to recognize the utter unsuitability of their present political organization to their social and political needs. They completely fail to grasp the urgency of a complete reordering of their political traditions. Egypt's tenacious involvement in the Arab-Israeli conflict, for example, stems from her unwillingness to surrender her traditional imperialistic ambitions to establish control over the territories of Syria and Jordan and a substantial part of Saudi Arabia. At the same time, this explains the considerable distrust and resentment for Egypt in Syria, Jordan, and Saudi Arabia (to say nothing of Yemen, where Egypt also has well-known ambitions).

The most important single factor which emerges from the present political ordering of the Arab states in West Asia is the condition of internal unrest, usually giving rise to some sort of terrorist activity. By the same token, the most effective way for Egypt to enforce her schemes in West Asia is to support terrorist organizations and coordinate their activities to suit Egypt's own designs.

Obviously, the establishment of the State of Israel in West Asia, when considered against the background of the Arabs' political turmoil, increases the complication. But one has only to consider for a moment the abject situation of the West Asian Arabic-speaking population to realize how little Israel's existence contributes to the region's inherent complexities. Observers would be well advised to set the anti-Israel slogans, as well as the anti-Israel activities, of the various terrorist organizations into their proper context. Even should a solution to the Arab-Israeli conflict be found, this in itself would not put an end to Arab terrorism. This can only come about when the Arabic-speaking societies recover from their internal maladies.

Of primary concern, of course, are the one million Arabs currently residing within the borders of the territories occupied by Israel in 1967, namely, the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. The history of these people is a tragic one indeed. Their right to an independent political existence has been affirmed by the international community on several occasions, most notably in the UN resolution of 1947 calling for the establishment of an Arab Palestinian state alongside the Jewish state. But their hope for political independence was foiled by local Arab terrorism and by the ambitions of neighboring Arab countries, two forces which combined to deprive the Palestinians of their rights.

But the legitimate aspirations of the Palestinian Arabs were never really forgotten. On the contrary, every Arab leader or aspirant to power tried to gain their sympathy and support by promising full recognition of their rights, at some unspecified time in the future, to be sure. Because these promises were made contingent on the annihilation of Israel, they never gained much credence among the Palestinian masses. The turning point came with the Six-Day War. When the dust of battle settled, the Palestinians, for the first time in centuries, found themselves free from a reign of terror. Obviously, this situation was not of their own making, but it was nevertheless a welcome change and there is no doubt that the Arabs themselves were quick to realize its significance. The Israelis, on the other hand, were a little slow to appreciate the immense potentialities of the new situation. Out of habit many Israelis continued wrongly to equate Arab terrorist pronouncements and activities with the desires of the Palestinians themselves. Others, unable to adjust their ideas and emotions to the new circumstances, revived the notion of territorial expansion.

It soon became clear, however, that all talk of Israeli annexation was sheer nonsense, and that the Palestinians were as unwilling to live under Israel as they had formerly been reluctant to live under Jordanian or Egyptian rule. Israeli leaders began to realize, and to admit, that the Palestinians have as much right to self-determination as any other national group. At the moment, there is still a great deal of confusion over the question of the various Arab terrorist organizations, particularly as this impinges on the problem of the future relations between Israel and the Palestinians. But as long as Israel manages to keep the terrorists out of Palestinian territory, the Palestinians themselves show very little concern for, or interest in, the terrorists. They certainly do not support the terrorists and they are not overly concerned about the latter's failure to affect Israel's position.

As for the Israelis, they have yet to realize that the Palestinians cannot be held responsible for Arab terrorism. They must also become accustomed to the idea that even should the Israelis and the Palestinians find a satisfactory solution to their mutual problems, Arab terrorism will not cease, since it does not ultimately derive from the Israeli-Arab conflict. Certainly, the coming of peace would diminish the significance of the terrorists, but the signing of an agreement between Israel and the Arabs will not automatically put a stop to terrorism. This can only come about, I repeat, by the Arab willingness to take all the measures necessary to extirpate the terrorist evil from their midst.

Basically, the situation that prevails in the occupied Palestinian territories is not unpromising. It contains all the ingredients for a satisfactory solution to the problems of these lands. It is not inconceivable that Israel and the Palestinians might be able to work out an arrangement whereby the Palestinians would achieve political independence. The only condition on which Israel must insist is that the constitution of the new Palestinian state guarantee a democratic form of government. It should also be stipulated in any agreement between Israel and the duly elected Palestinian representatives (who would negotiate the withdrawal of the Israeli military authority) that failure on the part of the future Palestinian government to prevent organized terrorist activities would constitute sufficient cause for

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Israel's military intervention. Such a stipulation may not be a sufficient guarantee against terrorist activity for a long time to come, but the only alternative would seem to be to deny the Palestinians their independence until such time as Arab terrorism ceases to be an issue. This, however, would mean penalizing the majority of the Palestinians for something they cannot help, without, at the same time, putting a stop to the terrorists. For as long as the basic social conditions remain unchanged, Arab terrorism will continue rampant in Arab society, and Israel will have to bear its share of the consequences. At the heart of the matter is the fact that both the Jews and the Arabs need each other to establish some mode of peaceful coexistence, and this can be achieved only through peaceful negotiations. This of itself precludes the participation of the terrorist organizations in any forthcoming discussions. So long as the vicious circle of government-by-terrorism remains unbroken, there will never be true peace between Israel and its Arab neighbors. By the same token, so long as terrorism is not eliminated from the Arabic-speaking societies no true peace will be established among the Arab states themselves.

It is obvious that Israel can do little to rid the Arab world of its terrorist curse, but it is also clear that Israel now has an opportunity to contribute substantially to its own security as well as to the well-being of its closest and most important neighbors—the Palestinian Arabs. By granting the Palestinians their independence Israel will not so much prove its benevolence as demonstrate its common sense. Israel's material sacrifices in this regard would be minimal, whereas its territorial integrity would be secured by the existence of a friendly state on the most important part of its eastern borders. Such an arrangement can at the same time be a boon for all of the Arabic-speaking societies because it will provide them with an example of a truly democratic Arab state, and one, moreover, that will have become free from the crippling weight of terrorism.

(General) Mattityahu Peled
The Near Eastern Center
University of California
Los Angeles, California

Shlomo Avineri writes:

I have little to disagree with in General Peled's analysis of the terroristic component in Palestinian Arab nationalism and in Arab society in general: it is part of the tragic dimension of the conflict. My only point was that by trying to reach the Palestinians now under Israeli rule Israel may have a chance to allow an alternative expression of Arab Palestinian nationalism to emerge, and it seems to me worthwhile to make the attempt.

For the Record

To the Editor of Commentary:

In "Who Needs the Liberals?" [October], Penn Kemble reports an alleged conversation between me and Bella Abzug in which she is reputed to have said that she did not favor sanctuary in the U.S. for non-Communist Vietnamese, in the event of a Communist victory, and felt that "such people deserve the 'punishment' that awaits them."

The writer did not check the story with me. No such incident ever took place. I have never had any such argument with Bella at any time. Furthermore, as one who has known Bella for many years, and has had many political disagreements with her, I do not believe that she can be guilty of such callousness.

Such stories do a great injustice and appear with altogether too much frequency toward the end of an election campaign, at a time when a refutation is lost in the maze of last-minute political rhetoric.

Paul O'Dwyer
New York City

Penn Kemble writes:

So far as I am able to confirm, there is no documentary evidence to which one can turn to prove or disprove my statement about Bella Abzug's stand against political sanctuary for non-Communist South Vietnamese. Since reading Mr. O'Dwyer's letter, I have checked again with my sources—people who personally attended the meeting at which the incident occurred. While they concede the possibility that Mr. O'Dwyer himself may not have been involved in the debate, they still insist that Mrs. Abzug argued for the position I attributed to her.

In any case, Mrs. Abzug had over a month between the appearance of my article and election day in which she certainly could have set the record straight regarding her stand on political sanctuary, if in fact I did misrepresent her. She has not,

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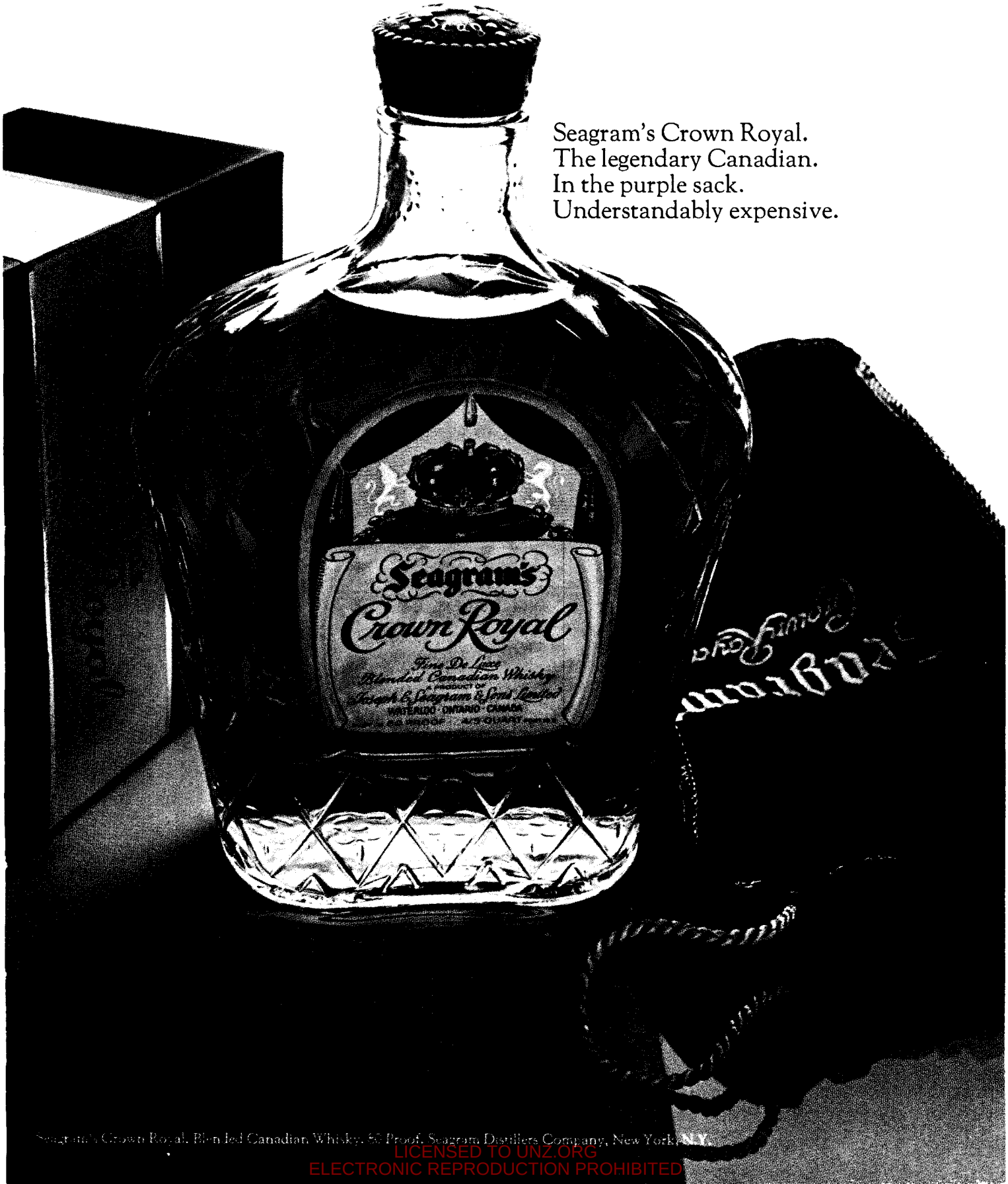

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so far as I know, made any serious effort to do this—and I have been a close observer of her campaign. She has instead repeatedly threatened libel suits against me, though without making clear what, precisely, the grounds for such suit would be.

I do not believe that this report did "great injustice" to Mrs. Abzug—it was actually one of the milder points one might have made against her. As a sample, let me offer a vignette from Mrs. Abzug's campaign to Mr. O'Dwyer, who protests that she is incapable of callousness. It is taken from a recent article by Jimmy Breslin, one of Mrs. Abzug's most ardent admirers, which appeared in the October 5 issue of *New York* magazine. (That this should appear in an article which is intended as praise for Mrs. Abzug reveals as much about the writer as about the candidate he is boosting.)

> "There she is in the purple dress, that's Bella Abzug, she's against Israel," a little guy from the Jewish Defense League began yelling at a rally on the East Side the other night. Bella grabbed a young guy who had driven her to the meeting. "Hit that bastard in the mouth for me," she said. "I can't do it where people see me."

Should people like this replace Mayor Daley?

Clergymen

To the Editor of Commentary:

The article by Dorothy Rabinowitz ["The Activist Cleric," September], full of implicit assumptions and a barely disguised tone of mockery, seems to me to be more than merely an offense against "good taste." Moreover, my distress has little to do with the fact that the objects of this "put-down" are clergymen. What offends me is the totally superficial treatment of behavior of the most serious intent without any hint that there could be more to the matter than is here presented. *Why* certain American clergy might at this point in history have decided to behave as they are doing is alluded to only in the most indirect fashion.

Clearly *one* (and I stress that it is just one) of the causes of their behavior is the war which continues in Indochina (one can unfortunately no longer say merely Vietnam). If one refuses to take the suffering of the Indochinese seriously (as well as that of the American soldiers sent to fight in this impossible war), then no doubt a great deal of contemporary American behavior must seem peculiar and even "unbalanced." If one does take it seriously, then important issues can be raised: Have we reached the point where no moral or political purpose is served by accepting a jail sentence meted out for civil disobedience or rebellion against the war? Are the clergy (and others) right in concentrating their concern and attention on the young at the expense of the middle-aged and the elderly? Is there a contradiction between being a "man of the cloth" and a political activist? Has nonviolent resistance proven itself futile?

But none of these issues is presented here as worthy of sustained attention. Indeed the tone of the article reminds me only too painfully of the attitude expressed by certain government spokesmen when confronted with strong moral protests against the war. To paraphrase: "We will not be affected by a few crazy monks and Quakers who burned themselves to death. Obviously they were mentally disturbed." The latter statement, to be sure, is true though not in the sense in which those spokesmen intended it. The same cavalier attitude has been adopted, of course, toward those who have mounted less "extreme" protests—a fact not unrelated to the current outbreak of terroristic activities. (Concerning the matter of terror—which ought not, however, to be equated with disruption—the following note I recently sent to the Steering Committee of Resist should make my own position clear: "While I recognize that Resist has supported and continues to support groups and activities performing essential and positive functions in the transformation of American society, I believe that Resist has also at least indirectly [morally] given support to the terroristic actions which are currently so much a part of the resistance. I personally must reject these actions both on pragmatic and on principled grounds. I cannot agree that if the United States is to cease to be 'a terror in the politics of nations' [a phrase taken from "A New Call to Resist Illegitimate Authority"] that will best be accomplished by turning the New Left into a terror within the life of this nation. Accordingly, I shall henceforth give the small amout I am able to contribute monthly to the resistance movement directly to those activist groups whose principles seem more nearly congruent with my own.")

In the face of such calculated callousness as Miss Rabinowitz displays I suppose it must seem a bit strange that some clergy retain a capacity for gaiety. Yet if they did not, it is doubtful whether they could continue to carry on their resistance. In any case, the contemporary scene provides examples of "inappropriate" behavior that are far more worrisome; e.g., the empty "wisecracking" of some American GI's and airmen while engaged in dropping napalm or wiping whole villages off the map (though this behavior, too, which also constitutes a way of enabling men to carry on, can be comprehended, if not applauded).

It seems to me that one of the functions of a serious journal

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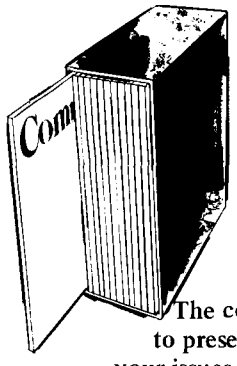

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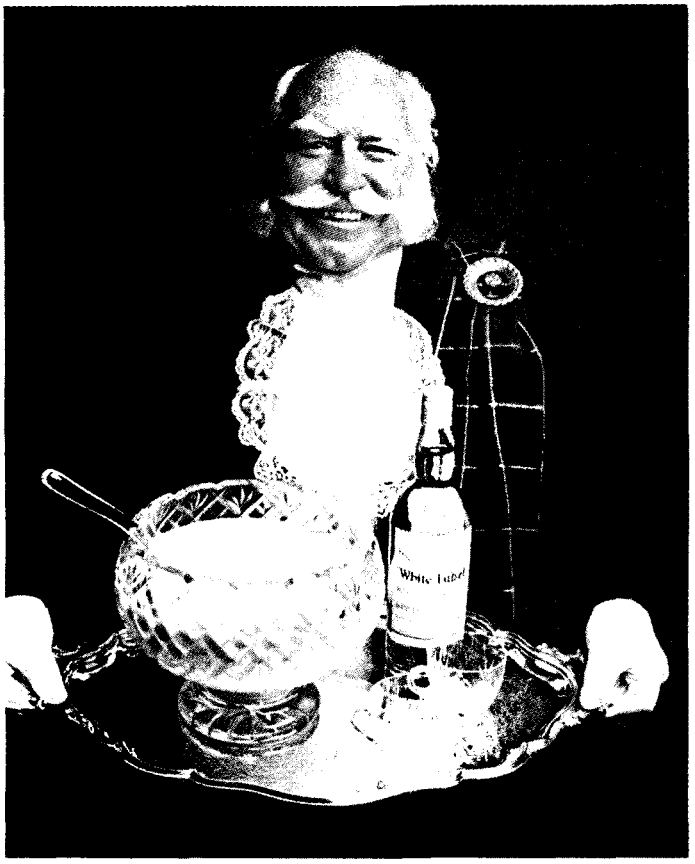

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should be to provide some deeper understanding of the behavior of men, of the forces that move them and the moral issues that agitate them. Thus at a time when the substance of human thought and action is subject to trivialization on all sides, it is sad to find COMMENTARY (in this instance anyway), aiding and abetting this process.

BEVERLY WOODWARD
Cambridge, Massachusetts

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

"The Activist Cleric" is the best article on "inside" the clergyman since J. F. Powers.

ANDREW M. GREELEY
University of Chicago
Chicago, Illinois

DOROTHY RABINOWITZ writes:

I am sorry for Miss Woodward's distress. Still, those of us who suspect that it is not the times which subject human thought and action to trivialization, but the trivial people who abound so proudly in these times, have cause for yet more sorrow, if being outnumbered is cause for sorrow.

The charge that, unless one has taken up those "important issues" of Miss Woodward's selection, one has refused to take the suffering of the Indochinese seriously, comes as no surprise to me. It is no less emblematic of the security of the intellectual left than any of the other casual sophistries by which they have laid claim to our attention these long years. Taking counsel from Miss Woodward, one moves without comment from her issues to her note, in which she explains herself to the Steering Committee of Resist, which should certainly put those worthies on notice that, not only have they lost a customer, but that the price of sponsorship is prose. Possibly the more cynical among them may consider it a fair exchange.

For oneself one might have hoped that Miss Woodward had included in that note her instructive distinction between disruption and violence. One would certainly like to hear more about that. One might have wished even more that Miss Woodward had applied her capacity for refined distinctions to seeing the difference between the martyred monks and Quakers and the clerical celebrities of our time; between the situation of those tweedy "certain American clergy" and the Bonhoeffers of the world. No doubt one asks too much. The inflation of trivia by a grateful constituency of the benighted, the ambitious, and those whose lives are now permanently consecrated to cant, will have its consequences to the spirit, not the least appalling of which will be our degraded notion of what it is to be a brave man.

"The Green Berets"

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

COMMENTARY's present effort to prove the lack of a generation gap in this country ["The Non-Generation Gap," by S. M. Lipset and Earl Raab, August] can be argued from many angles, but it should not entail swallowing whole John Wayne's calculated propaganda on the commercial success of his movie, *The Green Berets*.

While *The Graduate* earned more money for its distributor than any other movie which had its major "playoff" during 1968, it was not joined by *The Green Berets* to form "the two top money-making films of 1968," as Messrs. Lipset and Raab state in the article. *The Graduate* earned more than $43 million; *Berets* about $9.5 million; and between the two came eleven other big grossers. . . .

My figures come from the latest anniversary issue of *Variety*, usually considered authoritative on these matters. But I have a more subjective comment to make, based on my experience of two years as a *Variety* reporter. Messrs. Lipset and Raab seem convinced that the success of the film . . . can be attributed to its "attract[ing] multitudes of young people," as did *The Graduate*. I cannot agree with that conclusion, based on following the business done by this picture on a week-by-week basis for almost a year as part of my chores as a *Variety* reporter. *Berets* was simply a successful John Wayne action picture, drawing exactly the same working-class and rural audience which came to see *El Dorado* the previous year and *True Grit* the next. It did its business in "action houses," not in theaters near campuses or in shopping centers drawing young marrieds. On the other hand, such films on the "other" side of the generation gap as *The Graduate*, *Bonnie and Clyde*, and *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner?* were successful precisely because of their appeal to youth elements.

STUART BYRON
New York City

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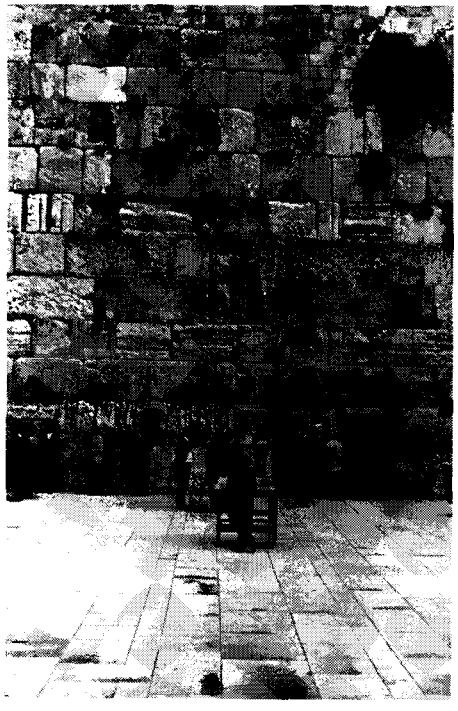

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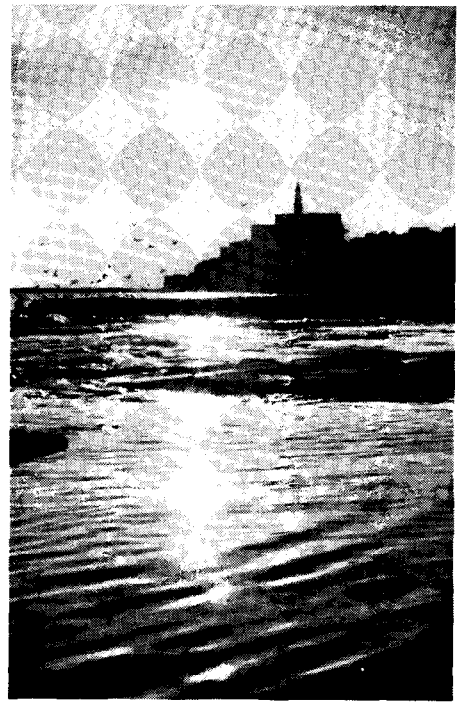

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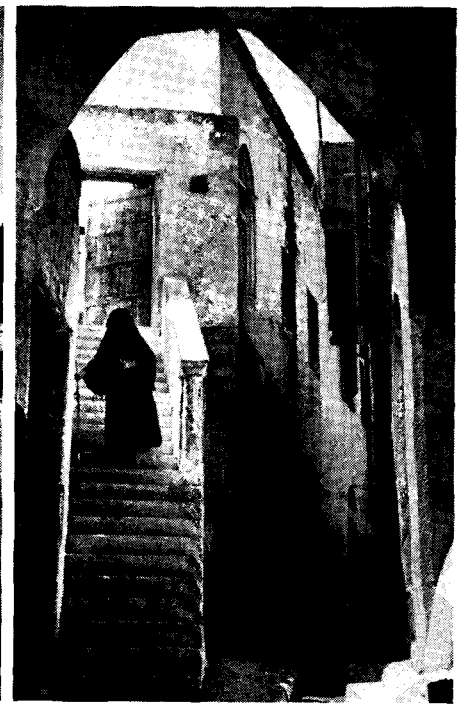

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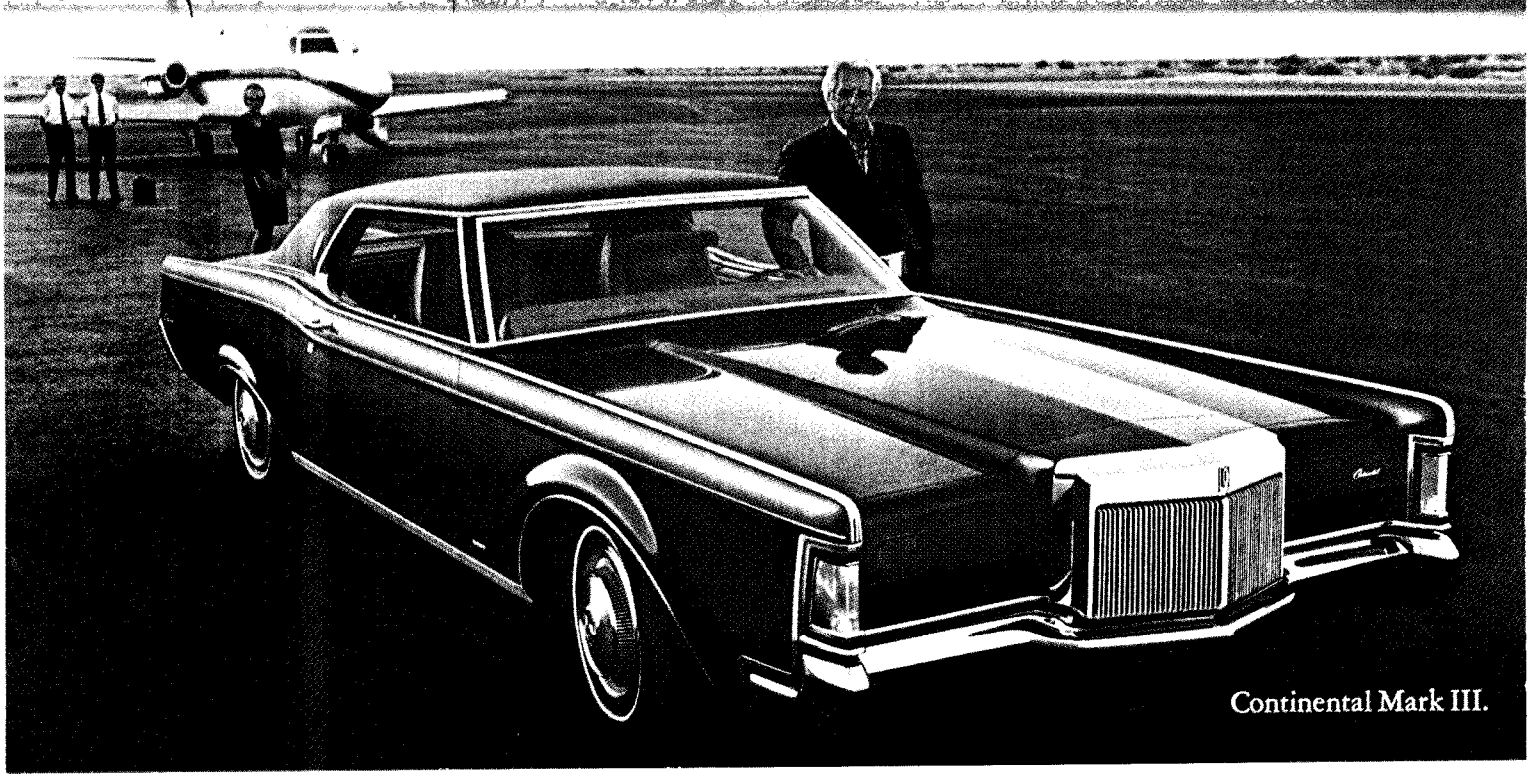

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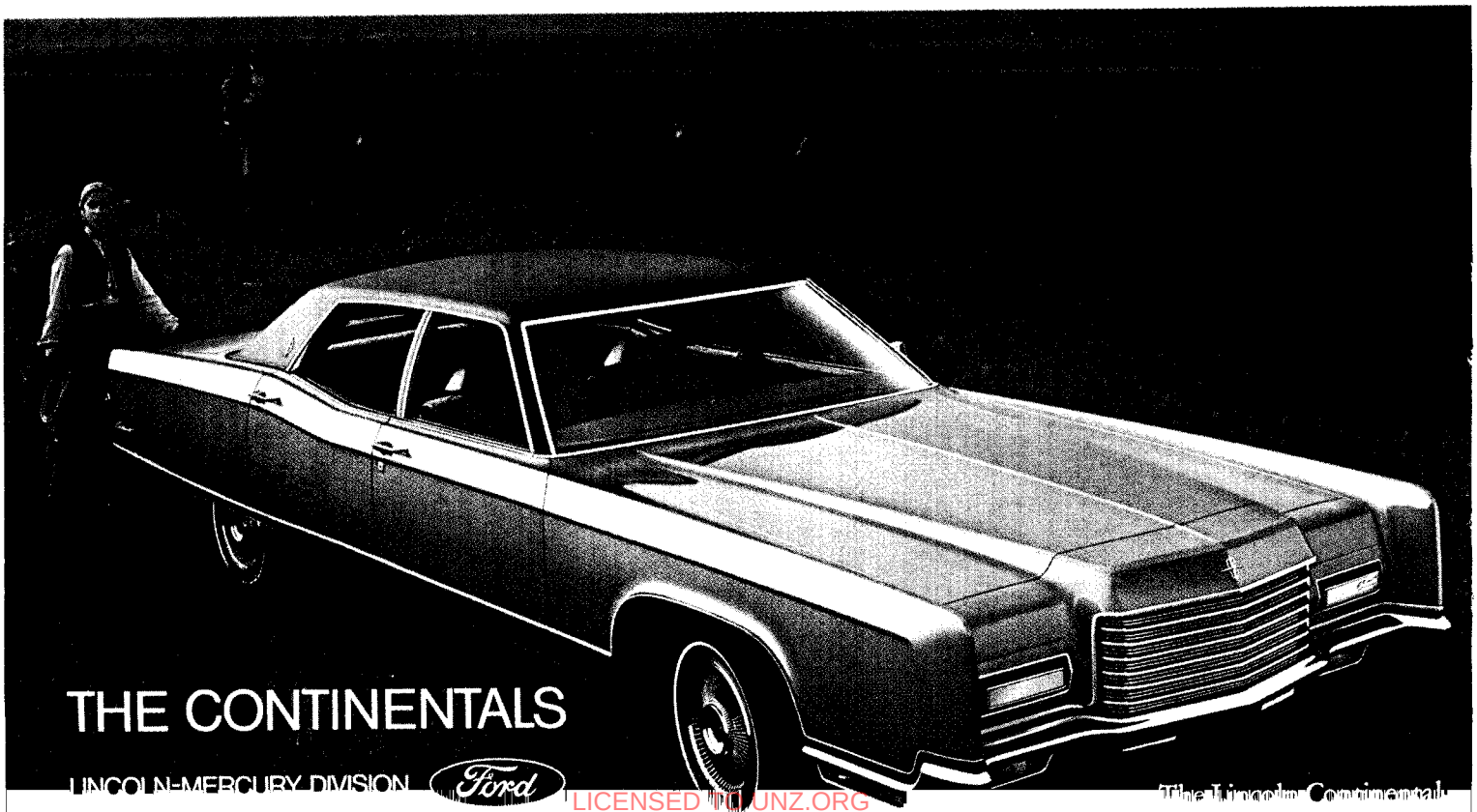

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The Deadly Innocences of American Jews

Earl Raab

In 1902, American Jews asked their government to protest the persecution of Jews in Rumania. The Roosevelt administration, having nothing to lose, sent such a protest on grounds that the persecuted refugees were fleeing to America. The note had no noticeable effect on the Rumanians, but delighted the American Jews. Secretary of State Hay commented privately, and with some amusement: "The Hebrews—poor dears!—all over the country think we are bully. . . ."

A half century later such condescension would have seemed incredible, especially to American Jews. Their government had just defeated the Nazis and sponsored the establishment of the State of Israel. As a religious group, the Jews appeared to have acquired as much political power as the Catholics, individual wealth as the Episcopalians, religious respectability as the Methodists. By those tokens the Golden Age of the American Diaspora flourished for about two decades after World War II.

But in the last few years, the confidence of American Jews has been draining. Some of the events connected with the Black Revolution have disturbed their sense of security as American Jews; the campus revolts have made them peculiarly uneasy. But there have been more direct blows to confidence. No one, for example, has yet quite acknowledged the shock which ran through the Jewish community when it found, for the first time in most living memories, that there was no Jew on the Supreme Court. This was met by relative silence, punctuated by occasional muttered protestations that it didn't make any difference—any more than did the general diminution in the number of Jewish officials and influentials in Washington. However, Mayor Lindsay found it worthwhile to say, in one metropolitan breath, that while, happily, there was no religious quota on the Supreme Court, it was too bad that the "tradition of Brandeis, Cardozo, Frankfurter, and Goldberg" had been broken.

When, following an overblown incident in Chicago, President Nixon made an unscheduled flight to apologize personally to Premier Pompidou for the behavior of American Jews, there was again a rather uneasy silence. An uncomfortable mood had begun to settle over much of the Jewish community. With the direct military intervention of the Soviet Union, Israel was in deeper trouble than it could handle, the active support of the American government was crucial, and the Jews felt a growing sluggishness of response to them in Washington. A climax came at the end of 1969, when Jews from all over the country went as petitioners to the government, preceded by special delegations. They exerted their fullest effort. The President made a good ceremonial statement which was promptly hedged in the next few days. Acknowledge it or not, the Jews around the country began to feel more and more like Hay's "Hebrews—poor dears." It was not that the government was about to abandon Israel, but clearly its actions did not depend on the sentiments of American Jewry. The United States had bigger fish to fry with the Soviet Union. At the same time, during this period, the treatment of the Soviet Jews by their government became ominously more oppressive.

The Jews are suffering a more disquieting wound than perhaps they have yet realized. Not only are they beginning to feel a sense of unexpected impotence in America—but the fact is that, after only a generation, large segments of world Jewry are again being threatened with oppression and even extinction, and the American Jews are discovering that, as American Jews, they may not be able to do much more about it this time than last time.

In general there is a sense of an End of Normalcy for American Jews on a number of fronts —or, rather, the end of a series of normalcies.

The End of the Jewish Political Frontier

For two centuries Jewish history has been seen as a tale of progressive emancipation in a liberal society. America was the culmination of that development, a super-liberal society in which Jews were super-

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emancipated. In fact, Jews have long been debating the question of whether they could preserve their identity in such a liberal, open society. Now it has suddenly become clear that this is no longer the question. The most direct threat to the American-Jewish community is not the seepage of assimilation but the growing inhospitability of the American political environment. This is part and parcel of the general crisis of liberalism. Since America is at the vanguard of this particular crisis, the developments probably signal the end of that chapter in Jewish history which automatically equated the growth of Western industrial democracy with the spread of Jewish emancipation. In that sense, the post-medieval Jewish political frontier, pushed to the utmost in America, is now closing.

For one thing, the America of today is the first America the modern Jewish community has known which does not bear an immigrant stamp. The end of the immigrant era predictably did not occur with the passage of the restrictive immigration law in the 20's but some generations later. Somewhere during the past two decades the quantum was added or subtracted which effectively severed the immigrant thrust of American culture. Textbook publishers began to drop standard chapters on immigration. Stock American immigrant characters disappeared from contemporary plays and novels. The immigrant memory is gone—still lingering on for some as nostalgia, but gone as a prime driving force in the country. And the end of the immigrant era had as much significance for the American character as did the closing of the frontier.

Abraham Cahan wrote of an evening in the Catskills when David Levinsky was watching the musical conductor try to rouse the immigrant Jewish audience:

> He was working every muscle and nerve in his body. He played selections from "Aida," the favorite opera of the Ghetto; he played the popular American songs of the day; he played celebrated "hits" of the Yiddish stage. All to no purpose. Finally, he had recourse to what was apparently his last resort. He struck up the "Star-Spangled Banner." The effect was overwhelming. The few hundred diners rose like one man, applauding. The children and many of the adults caught up the tune joyously, passionately. It was an interesting scene. Men and women were offering thanksgiving to the flag under which they were eating this good dinner, wearing these expensive clothes. There was the jingle of newly-acquired dollars in our applause. But there was something else in it as well. Many of those who were now paying tribute to the Stars and Stripes were listening to the tune with grave, solemn mien. It was as if they were saying: "We are not persecuted under this flag. At last we have found a home." Love for America blazed up in my soul. I shouted to the musicians, "My Country," and the cry spread like wildfire.

This was the essential experience of the immigrant, even if he hadn't made it, even if he wanted to turn the society inside out. The immigrant radicals in America tended to hate the inequities, the capitalist system, the exploiters of America—but not quite America itself. Out of their background, they sensed the critical difference between an unfair closed society and an unfair open society. Although there has always been a phobia about alien radicals, it is the native-born radical, cut off from historical memory and perspective, who is likely to be the more unrelenting critic of American society.

The immigrant culture carried with it an escape motif. The immigrants were escaping from the unyielding poverty and medieval odor of Europe; their children were escaping from the American ghetto; many of their grandchildren were escaping from the active memory of both. There was a concrete situation to flee from, a concrete situation to flee to—and the expectation that the flight could be successful. This was a classic Horatio Alger formula for motivation, a kind of motivation which is now lagging precipitously in America and whose loss is making inroads on our national character, for better or worse. In general, the immigrant mood and temperament of the America in which the Jewish community grew up has finally been lost.

The normalcy of big-city politics has also been altered. Just as the 1920 census reported for the first time that the cities had outstripped the countryside—so the 1970 census will report for the first time that the suburbs have outstripped the big cities. Whatever political power the American Jews developed, they developed in the crucible of big-city politics. In large part, this gave the Jews an illusion of "normal" political power which they never really had. It was not unlike the illusion of economic power: by and large the Jews, individually wealthy as they may be, do not control the financial or corporate structures which have economic power. Similarly, although the Jews accumulated a great deal of political power in those few big cities in which they were concentrated, it was transmissible to the centers of national power only under special circumstances. The acid test was the extent to which the Jews could exert influence on the most corporate power decisions of the nation: those concerning foreign policy. For the most part they have had and continue to have very little influence beyond what might be called the Rule of Marginal Effect. The sentiment of the American-Jewish community, no matter how strongly pressed, will influence American foreign policy only to the extent that it doesn't make any substantial difference to what are *otherwise* considered the best foreign-policy interests of the United States. Of course, this still leaves some room, sometimes, for movement. And there is a certain propriety in the formula, given the fact

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that the Jews are a marginal slice of the population. But the illusion of a greater national power nevertheless developed among Jews—because of their impacted local vision of themselves, because of the furious programmatic activity of Jewish organizations, because of the adroitness of politicians themselves. It is only during recent years that American Jews have realized the extent to which their most revered politician, Franklin D. Roosevelt, deliberately avoided action in the matter of aiding refugees from Nazism. It was not that he did not want to do everything that might help the Jews, all other things being equal; it was that all other things weren't equal. The American-Jewish community would have been more forceful if it had grasped sooner what was really happening in Europe; and some more, if still relatively few, Jews might have been saved as a result. But as far as the major action of the U.S. government was concerned, the Rule of Marginal Effect would have continued in force.

In reviewing the tragic foot-dragging and double-dealing of the American government in the rescue considerations of the 1930's, Henry L. Feingold comments:* "Roosevelt and many in the administration wanted to rescue Jews—if only the price weren't so high and the possibility so remote. In the absence of active measures, humanitarian rhetoric was substituted for action . . . while London and Berlin soon learned to dismiss the American initiative as a political gesture made for domestic consumption, American Jewry rarely directly questioned the sincerity of Roosevelt [who, in fact] knew precisely what was happening."

The American government responded in a similar fashion to the American Jewish community's pressures for the establishment of a Jewish state in the Middle East. Bartley C. Crum, a member of the Anglo-American Commission of Inquiry on Palestine, said in 1947: "Since September 15, 1938, each time a promise was made to American Jewry regarding Palestine, the State Department promptly sent messages to the Arab rulers discounting it, and reassuring them in effect that regardless of what was promised publicly to the Jews nothing would be done to change the situation in Palestine."

THE REALITY of Jewish national power probably came closest to measuring up to the illusion in 1948, when the New York vote was seen as unusually important to Harry Truman's hopes for reelection. He and Dewey vied with each other in escalating their platforms for the entry of Jewish refugees to Palestine and for the establishment of Israel. In the years of the "Golden Diaspora" that followed, American Jews, by and large, persisted in clinging tightly to the warm thought that America and Israel were intertwined as closely as were the American Jews and the Israeli Jews. This was a kind of endearingly simpleminded projection of their own feelings about both America and Israel. But this fond image became more and more strained—and, during 1969 and 1970, in combination with other circumstances, began to shred away. It was becoming apparent that the political power which the Jews had seemed to exercise in 1948 was, at best, part of the past. The margin of national influence had been diminished, and this was a reflection of the fact that Jewish political influence in their own real bases of power, in the big cities, was becoming diminished. In turn, this reflected the end of another comfortable normalcy: the Grand Alliance of the 1930's through the 1950's, comprising in somewhat ragged formation the "ethnic" working class, the Negroes, and the Jews, under whose aegis the Jews had really made their substantive entrance into American society.

This was one of the aspects of the Black Revolution which caused concern in the Jewish community. It was not a concern with some hoary species of black anti-Semitism—although there was a tendency to simplify it in those terms—but, to begin with, a concern with the break-up of "That Old Gang of Mine." The extent of the shock in the Jewish community was partly a result of its romanticization of the Grand Alliance, and of America itself. Judeo-tolerance and even Judeophilia in America had somehow become a standard expectation of many American Jews.

So much more were the Jews dismayed by the actual emanation of political anti-Semitism from the fringes of the Black Revolution. This symptom, though never as newsworthy as during the New York teachers' strike, has stubbornly persisted, and become something of a sub-cultural staple. In April 1970, the International Coordinator of the Black Panther party, after suggesting that a large part of the Jewish population "are Zionists and are therefore racists," wrote: "It was a Zionist Judge, Judge Friedman, who sentenced Huey P. Newton to 2-15 years in jail. It was a Zionist judge, Judge Hoffman, who allowed the other Zionists to go free, but has kept Bobby Seale in jail. . . ." A few months later, the middle-class editor of a respectable black metropolitan newspaper wrote: "One significant observation to make is that most of the hard-nosed judges in the trials of black militants and white radicals happen to be Jewish jurists. Sometimes the truth hurts. Could it be that the Establishment has selected one minority, frequently victimized by anti-Semitism, to do its bidding against the revolutionary efforts of other minorities . . .?" The most significant observation to make about both of these statements is their parallel myth-hungry distance from the actual state of affairs.

* *The Politics of Rescue*, Rutgers, 394 pp., $12.50.

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However, these open expressions of political anti-Semitism have not been disturbing because of the fear of black pogroms. They have been disturbing in part because they dramatized the end of certain imagined normalcies—one governing black-Jewish relations, and the other involving the belief that political anti-Semitism was irrevocably dead in America. This latter was an illusion the Jews desperately wanted to hold intact. But their experience in the world, and in America, during the decades between the two World Wars should have taught them something quite to the contrary. Political anti-Semitism is a normal—not inevitable, perhaps, but normal—aspect of a Western society in turmoil. Its potential at any given moment cannot be traced by attitude surveys, but by the state of politics. The behavior of the Black Panther party, for example, was disturbing not so much because of its sporadic anti-Semitism, but because of its part in creating expressive and anti-political turmoil. At the same time, the elite youth on the campus were rioting for fair; and the workers were beginning to indicate an active interest in repression and counter-violence.

Most troubling were the implications for the end of the coalition in which the Jews had politically thrived. It is not that there are no new coalitions building, but that the Jews *qua* Jews are no longer a natural part of them. From the early 1960's to 1970, the number of Irish Catholics on the eleven-man San Francisco Board of Supervisors went from seven to none; while the number of Jews went from one to three. In roughly the same period, the number of Catholics on the eight-member New York City Board of Estimate went from five to one; while the number of Jews went from two to five. But these Jews, like their numerous counterparts, acting as social experts and advisers in the larger City Halls, increasingly tend to be Jews who precisely do *not* represent the Jewish community or its ethnic interests. Their point of departure being "urban affairs," their points of reference are the "Third World" communities, not the Jewish community. This is not to be laid at the door of the Jewish community, which is increasingly outside looking in. The *ethnic* concerns of the Jews —whether they be Israel or the institutional needs of the Jewish community or just the protective comfort of political representation—are not concerns of the new coalition. Indeed, the new liberal big-city coalition, in which the only ethnicity is Third World, bears with it a bias which is, if anything, anti-Israel and cool to the Jewish community. And, of course, it is just as true that there are no coalition possibilities for the ethnic Jewish community among those who are in active contention with the new alliances, in the Agnew or Wallace sectors of the population.

However, the most significant point is not that the ethnic politics in which the Jewish community operated is coming to an end; nor that Jewish political power has diminished as a result. These are perhaps enough to cause American Jews to feel a loss of normalcy, and a consequent loss of confidence. But there is an even deeper uneasiness. The American political environment in general is becoming more hostile, not just because the consensus is breaking up, and not just because the illiberal directions are inhospitable to Jewish life, but also because the prevailing *liberal* directions are themselves becoming inhospitable to Jewish life. If political liberalism, which opened the world to the Jews two centuries ago, has run its course for the Jews in *America*, and is now closing down for them, then it is not just the end of one episode of normalcy, but the possible end of the political frontier which has expanded for the Jews since the French Revolution. The fact that so many Jews did not see this possibility written in the events of the past fifty years; and, even more, the fact that so many Jews have actively participated—and still do—in helping to retract that political frontier are evidence of a massive and deadly innocence which affects not the Jews alone.

The Innocences

A RECENT RANDOM sample of the Jewish population in one large community indicated the existence of four different issue-publics among the Jews. The "numbers" resulting from this survey are not to be taken as definitive, but they are clues to a significant differentiation among Jews. About a fifth of the respondents were called "Social Justice Liberals." They had a strong personal concern with, and a strong belief that the Jewish community should become involved in, such issues as poverty and racial discrimination. They were not at all concerned about problems of law and order. About a fourth of the sample were "Preservatists." They were not at all concerned about fighting poverty and racial discrimination, but were heavily preoccupied with problems of law and order and "excessive" demands by the black population. About a third of the population were concerned about poverty and racial discrimination, and were *also* concerned about the maintenance of law and order—presumably recognizing both as valid problems, and recognizing the connection between the two. A fourth group, about a fifth of the sample, were "Parochials." They didn't give a hang about poverty, racial discrimination, law and order, or anything else on the American scene. Their only public concern was the welfare of Israel.

There was one issue which tied together all four groups: Israel. All four groups were almost equally, and overwhelmingly, concerned with Israel. Conversely, the concern with Israel was so universal that it did not differentiate attitudes

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on anything else. Perhaps the main importance of this pattern is that it provides a model for understanding some of the ways in which the American-Jewish condition is deteriorating—and some of the ways in which American Jews are accelerating that deterioration. The pathologies in American-Jewish ideology are identified with the extremes in those various Jewish interest-publics. They are all variations of a basic political innocence, which is a particularly appropriate word. Out of the context of harmlessness, innocence connotes a benevolent devotion to good causes. It also connotes a moral purity, which in the political arena is customarily more deadly than harmless.

THAT SPECIES of innocence among American Jews which is most revealing is a kind of liberal innocence. One calls it that, at great peril, simply because it describes a quality characteristically associated with so many programs which are *today* identified as "liberal" or "radical." The disproportionate role of American Jews in this phenomenon must be seen not just in terms of Jewish intellectuals and students, but of the thousands of Jewish lawyers, businessmen, and housewives who are the backbone of workaday ideological liberalism in communities across the country. They should never be forgotten for the way in which they have heightened concern for human problems in the country; they should never be forgiven for the way they have tolerated and fostered a self-destructive liberal innocence while so engaged.

This innocence is related to the tendency of one Jewish issue-public, the "Social-Justice Liberals," to worry about the problems of social and economic equality, but not about the problems of democratic order. The nature of such a liberal innocence has been dealt with at length in many different forms. But it is worth restating in the precise form in which it has relevance to the Jewish community's current plight—and to the problem of American-Jewish identity.

In this case, the root of the innocence lies in a concept of social justice for the individual which is finally totalitarian rather than communitarian in nature. The conceit that the free-floating individual is the prime and self-sufficient unit of political action was a useful and perhaps a sophisticated conceit in the 18th century. But it is an innocent one today. This individualistic thrust of many early philosophers was more of a polemical attack against the small traditional group which stultified social change than it was a genuine dedication to the individual. It was the logic of this emphasis which led Rousseau to say that there must be "an absolute surrender of the individual, with all of his rights and all of his powers to the *community as a whole* . . . anyone who refuses obedience to the General Will is forced to it by the whole body. This merely means that he is compelled to be free." This was, of course, the Jacobin trail to the variety of radical socialism which came to dominate the European continent; and to the kind of politics which has led almost inevitably to the main assaults on Jews and Jewish life in the past fifty years.

The differing concepts of political individualism define the difference between an open and closed society. The open society is not necessarily a fair society. It can be marked by considerable injustice, inequity, and poverty. It is possible in an open society for men to be greedy, materialistic, hypocritical, unjust, exploitative, corrupt, and generally ugly. It is possible for judges to be dishonest, juries biased, the popular arts crass, the schools irrelevant, policemen brutal, and the air polluted. It can be all of these things, a dreadful place in which to live, and still be an open society. Obviously, then, openness does not comprise the totality of values one holds for a society. But openness is an enabling quality. It makes it politically possible—not automatic or inevitable, but possible—for dishonest judges to be reversed, greedy men to be curbed, and poverty to be reduced.

An open society is one in which the people can change their living situations, and can change them cumulatively rather than corporately. The metaphor of such a society is the ability of the individual to alter his life—or not—as he desires to, not as the "general will" of the people desires him to. This suggests a certain kind of disorganization, and one of the modern problems of an open society is how to organize disorganization. The highly organized modern world's experiments with the open society have so far largely depended on two connected phenomena: the development of a tradition of political liberty and the existence of a genuine pluralism of identity and power.

The closed society is most obviously closed in terms of political power. Power is drained from the real individual in the name of the abstract individual. The rules are devised to assure that he does not have, and cannot have, any independent leverage of power with respect to the corporate body. Conversely, the rules that we know as "political liberty," when operative, serve to provide some formal measure of independent leverage for the individual: free speech, assembly, due process, privacy. Political liberty is to be distinguished from "social justice," as that term is now commonly used, with its emphasis on distributive justice. Henry Wallace, a model of liberal innocence, once counted himself among those who "believe that we have overemphasized what might be called political or Bill-of-Rights democracy." So do those members of the Jewish community who were characterized earlier as "Social-Justice Liberals," those who currently deemphasize the problems of "political or Bill-of-

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Rights democracy." This is, of course, a vulgarization of the concept of social justice—a term of great currency in the Jewish community—but it is a vulgarization with which the term has been almost immutably invested.

THE TRADITION of political liberty as a part of the political culture is significant because it is better than the aggregate political emotions of the populace at many given moments. It is quite clear from repeated examinations of popular attitudes that there is not an overwhelming internalized commitment to the values of political liberty. There is, however, some willingness to operate within the traditional institutions of political liberty as long as the allegiance to society's institutions in general endures. Of course, the tradition of political liberty can become a sham, and one of the conditions of political liberty in modern experiments with the open society has so far been an existential pluralism: multiple group allegiances, multiple communities, and multiple sources of power within the society.

The communitarian, pluralistic society, and the tradition of political liberty as mechanisms of the open society are in themselves obviously of significance to Jewish survival in the modern Diaspora. In their own ways, both Hitler and the Bolsheviks understood the need to destroy intervening groups of strong independent identity. Only three months after the Revolution, the Yevkom, the Jewish Commissariat, was set up to "establish the Communist dictatorship among the Jews," and its first responsibility was to try to eliminate the existing organized Jewish community and its institutions. And yet so many Jewish innocents have moved down this same Jacobin trail in their honest pursuit of social justice.

Perhaps there are two allegedly "Jewish" characteristics which, misapplied to political life, lead to this deadly innocence. One is the "Jewish heart." When Rabbi Johanan asked for definitions of the highest goal in life, he decided that Rabbi Elazar's answer was the best: "A good heart." But Rabbi Elazar's answer was not meant to apply directly and sufficiently to the complex political world of the 20th century, any more than the words of the biblical prophets were. Nor is the "Jewish mind," the penchant for rationality, a sufficient prescription for political action. A scientific rationality applied to politics, driven and legitimated by expressed compassion, have shaped the modern closed societies. The element that is missing is a relationship to history, to the process of history, to the meanings of longitudinal human experience. Indeed, the open society is most essentially defined as a society which is *open to history*. The images of the open society are of imperfect men inspired to grope imperfectly for decent solutions to problems whose nature they can at best dimly perceive. The images of the closed society are of imperfect men, to whom there are perfect solutions for problems that are clearly evident. The open society is open to history: open to the past because groping men need to lean on their experience; open to the future because it is unknown. The closed society is closed to a past for whose experiences the present political blueprint substitutes; and is closed to the future, because the groping is no longer given full rein.

To be sure, there is always the possibility that America, as an open society, even as an unfair open society, has become a fraud. This is the premise of the new liberal innocence, which at first glance seems to be unalterably opposed to the closed society. It is, on its face, libertarian, communitarian, and passionately opposed to the mass society and scientific politics. It is in fact not primarily political at all. At core it is a counter-enlightenment protest against the unaesthetic qualities of the industrialized, bureaucratized, rationalized society of the 20th century. Mario Savio struck the spark on the Berkeley campus in 1964 when he talked about "a time when the operation of the machine becomes so odious, makes you so sick at heart that you can't take part." "Machine" was meant almost literally. The basic thrust of "The Movement" was deeply conservative, anti-statist, anti-control. Freedom of individual expression was celebrated by hyperbole of language and dress. There was a reversion to older forms of social organization, like communes, the participatory democracy of town-hall meetings, revolving leadership. But The Movement inevitably became interwoven with concerns over the complex 20th-century political phenomena of the Vietnam war and pervasive American social injustices which could not be directly dealt with by such older forms of social organization. It was at this point, in a contradictory wrench from its own authentic philosophic directions, that The Movement tended to join the mainstream of liberal innocence.

When those in The Movement chant "Power to the People," they obviously don't mean the great benighted bulk of the people, who resist them; they mean that old magical and unmeasured "will of the people." They say, along with Herbert Marcuse, that constitutional "rights should not include the right to advocate aggressive war" or other anti-social acts—as defined by them. They implement this edict by preventing the "wrong" people from speaking. In short, they are ready, in all innocence, to "compel people to be free"—and thus they slip back on the Jacobin trail which they thought they were escaping.

The Movement is not so innocent, however, in its diagnostic perceptions. Many of its participants understand, for example, that massive imbalances of power—in government, in business,

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in labor—can gut any real system of pluralism, leaving only an empty cliché for use by those who want to maintain the status quo. So much deeper, then, is the innocence which permits the new innocents to travel the back-roads to a closed society which they would detest. Repressive political diabolism is one of those back-roads; the use of violence as an offensive political weapon is another. The premises of the open society, of political liberty, of historical non-certainty are those of voluntarism and consent. Political violence as a norm subverts the style of an open society. It is the characteristic instrument of the closed society, used by the state—or to be used by revolutionaries to pry open a closed society which is invulnerable by political means.

Of course, if America is seen as an already closed society, whose substantial injustices are politically uncorrectable—if the destruction of the society is seen as an act of pure poetic expression, a Warsaw Ghetto gesture—then it is not so much a matter of innocence as a matter of sheer judgment. The judgment that America is threatened by the loss of its open quality is quite credible; the judgment that America has already become an irreparably closed society is incredible on its face. There is indeed evidence to the contrary in the very charges of "cooptation"—that America is thwarting revolution by instituting progressive social changes—and of "repressive tolerance"—that America is thwarting revolution by allowing its worst critics to speak freely, publish, assemble, and even, for the most part, to get due process in the courts. Whatever else these charges may suggest about the flawed nature of America, they do not suggest an immutably closed society.

One critic of America's basic political structure, Robert Paul Wolff, writes:

> Pluralist democracy with its virtue, tolerance, constitutes the highest stage in the political development of industrial capitalism. . . . But pluralism is fatally blind to the evils which afflict the entire body politic, and as a theory of society it obstructs consideration of precisely the sorts of thoroughgoing social revisions which may be needed to remedy those evils. . . . New problems confront America, not problems of distributive injustice but of the common good. . . . There is need for a new philosophy of community, beyond pluralism and beyond tolerance.

Wolff says in the same essay that American society has been very sluggish in accepting new and legitimate social groups into its pluralistic system, out of a built-in preservatist bias. He mentions migrant workers, the poverty-stricken, and advocates of nuclear disarmament. The foot-dragging of American society on these fronts may well justify condemnation, but not the judgment that it has become a closed society. Wolff himself points out that the poverty-stricken have become of late "the object of a national crusade," and that disarmament talk which "had been unthinkable, absurd, naive, dangerous, even subversive, six months before, was now plausible, thoughtful, and—within another six months—official American policy." Cesar Chavez can attest dramatically to the fact that American society, however unfair and callous in its treatment of migrant workers, is not closed to the processes of change.

Yet even if pluralism, as we have known it, were over the hill in America, the alternatives, the remedies, would still have to be judged by their implications for a relatively open or closed society—at least for anyone who claims to cherish those human values which are uniquely invested in the open society.

The liberal innocence which blithely ignores these implications is not restricted to the harsher doctrinaires of the Old or New Left. More seriously, it is shared by the bulk of those who fit the limited definition of Social-Justice Liberals, at least in the form of apologetics.

THERE IS, of course, the reverse side of the folly. If there were a fifth of the sampled Jews who could be classified as Social-Justice Liberals, there were a fourth of that population who could be roughly classified as Preservatists, who seemed to care only about the maintenance of law and order, and not about social injustices at all. The polar pathology associated with this tendency is the most simple-minded innocence of all. The Jewish Preservatists are not innocent in their backlash defense of their status; they are innocent, as Jews, in believing that this status, their freedom as American Jews, can be secure in a modern closed society. They are innocent in believing that the demands arising out of the massive racial inequities of American history can now be dealt with by repression without creating a closed society. To the contrary, it is an innocence to believe that the open society can now be secure—for anyone—without extraordinary and sacrificial efforts to bring the black people closer to the "too much" they are said by the Preservatists to want. Thomas Jefferson's most prophetic words were these: "I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just, that His justice cannot sleep forever. Commerce between master and slave is despotism. Nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than that these people are to be free." This is a statement about the nature of America as an open society: an unfair society which is open to change because it is open to the raw forces of history. But it is also a statement about the problems of an open society—and about the relation between the qualities of justice and openness in a society. Progress is not inevitable, certainly not in any short range; and its deliberate retardation at points of pres-

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sure will by definition serve to close down a society. The time for Jeffersonian trembling is here for all Americans, and the Jewish Preservatists are trembling for some of the wrong reasons.

There is yet another kind of innocence manifested by those Jews whose measured attitudes toward American problems can be categorized as Parochial. The extreme of this tendency is the belief that Jews need only their own determination to survive. One of the sources of this innocence is probably a romanticization of the modern Israeli experience. Israel's initial string of brilliant and heroic military victories went beyond just inspiring American Jews. For some there developed a kind of primitive legend that physical and combative prowess was the best guarantee of Jewish survival, and indeed a positive Jewish value in itself. The Israelis, especially after the Soviet intervention, know better than that. There was also the influence of black militancy, physically expressed, and some of its early successes—as though the Jewish potential for effective "mass" disruptive action could be equated with that of the American black population. And, even so, some black militant realists have come to characterize as "Custerism" those tactics which are destined—against odds—to lead to isolation, defeat, and worse. Acts of Jewish hooliganism, such as beating up Arab representatives in America, breaking up furniture at Intourist offices, throwing stink-bombs at Soviet ballet performances are certainly Custeristic in tendency, if indeed they are all that important. Mass demonstrations can be self-therapeutic in times of frustration, but also can be delusory as social action if Hay's image of "the Hebrews—poor dears" is not kept in mind. However, the chief hazard in the growing parochial temper is the tendency to "give up on America," to relinquish too early the American-Jewish stake, and perhaps the world-Jewish stake, in certain American values.

These various innocences are shared by many Americans, but they are particularly pathological and self-destructive when practiced by Jews. It is not just that the Jews cannot expect to survive as Jews in the environment of a modern closed society—whose demands are more totalitarian than in some closed societies of the past. America means something more specific to the Jews than that.

The Faltering American-Jewish Identity

THERE WAS, to begin with, an especially fortuitous conjunction of American and Jewish history. Leo Baeck wrote about the Jewish immigrants who "entered America, this new world without an antiquity and a Middle Ages of its own, and found something quite new ready to welcome them. Another language and not just an American English was spoken here. The spirit of the Declaration of Independence which can be called the Grand Adventure, and of the Constitution which can be called the Grand Experiment, began to pervade them." This was an echo in 1951 of David Levinsky's cry in 1917: "At last we have found a home." Never before had a Diaspora country so explicitly codified and institutionalized those conditions under which the Jews in Exile could presumably live in equal, free, and Jewish terms.

But more than that: America was at the prow of history—and that was where the Jews belonged by historical temperament. The idiom of the Jew is change—the world's if not his own—and the idiom of America was change. The idiom of the Jew is achievement—his own as well as the world's—and the peculiar idiom of America was achievement. It is not that change and achievement—or freedom—are sugar-plum qualities. They do not gainsay the existence of grossness and brutality and inequity. But, at the least, Jews became unprecedentedly free and proportionate partners in an achieving society which was a vanguard force in changing the nature of human society. And America became in this way home for the largest Jewish population in the history of Jewish existence.

Against the background of this conjunction of history, there was an even deeper sense in which Jews developed an American-Jewish identity which was more authentic than any other hyphenated identity they have acquired in the modern world, other than that of the Israeli Jew. They tended to feel authentic as Americans, and authentic as Jews—but in addition they felt some direct relationship between the two. This comprised a special American-Jewish identity which had to do with the nature of the American political society. It is an identity which is being tested not just by the changing political condition of American Jews and by the changing political climate of America, but by the existence of Israel at this very moment—and by some disrupted expectations on that score.

Classical Zionism had posited that all Diaspora life was abnormal; and that only existence in the national homeland would normalize Jewish life. American Jews stretched that concept. They accepted the fact that Israel would normalize life for those Jews who lived there—which *they* were not about to do—but they also believed that it would normalize the status of Jews around the world. Jews are no longer homeless if they have a homeland, even if they don't go there. The stunning, scarcely credible accomplishments of the Israelis would build the dignity of Jews all over the world. American Jews consolidated around this expectation after June 1967, in the flush of Israel's heroic victory. But as the exultation ebbed; as it became evident that Israel was in even more trouble than before; and as American support seemed to become more shaky—it was

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time for more American Jews to face certain realities which many Israelis had long begun to face. Israel had *not* normalized Jewish existence, in the social terms of which old Zionists spoke, not even for the Israelis. The Israelis would live indefinitely as an "alien" presence in a hostile environment. The existence of Israel had not put an end to anti-Semitism, but had become the focus of the greatest program of organized anti-Semitism since Hitler, with the axis stretching from Cairo to Moscow. And it has become quite clear that, romance aside, Israel has provided no magical change in the status of Jews in America.

As a matter of fact it has begun to raise some questions which American Jews had almost forgotten were there. Whatever sentimental attachment the non-Jewish American population may seem to have had for Israel, it is exposed as a very tenuous and non-salient attachment indeed when it conflicts with American geopolitics. The general tolerance for Jewish activity on behalf of Israel is limited. Before the 1967 war, less than half of the American population labeled as "false" the statement that "Jews are more loyal to Israel than to America." The organized efforts of the American-Jewish community on behalf of Israel have dramatically accelerated since then. After the Pompidou affair, and during the period when the United States was trying to engage a four-power conference on the Middle East, with other agenda in the side-pocket, the insistent vehemence of the American-Jewish community created some rather explicit backlash in the semi-private rooms of the nation's capital. High public officials complained about undue pressures, and were not loath to raise The Issue: the disproportionate extent of Jewish radicalism in general and anti-Vietnam activity in particular. The *National Observer* carried an extensive story about what the author clearly saw as undue and even illicit activity by the organized American-Jewish community on behalf of a foreign state. The New York *Times,* and *Time* Magazine had similar, if more cautious, stories. These were picked up by various media and commentators around the country. There has been the currently characteristic, uneasy half-silence from the Jewish community.

It is not that the American-Jewish community and its leadership have been driven into a classic American-Council-for-Judaism "dual loyalty" panic as a result of these developments. In Black Revolution America, American Jews are not as uncertain as they once were about their legitimate right openly and vigorously to press their concerns, even their world concerns, as an interest group. Nevertheless, serious questions of strategy are raised by those developments which will sooner or later have to be faced and which are bound to lead into a more general reconsideration of the relation between the Jewish community and American society as a whole. And one dimension of the uneasiness has to do with what being an American Jew means to American Jews. Over the past decade, most American Jews have worked out for themselves, in one way or another, what Israel means for them. Despite the necessary preoccupation of the American-Jewish community with the security of Israel, most American Jews feel that while Israel is an essential part of their Jewish identity, it is not the whole or even a sufficient part. Just as being Israeli is important to being Jewish in Israel, so being American has somehow been important to being Jewish in America. The uncertainty of the Jews in America today coincides with their highest point of preoccupation with the security of Israel. It is precisely at this point that it becomes critical to develop a clearer consciousness of American-Jewish identity, of the relationship between being Jewish and being American.

Perhaps American Jews never fully understood the nature of that relationship, and probably they miscalculated it. It is not that the Jews have achieved a tripartite power status in America. They have not. It is not that they have overcome their marginal status in America. They have not. It is not that they are loved by Americans. They are not. It is not that the possibility of anti-Semitism has been rooted out in America. It has not been. It is not because America has provided a shining paradise of social justice or beauty. It has not. Nor is it just that America has provided a safe and free haven for many Jews, which it has. Most significantly, America has provided the locus and the vision of a world society which is consonant with Jewish existence, with universal Jewish values, with Jewish historical experience. It provided a vision of a society which can be open to change without being certain of its destination —open to history, open to both the past and the future. This is a Jewish vision. If a common denominator of Jewish identity is an identification with Jewish history, then it necessarily entails a certain Jewish stance toward history itself, toward being active in history and toward history being actionable. Arthur Cohen once posed a fundamental *Jewish* question: "How does my faith enable me to survive not *in spite* of history but *in* and *through* history?" America may have provided Jews an opportunity to take such a stance, to be active *in* history, and to help shape a human society in which history is actionable, that is, an *open* society struggling toward social justice. But the Jewish community can only seize that opportunity if it casts off the various forms of self-destructive innocence in which it has been caught and which are so deadly to its identity, to its meaning, and indeed to its very existence.

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The Counter-Culture and Its Apologists: 1

An Epistle to the Americans

Robert A. Nisbet

FIRST, the politics of the matter. Is it possible to dislike Spiro T. Agnew and also dislike the Scranton Report?* The answer is yes. Can one like Agnew and like the Report? Yes. Can one like Agnew and dislike the Report? Still yes. Finally, can one dislike Agnew and like the Report? All yes, forever yes. There is something for everyone here.

There are two major questions that must be asked about such a Report as this one. First, is it a useful and accurate answer to the problem specifically assigned the Commission by the President? Second, is the effect of the Report likely to be beneficent, harmful, or merely innocuous?

My answer to the first question is that it contains some very useful and accurate materials, the result of some good staff work, but that the thrust, the overall implication, of the Report is far from either useful or accurate. And my answer to the second question is that its effect will range somewhere between the harmful and the innocuous.

I begin with the opening chapter. If I seem to place undue emphasis on this chapter, entitled "To the American People," and written in the style of an epistle and in an incantatory mood, it is because this is the key chapter of the Report, the one that will surely be read, even if nothing else is, by all who pick up the Report. Already, indeed, the chapter's effect has been substantial. One need but look at the New York *Times*'s lead editorial on the Report to see this, or at the nationally syndicated series just begun as I write by Erwin D. Canham, member of the Commission and editor-in-chief of the *Christian Science Monitor*. And, for all the occasional high quality of the staff work in the Report, we find the fundamental argument of the opening chapter extending to more than a few parts of the Report—sometimes rather grotesquely.

We cannot, however, judge either the chapter or the Report as a whole properly unless we note clearly just what the President's charge to the Commission was. The Commission was asked 1) "to identify the principal causes of campus violence"; 2) "to assess reasons for the breakdown in the processes for orderly expression of dissent"; 3) "to suggest specific methods and procedures through which legitimate grievances can be resolved"; and 4) "to suggest ways to protect and enhance the right of academic freedom, the right to pursue an education without improper interference, and the right of peaceful dissent and protest." Bearing this charge in mind, consider what we are given from the very opening paragraph of the Report:

> The crisis on American campuses has no parallel in the history of the nation. This crisis has roots in divisions of American society as deep as any since the Civil War. The divisions are reflected in violent acts and harsh rhetoric, and in the enmity of those Americans who see themselves as occupying opposing camps. Campus unrest reflects and increases a more profound crisis in the nation as a whole.

That is the theme of the first chapter, and of the entire Report. And it represents a patently false view of the realities of the matter. It is not true that the problem of campus unrest has roots in divisions of American society "as deep as any since the Civil War"; it is not true that Americans see themselves, on this issue at least, as "occupying opposing camps"; and it is not true that campus unrest reflects a more profound crisis in the nation as a whole.

The blunt truth is that academic violence and the disruption of academic freedom on the campus—the only proper subject of the Commission's inquiry—are but six years old in this country; are to be found, in any degree whatever, on only about a hundred, out of 2,500, campuses; have been severe and persistent at hardly more than a dozen campuses, though admittedly major ones, and have been supported by but a tiny number of the nearly eight million students enrolled in institutions of higher learning. And this academic violence and the accompanying assaults on educational freedom, far from reflecting any crisis of the soul for all America, far from reflecting any nationwide division, is attended instead by the great-

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* *The President's Report on Campus Unrest,* Arno Press, 500 pp., $5.95.

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est single expression of national consensus I have seen in my lifetime: the complete and utter repugnance inspired by vandalism and criminality on the American university campus.

I am not trying here to diminish or demean the importance of what happens at the major universities. Indeed, I myself go on the assumption that what is good for Harvard is good for the country as a whole, and what is bad for Harvard is bad for the country. And no one who has tried to pursue the life of the free teacher-scholar in any one of a dozen or so prestige universities in the country, and a few others as well, needs to be reminded of the unprecedented (in this country) hardships attending such pursuit. But, this said clearly, it is still vital if one is engaged in the study of a question and in reaching useful answers to it, to maintain a due sense of proportion, of limits. As a social scientist and, I hope, a rationalist, I believe social problems are finite and subject to finite methods of analysis. They need the mind of the scientist, not the mind of a St. Paul, and especially not the mind of a second-rate St. Paul.

I AM AFRAID there is something irresistible to the second-rate mind in the rhetoric of crisis, especially when used with respect to entire nations, cultures, even the cosmos. So much that is finite, empirical, and concrete can be ignored altogether or else absorbed by such sponge-like prose as we get in the Report's opening paragraph. But worse is yet to come. Here, for example, is the paragraph which has perhaps been the most widely quoted in the whole Report, and the one selected by the New York *Times* as the text for its own editorial:

> We utterly condemn violence. Students who bomb and burn are criminals. Police and National Guardsmen who needlessly shoot and assault students are criminals. All who applaud these evil acts share in their evil. There must be a national cease-fire.

"Cease-fire"? One might think the Commission had been asked to deal not with the violent acts committed against academic freedom and the pursuit of education on a relative handful of the 2,500 campuses of higher education in the United States but with some war between sovereign powers, or at the least a national confrontation between, say, the whole of organized labor and the whole of American business.

Consider too the somewhat bizarre assignment of guilt. A George Orwell is needed for proper critical assessment here. *Of course* no normal human being would wilfully indulge in "needless" assault or shooting—of students or of anyone else. I take it for granted that most of us would disapprove of "needless" force used even against Nazis in World War II by Allied soldiers; or "needless" force against night-riding, house-burning degenerates belonging to the Ku Klux Klan. But what an inspired piece of perverse drollery to equate in guilt the individuals who calculatedly and conspiratorially planted a bomb in the mathematics building at the University of Wisconsin killing one student, injuring others, and destroying the scholarly work of several scientists, and the police, firemen, or National Guardsmen —many of them younger in years and experience than the students themselves—brought in the line of duty onto the campuses precisely by the actions of rock-throwers and arsonists. And how ingenious to introduce as a third party those who "applaud," thus further diminishing the guilt of hooligans and terrorists at Harvard or Wisconsin or Kent State.

But the very worst elements of the Report's opening chapter go considerably beyond even these kinds of moral casuistry, not to put a stronger word on them. The chapter is organized into two parts, one called "The Crisis of Violence" and the other "The Crisis of Understanding." Fundamental to the whole case is its stress upon a "new culture" in the land, a culture possessed, according to the Report, of "high ideals and great fears." The "high ideals" are accompanied by such qualities as generosity, tolerance of others, and sincerity. But whence the "great fears"? They come, the Report informs us, from the majority's intolerance of the ideals of this new culture—a majority composed of "elders entrapped by materialism and competition, and prisoners of outdated social forms." Those in the "new culture" further believe, declares the Report, that "their own country has lost its sense of human purpose." (It is all obviously meant by the bush-league St. Paul who wrote it to remind us of the fate of the early Christians among the Roman pagans.)

Now, no one actually knows how many young Americans in fact belong to the "new culture." My own guess is that not very many do. But let us for the moment assume its generality among American youth, and let us also grant, again for the moment, its pristine idealism. The fundamental question is, what is the relation of this putatively idealistic culture *to the subject of the Report*—that is, to violence, to assaults on academic freedom, to the smashing of education on a small minority of American college and university campuses? The Report's answer is that "the crisis of violence," as it so elevatingly calls the ugly brutalities it was charged to investigate, is a reflection of the "crisis of understanding." The "new culture" wishes to abolish war, pollution, injustice; the majority refuses to understand. Hence there is violence. Nevertheless, declares the Report, violence is wrong and is to be condemned.

But why? If the "crisis of violence" is a direct emergent of the "crisis of understanding," if America is unequally divided between the pagans who are materialistic and competitive—and powerful—and the idealists of the "new culture" who seek only the millennium—and are weak—why should the idealists be expected to refrain from violence? Do they not—as people in whom the holy spirit has achieved command—even have

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an obligation (which, to be sure, only the most courageous and presumably, therefore, from the point of view of admirers of the "new culture," the best of them, will obey) to destroy what is corrupt and evil?

I am bound to say, then, in answer to the second of the two questions with which I began this review, that the opening chapter of the Report—by now very widely read and reprinted everywhere—can hardly fail to *stimulate* rather than reduce the motivations to vandalism whose investigation was so large a part of the Commission's assignment. Despite its ritualistic denunciations of violence, the Report sets this violence into a perspective which serves both logically and psychologically to justify and to encourage it.

II

In choosing this perspective, of course, the Report accepts what from the earliest days of the ugliness at Berkeley right through the mounting ugliness of uprisings on other elite campuses in the country, has been the major explanation advanced by most faculty members, administrators, trustees, and, above all, newspaper reporters. Yet there were other possible perspectives that might also have shed light on these events but which the Scranton Commission did not see fit to consider. Boredom, for instance: the kind of boredom that the new middle class in America is so rich in, and passes on at such an early age to its young. Boredom is a monumental experience among the middle-class masses the universities have beckoned in during the past decade or two and now find such difficulty in entertaining. Granted that no one *admits* to being bored. Not even the Marquis de Sade—who was, by the criteria used in the opening chapter of the Report, very much a political idealist—admitted to boredom. But it is nevertheless real, and it is at least as plausible a hypothesis as "new-culture" idealism in accounting for the multitudes that the hard-core insurrectionaries could count on to supply crowds and legitimacy.

And what of elitism? Thus there is the manifest fact that the vast majority of universities and colleges—and virtually all of those in rural or in working-class areas—have known little or no disruption of academic freedom and organization, while the worst, longest, and most recurrent of campus disruptions have occurred on the campuses of the elite universities and colleges. And within the elite universities the students with the highest rates of vandalistic or disruptive behavior have unfailingly been drawn from the "soft" area of the liberal arts which have for many years in this country been spawning grounds for a spirit of intellectual arrogance most generally directed (with faculty encouragement) at students in the sciences and those in the professional schools.

Neither of these perspectives is designed to rule the possibility of student idealism and the quest for social justice entirely out of consideration. To be sure, I myself think that these attributes have been hugely exaggerated by faculty members and newspaper reporters during the past decade: that is, by comparison with rates of idealism to be encountered among plumbers' apprentices, beginning businessmen, librarians, real-estate salesmen, and members of the armed forces. Nevertheless, there is no question that social idealism can be found on university campuses in America. So, however, can simple delinquency, boredom, and the spirit of elitism. So can many other states of mind and behavior. And with all these—on, to repeat, *some* university campuses—there has gone substantial violence during the last six years, reaching its climax at the present time in the wave of terrorist bombings. What I am asking, and asking strictly as a sociologist, is by what right or logic of causation does the Scranton Commission arbitrarily declare but *one* of these epiphenomena, idealism, the crucial state of mind in campus disruptions? Not surely by right of the fact that those who engage in such disruption on the campus *identify* themselves as idealistic, as spiritually superior to the pagan world around them. After all, there is—as any veteran probation officer, or prison guard, or welfare worker knows—no form of debased or obscene behavior among the criminal and delinquent that, with the advantage of instruction gained from social workers and clergymen and events of the past decade, cannot be rationalized in terms of some fragrant brand of idealism. Of course it is scarcely conceivable that a Presidential Commission on the subject of working-class delinquency or criminality would have taken idealism as its point of departure. But when it comes to the delinquent or criminal behavior of the children of the rich, or at least the well-off, we are treated to a disquisition on their virtues that places them somewhere between St. Francis of Assisi and the Anabaptists of the 16th century.

But if the snobbism behind all this disgusts, what amuses is the Book-of-Common-Prayer tone of the final words of the opening chapter. "Violence must End." "Understanding must begin." "All Americans must come to see each other not as symbols or stereotypes but as human beings." "Reconciliation must begin." "We must start." By the time the reader removes his head from this hail of pious injunctions and sonorities, he can surely be forgiven if he has come to believe—as, it would seem, the authors are not at all averse to making him believe—that campus vandalism began in the first place, and has been continuously fed ever since, not by the actions of the Mario Savios, the Mark Rudds, and the Jerry Rubins but by the "intolerant" assaults of the tax-paying American public on such campuses as Berkeley, Harvard, and Columbia.

I can perhaps best sum up the thrust of the Report's beginning chapter by quoting a passage from something Professor Kenneth Keniston of

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Yale (authoritatively said to have had a central hand in the drafting of this very chapter) recently wrote:

> But the oppositional young are extraordinarily attuned to the real problems and vulnerabilities of the technocratic society. And every indicator points to a continuation and spread of their critical disengagement. Their experiments in life-styles, counter institutions, counter-cultures, and unalienated consciousness are beginning to define a new reaction against the technocratic order that dominates all the most powerful nations of the world. The opposition of the young provides no "solutions" to the problems it pinpoints; campus unrest is the antithesis, not the "answer" to the issues that inspire it. But if there are ever to be solutions and answers, they must bring together the technological wizardry and productivity of industrialized societies with the oppositional mentality of youth. That synthesis might really lessen campus unrest, even at Harvard.

One can certainly hope and pray, of course. Thus far, though, the union of what Professor Keniston so delicately terms "the oppositional mentality of youth" and technological wizardry has brought us nothing more elevating than bombs. Which, to be sure, represent an evolutionary step up from rocks and firebrands.

III

Others of a less millennialist turn of mind than Professor Keniston may want to think in terms of pragmatic and empirical causes. After all, some variant of the "crisis of understanding" has been with us in America for some centuries now, as it has in the West as a whole. And it is, as we know from every reliable study or poll on the matter, false and preposterous to assign a monopoly on social idealism to youth—either youth generally or that tiny segment known for Report purposes as the "new culture." There is not the slightest evidence to support the view that youth is more likely to be idealistic on social and political matters than the middle-aged or elderly.

When, moreover, it comes to matters of causation, one has a right to expect from a Commission such as this due regard for the elementary canons of logic. Causes advanced must be not merely adequate and contextual; they must, above all, be *sufficient*: related, that is, to the differential character of the data. Of what use is it to declare the war in Vietnam, racism, environmental pollution, along with alienation and idealism, the "causes" of student-faculty violence and of the disruption of academic freedom on the campus? These, plainly, are contextual, but, equally plainly, they are not sufficient to the specific incidence of violence, for they may be seen to be deeply embedded as matters of passionate concern in very large numbers of students—and of other Americans—who do *not* turn to violence, who do *not* seek to infringe the academic liberties of others, and who do *not* arrogate to themselves the pretentious label of "new culture." Fortunately, as I have already noted, there were, in addition to some extraordinarily unqualified Commission members, some extraordinarily qualified staff members. Is there to be found in the Report, the product of these latter, some hypothesis that clearly explains the differential character of student behavior on the campus?

There is. And this brings us to the best, most informative, and most pertinent section of the entire Report: the treatment of what the Commission calls "the Berkeley invention." When we read this part of the Report we are, at last, out of the realm of apologetics and squarely in the best of contemporary social science.

What then was the Berkeley invention? To paraphrase a longish section: It begins with the hard-core, revolutionary-minded political radicals on, or near, the campus. Not many are needed. An issue is found—Vietnam, civil rights, environmental pollution—that may be counted upon to arouse sympathy in the utterance. The next step is that of uniting the natural flow of human juices for this issue with some incident that will have the effect of making the university appear harsh in the eyes of others—students, especially faculty, then in due time the all-important reporters from press and television. The incident may be a single arrest by a campus policeman of some egregiously delinquent participant in a meeting or rally; it may be suspension or probation of a student for an act patently in violation of long-known rules; it may be something else. Whatever it is, the machine is now in operation. Crowds of a thousand or more inevitably gather: the bored, the mischievous, the idealistic—or those simply going from one class to another. Speeches become ever more fiery. Goadings of administration and police become ever more ingenious. Confrontation—the original issue is irrelevant and, by now, perhaps even forgotten—is finally achieved, and demands are made, known positively in advance to be beyond the capacity of the administration to meet; if by unanticipated miracle the demands are met, they are escalated instantly. Increasingly—with the marvelous and indispensable aid of educational specialists from the great metropolitan dailies—the scene is given the image of a kind of Armageddon. Overnight a university long known by students, faculty, and outsiders as benign and liberal in the extreme comes to be thought cruel, bureaucratic, and a tool of the military-industrial Establishment.

But why go on? The "Berkeley invention" is so familiar by now (except perhaps to the author of the opening chapter of this Report) that it requires no further description here. I would add only two points. The first is symbolic, having to do with the use of the disarming words "the kids"

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in all references—in faculty meetings, committee reports, regents meetings, and, most especially, newspaper stories—to the principals in any given act of vandalism. I have no recollection of these words being used to describe men and women enrolled as students in a university, many of them in the upper reaches of young adulthood, prior to about 1964. The second element of "the Berkeley invention" that needs mention is the stratagem known as "amnesty." This came easily to students nurtured by middle-class parents in whom instant and advance forgiveness is part and parcel of what is known as a loving family. So, within a week of the first uprising at Berkeley, the cry for amnesty could be heard all over the campus, driving faculty members into paroxysms of guilty forgiveness and accusatory hostility toward the administration.

The quick spread of "the Berkeley invention" to other elite campuses of the United States is by now a matter of record. The Scranton Commission cannot be praised enough for its detailed account of this "invention," although I could wish that due credit for the earliest recognition of it had been given to Chancellor Edward Strong, whose reward for the discovery was decapitation by the Board of Regents (always kill the bearer of bad tidings!); and, second, that there had been more painstaking investigation of the means of transmission of this invention to other campuses in the elite academic circle of the United States. A cultural anthropologist might have helped here.

IV

WHAT REALLY hurt the investigation from the very beginning, however, was not the absence of a cultural anthropologist but the seemingly ineradicable naiveté of a Commission whose members ranged rather widely in immaturity or experience. One sees this naiveté especially in the witnesses called. There was some first-rate testimony, particularly from Professor Sidney Hook, whose brilliant analysis lies buried in the Report like a grudging concession to even-handedness (though the White House later circulated it widely).

But why did the Commission fail to take testimony from any of the literally hundreds of college and university administrators in the country whose campuses have been subjected to little or no violence or assaults on academic freedom? The Commission came all the way across the country to set up in television-equipped quarters in Los Angeles. As I remember well, and with some slight repugnance, they took testimony from the adolescent student-body president of a large elite campus of the University of California, and from the head of a small, extraordinarily elite-minded campus of the University of California (who saw much of the problem in the light of "alienation of soul before technology"). However, only a few blocks from where the Commission sat spellbound by Assistant Professor Richard Flacks, and by the student-body president (whose awful threats to pagan society leave me even yet chilled in anticipation of the millennium) could be found an uninvited Dr. Glen Dumke. This remarkable man is not only a noted historian, a former faculty member and administrator of a leading private college, but also, for the past decade, chancellor of the largest and I believe best state college system in the world. And it is a system that—with the single exception of the nearly-elite campus at San Francisco, presided over today by a man named Hayakawa—has experienced very very little of the kind of violence and assault upon academic freedom that in the last several years have become a byword for Berkeley and Harvard.

It is said that only a veritable deluge of telegrams and other forms of pressure finally persuaded the Commission to go to the University of Wisconsin to look into the circumstances surrounding the destruction of the mathematics building there, with its toll of human life and of irreplaceable scholarship. Clearly, no such reluctance attended the decisions to visit Kent State and Jackson State. Is the life of an American student worth less in one place, under one set of circumstances, than another?

Which brings me to the appalling chapter on the subject of blacks included in this Report. The very least this chapter could have done, also with the canons of both scientific method and of journalistic integrity in mind, is state clearly and unambiguously what is an incontestable fact: that a great many incidents of campus violence and of assaults on academic freedom have proceeded directly from the issue of race, twisted—as often by guilt-seized whites, or by white revolutionaries, as by blacks themselves—in such a way as to "expose" the repressive, inhumane, and discriminatory character of the university.

Reading the Scranton Commission's chapter on American blacks, with its tissue of bland truisms and blunt dishonesties and with its mindless extenuations of black hoodlumism, one's admiration only increases by contrast for black leaders and intellectuals like Roy Wilkins and Bayard Rustin who have been courageous enough to say that there is such a thing as black hoodlumism as well as white, and that hoodlumism is hoodlumism, no matter what its color or what banner it chooses to march under.

To declare the necessity, as the Report does, of increasing financial subventions to black colleges and universities may be unexceptionable in itself. But for the Commission to imply that such subventions will have anything to do with campus violence or with scuttlings of academic freedom, is deceptive to the point of being an outright lie. For there has been relatively little of this kind of pathology at the black universities and almost none in the black colleges.

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V

THIS LEADS US, finally, to the official recommendations made by the Scranton Commission. They range, with two notable exceptions, from the largely innocuous to the overwhelmingly irrelevant. I shall leave them to the newspaper editors.

Of the two exceptions one is appalling, the other first-rate. The appalling one is that the President of the United States in effect declare a national emergency, using the high prestige of his office to: 1) bring all factions in American society into moral reconciliation; 2) convince public officials and "protesters" that divisive rhetoric is dangerous; 3) take the lead in explaining to the American people the causes of campus unrest; 4) end the war in Indochina; 5) renew national commitment to full social justice; 6) lend personal support to American universities "to accomplish the changes and reforms suggested in this Report"; 7) take steps that he be continuously informed of the views of "students and Blacks"; and 8) call a series of national meetings "designed to foster understanding among those who are now divided."

What can one say? Surely the sheer mass of the recommendations is enough to sink them forever in the waters of nonsense.

The useful recommendation—and I cannot even guess how it managed to survive its trial by piety—is that heads of universities take steps immediately to identify perpetrators of violence and other hoodlums, remove them from the campus as swiftly as possible, and prosecute them vigorously by appropriate agencies of the law. The very last part of that recommendation suggests another that the Commission might have made but did not: this one to the judiciary of the United States proposing the abolition, where it exists, of the double standard that throws the book at the criminal from the ghetto or the working class but that tends to give short or suspended sentences to the middle-class, white, and politics-pleading college students.

The Commission might in this connection have quoted from the judgment last summer of Sir Eric Sachs of the Court of Appeal in England who, after upholding sentences ranging from nine to eighteen months in prison for some Cambridge University vandals (acting in the name of idealism against the Greek government's effort to promote tourism), said: "When there is wanton and vicious violence of gross degree, the court is not concerned whether it comes from gang rivalry or from political motivations." Nothing, to paraphrase the great Dr. Johnson, has so concentrating an effect upon the mind as a man's certain knowledge that for violation of the civil order he will be sent to jail. Or, at very least, suspended from the university.

True, imprisonment or suspension of the violent will not cure the "crisis of understanding" that has been around for quite a few centuries now; nor will it abolish alienation, or emancipate us overnight from the human condition. But it might allow us to get back to *nonviolent* dissent and peaceful unrest. And that, at this point in our history, would be a very great deal to achieve.

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The Counter-Culture and Its Apologists: 2

Consciousness III

Roger Starr

THIS PAST September the *New Yorker* published a long article, "The Greening of America," by Charles A. Reich, associate professor at the Yale Law School, setting off thereby an extraordinary literary and political event. The size of the event can be gauged impressionistically by any reasonably literate Easterner, who need only recall the number of his personal telephone conversations in which one party or another has asked: "Have you read the 'Greening' article?" But the dimensions of this event can also be confirmed objectively. Copies of the issue of the *New Yorker* in which the article appeared are unobtainable; the number of letters about the piece received by the magazine is reported to have reached unprecedented highs; and one reliable indicator of ideological interest, the amount of space given by the New York *Times* to so evanescent a cultural phenomenon as a magazine article, registers that within a short period that newspaper carried three articles by Reich himself summarizing his own work, four pieces about it (by Marya Mannes, J. K. Galbraith, George F. Kennan, and Herbert Marcuse), one long news story complete with a photograph of the author, and two reviews of the booklength version published shortly after the appearance of the article.* At this writing, the book version is just beginning to show up in the stores and the limits of public interest are not yet in sight. The Reich article, which explores America's immediate cultural-political situation and the relationship of youth to it, has clearly touched a national nerve center.

Before going on to discuss those larger questions, however, I ought to acknowledge my own debt to Reich. Thanks to him, I find myself for the first time able to comprehend the meaning of three personal events involving young people which have been puzzling me, one for as long as three years. The first of these occurred shortly after the riots in Newark and Detroit had killed people, burned buildings, and made a shambles of the homes of many of the poorer Negroes in those cities. In December of that year I visited the University of Hawaii to give several talks on urban problems. In the course of my first lunch in the student union, a young undergraduate whose glistening cheeks and braided hair might have advertised malted milk or Juicy Fruit gum, told me with surpassing enthusiasm how lucky I was to be living on the mainland United States. Her eyes brimming with what I will swear was philanthropic fervor, she said: "Weren't the riots just *beautiful*?"

The second episode came some six months later when, with a young New York City planner, I was discussing the case of the Columbia gymnasium—the issue which triggered the famous trouble there—before an audience attending the convention of the American Society of Planning Officials at San Francisco. My colleague took the position that stopping the construction of the gymnasium had been a great triumph for the oppressed minorities of America. When I asked him which, in his view, were the oppressed minorities in America, he answered: "The blacks, the Indians, the Chicanos, and *the college students*."

Finally, only a few weeks ago, I was testifying before the New York City Council, about the rent increase recommended by the Rent Guidelines Board, of which I am chairman, for permanent guests living in apartment hotels in the city. In answer to a question about whether the guests could afford the 8-per-cent-per-year increase that our Board recommended, I replied that we could not possibly study their income, even if we had the staff for such an assignment, because that would constitute an invasion of their privacy, and that in any case our job, under the law, was to mandate the smallest increase possible that would keep the apartment hotels in the same relative economic position that they had been in on the date when rents were frozen. "If your Council believes that tenants can't afford the rent the hotels need," I said, "then you must find a way to supplement what they can pay, or the hotels will simply deteriorate to the point where they go out of business." This seemed to enrage the young Councilman who was interrogating me: "Don't you see that this kind of old-fashioned regulation which

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doesn't take into account the whole human picture is just what we're not going to put up with any more?" he demanded.

Reading Mr. Reich, I now see that the words that had puzzled me were mere snatches of a major, if unoriginal, oratorio, and I am grateful to him for the look he provides at the full libretto. The world, we learn from *The Greening of America*, was once a verdant bower in which men and women could be truly whole and truly human. Something corrupted it utterly, and in the fall people lost their previous sense of wholeness, not to speak of their natural humanity. Miraculously, however, a savior has now appeared who will drive out the corruption and restore the world to a state of primeval verdure.

With this simple scheme in mind, it was relatively easy for me at last to understand why the young Hawaiian undergraduate found the riots "beautiful"; not, let us recall, "politically promising" or a significant portent of social change. The riots derived their aesthetic quality from the fact that they suggested the beginning of a return to a world of "natural" behavior, in which everyone would throw off the bonds of legal inhumanity. My colleague who identified college students as an oppressed minority could be understood only in the recognition that *they* were the saviors of the world; since the world had not yet recognized them in this role, and was, indeed, refusing to let them play it without opposition, non-recognition itself constituted a form of oppression. Finally, of course, the young Councilman who demanded that my part-time Board investigate the income of each of 30,000 individual apartment-hotel tenants before setting the rents needed for the hotels to pay their expenses, was promising me that the corrupt society which I clearly represented would soon be replaced by a saved government capable of taking a holistic view of every individual person involved in each and every case of decision.

IN LITERAL TERMS, Reich's argument is directed toward the present inadequacies of American life: the continuance of the war in Vietnam; the swift erosion of the natural qualities of the environment; the apparent tension, unhappiness, and uncertainty in American homes; the cheapness and vulgarity of so many American products, from television commercials to new buildings. Reich ascribes these shortcomings to the actions of what he describes as a "corporate state" in which technology has superseded sensibility. The corporate society came about because the simple, rather wholesome frame of mind in which Americans happily settled this continent proved inadequate to the process of industrialization. This original frame of mind Reich calls "Consciousness I." The process of industrialization made necessary a new socially-oriented frame of mind, at first intended to control the inequities of industrialization. Reich calls this frame of mind "Consciousness II." Instead of controlling industrialization, however, Consciousness II succumbed to it, utterly corrupting the human condition. But all is not yet lost, for the present generation of young people in America exemplify an entirely new and entirely healthy state of mind—"Consciousness III"—which will, without resort to law or administration or the other corruptive devices introduced by the possessors of Consciousness II, set things right again.

If by nature man is, as Reich tells us, whole and good, needing no controls on his behavior outside the dictates of his own desires, how did he become corrupted? Reich, eschewing such familiar symbolic answers to this question as the serpent, draws on the by now equally familiar idea that it was the introduction of high technology which brought about the fall of mankind, or at least the fraction of it which lives in the United States of America. This has the look of history rather than of myth or religion, and one can therefore fairly subject it to the test of observation. When, then, did high technology arrive and begin its destructive work? To this simple question Reich has no very clear answer. It is hard, he acknowledges, "to say exactly when" our society assumed its fallen shape. "The major symptoms of change started appearing after the Second World War and especially in the Nineteen Fifties. The expenditure of a trillion dollars for defense, the destruction of the environment, the production of unneeded goods—these were not merely extensions of the familiar blunders and corruption of America's past; they were of a different order of magnitude."

These sentences would seem to mark the beginning of the fall as practically coextensive with the Eisenhower administration (1952-60). The mention of the spending of a trillion dollars for defense, however, introduces a certain ambiguity for those old enough to remember John F. Kennedy's campaign for the Presidency in 1960. One of Kennedy's most persistent criticisms of his predecessor was that Eisenhower had permitted a missile gap to grow between the U.S. and Russia—i.e., that the nation was spending *too little* on armaments and had been allowed to *stop moving*, a rather vague statement which Keynesian economists like Robert Lekachman explain as meaning that the money supply had not expanded fast enough to provide full employment.

But other passages in *The Greening of America* seem to put the fall earlier. Thus, shortly after mentioning the trillion dollars for defense, Reich inveighs against the United States government's shipbuilding subsidies which, he claims, differ from the local public services provided in 1776 in "principle as well as degree." If we were to take this statement at face value, we would have to conclude that the fall from grace occurred in the year 1936, when the shipbuilding fiscal subsidies

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were enacted. But perhaps Reich means the early days of the Republic when Congress limited seaborne domestic interstate commerce to American-built bottoms.* Yet some paragraphs later, he changes dates once again by telling us that the industrial mergers of post-Civil-War America "resulted in gradual destruction of the free market and . . . a conquest of the American nation." (Can this be the same competitive market system which elsewhere he execrates?) He adds that the American people who had fled the monarchies of Europe now found themselves conquered by a new set of tyrants. These, of course, were the "robber barons" whose responsibility for the inhumanity of the period of capital accumulation in American industry has become standard background information for every high-school student in the country. Reich, however, who ascribes to these men the unusually greedy state of mind which he calls Consciousness I, excuses them from final responsibility for the American downfall. Rather it was the triumph of "organization, efficiency, technology, planning—the forces of modern rationalism and scientific management." That is, Consciousness II.

REICH'S DESCRIPTION of what America was like before the fall is as imprecise and contradictory as his fixing of the date when everything changed for the worse. There is, he says in another connection, "a quality of wilful ignorance in American life" which protects majority-group Americans from knowing about the problems faced by black Americans and from being sensitive to the problems of "the world." Reich's own description of the American Eden certainly proves that he himself shares in the general insensitivity. The account begins with the statement that "the American people of 1789 were promised that each individual would be a free man, each having the right to seek his own happiness; a republican form of government in which the people would be sovereign; and no arbitrary power of people's lives." This passage seems to confuse the Declaration of Independence (1776) with the Constitution (ratified finally in 1789). Although the people through their representatives accepted the Constitution establishing a new national government to "insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare," Reich believes that in the early days of the nation "each newly sovereign individual could be the source of his own achievement and fulfilment." Actually, of course, at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, a large number of Americans were held in slavery, their freedom to be won only through a bloody and brutal war.

In fact, the Constitution of the United States was not originally intended as a guarantee of freedom—the guarantees were added by the first ten amendments—but as an administrative charter setting forth how this unprecedented government was to function, to deal with the problems of its citizens, and to provide an authority capable of meeting the challenges of a hard life—capable, to repeat the document's own words, of promoting the general welfare. While it is currently fashionable to imagine this pre-industrial world of the European settler in America as idyllic ("There was no separation between work and living," says Reich. "Ties to the community were strong and were seldom severed; each man lived within a circle that depended on action by him, that began before him, and that lasted beyond him"), its dissatisfactions were great, its dangers frightening, its class consciousness severe, the sense of powerlessness of its inhabitants in the face of natural disaster and human holocaust very serious indeed, and its involvement with the political and economic events of Europe so intricate that American lives were lost in every major European war from the beginning of the 18th century onward. Although it is surely true that in America, as in any other nation during the period of its capital formation, vast industrial fortunes were built through the conscienceless exploitation of workmen and natural resources, it is hardly sufficient to ascribe this to the triumph of the mindless machine that placed man "under the rule of laws that were not human." The impulses to industrialization came, *inter alia*, from the demand for a higher standard of living on the part of men and women generally; from the increase in population caused by the beginning of sanitary science; from the demand by workers for a more equitable share of the products; from the clear dangers of population concentration in pre-industrial structures served by pre-industrial transportation of water, waste, food, and other necessities of life. As late as 1850 the life expectancy of the average American (at least in sedate Massachusetts) was not even forty years.

It is also a fact that the early American population was grossly wasteful of its natural assets; possibly far more wasteful, per capita, than the present population. As early as the 17th century, the Collect Pond in Lower Manhattan was noxiously polluted, and ultimately it had to be filled in to abate its nuisance. A description of how the 18th-century farmers in the Connecticut Valley harvested Atlantic salmon to fertilize their fields

* Although Reich can be read to suggest that the shipbuilding subsidies are not only a radical break with best American practice but a deviation from the practices of other nations, it might be pointed out that each of the following devices is in use to promote shipbuilding in nations throughout the world, though, of course, not all of the devices are in use in every nation: direct building and operating subsidies, mail subsidies, tax concessions, low-interest government or government-guaranteed loans, contributions to seamen's wages and pensions, special exemption from fees and other preferential treatment for national vessels or discrimination against foreign shipping, exchange and license controls, tariffs, quotas, reservation of certain trades and special navigation and other international treaties and agreements.

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will still trouble the squeamish. And, to skip a hundred years or so, it is another fact that a typical New York household ingested more carbon monoxide per annum in the mid-19th century than it does today: the inefficient coal burners that heated New York's homes produced more of this gas than do the present automobiles. Surely it is true that the small population limited the impact of humanity upon the natural environment; but it is also true that the lack of adequate technology forced the population westward to avoid the effects of its own wastefulness. This migration was as much a part of the original American state of grace as the flocks of passenger pigeons that darkened the sky, and the herds of bison that covered the plains.

THE SECOND underlying proposition in *The Greening of America* sets forth that America has become a "corporate state." The corporate state, in Reich's view, proceeds on the theory (which he labels Consciousness II) that men are weak, if not base; and that social controls are necessary in order to prevent them from damaging themselves and their environment. Reich tells us that this suspicious view of human nature is repressive, and that a common taste for repression unites the controllers and the controlled within the corporate state. Having come into being to repress, this state goes on to establish its own technical schemes which stimulate hungers in people that are inessential to life, and then stuffs them with foods that do not even adequately satisfy the artificially-created appetites. When such activity begins to pall, and fails to keep everyone busy enough, the state resorts to war. The Vietnam war, according to Reich, was provoked not by mistakes in American foreign policy, nor by an urge to dominate Far Eastern markets, nor to abort the colonial revolt of North Vietnam; it came about just because the American state is a corporate state, and must therefore behave madly. In a discussion of political action, the charge of corporate insanity is as useless as the explanation often proffered by the Germans for their acceptance of Hitler: we were all hypnotized. The listener bulges with questions. Why were you hypnotized in 1933? Why hypnotized by *Hitler*, and not by Gustav Stresemann? Are you susceptible of being hypnotized again? When and by whom, and why not this morning? And so one wants to demand of Reich, that if madness produced the present war, why a war in Vietnam? Why not a war in the Middle East? Why are the Koreans fighting with us in Vietnam? Are they a mad corporate state too? Why isn't Russia fighting in Vietnam? Isn't Russia a corporate state? And so on.

Much of Reich's account of the corporate state in the throes of Consciousness II reads like the description of a foreign country by someone who has studied road maps but has never actually been there. Thus Reich, like many other commentators on man's present political condition, indicts the corporate state because of the many powers that have been produced in the modern world, powers to affect the way in which men and women are able to live. His catalogue of these powers is not intended to be all-inclusive, and it omits what is certainly the most frightening power of all—the power to start a war using nuclear weapons—but it is instructive by virtue of its very selectivity.

Many of the powers he attributes to the corporate state are almost coeval with human history, like the power to change the culture of a foreign country. About others he can be both coy and inaccurate. Someone in America, for example, now has the "power," says Reich, to give away only *certain* magazines on airplanes. I used to be afraid that I wouldn't be allowed to *read* unpopular magazines; Reich complains that American Airlines doesn't *give* him the magazines he wants to read. Be that as it may, the example does not prove that cultural homogenization is upon us in America. In many respects, as Daniel Bell and others point out, America is *less* homogeneous in taste than it was thirty years ago, and much of the homogeneity now being imposed derives from the very counter-culture of which Reich is a part and which, if his version of things were correct, could not exist. It is not the little dissenting magazine which has disappeared from the newsstand, as once generally predicted, but rather the *Saturday Evening Post*. Thirty years ago, New York City had many more daily newspapers than today; today, however, it has many more weekly newspapers which, in the name of radical, sexual, political, and aesthetic dissent offer a homogenized opposition to the corporate state. The bigness which terrified in prospect has turned out to be weak as well as strong; and those who told us some years ago that in 1970 we would be prevented from voicing dissent are now claiming instead that they are being repressed, not because they cannot speak, but because their fellow citizens do not follow.

For those who are interested in sandwiches, not magazines, Reich also denounces the alleged power to ordain that natural peanut butter shall not be manufactured, forcing the reluctant to eat hydrogenated peanut oil, or the chunky style peanut butter whose fragments intrude between your teeth instead of clinging to the roof of your mouth. (Someone may indeed have the power to prevent the manufacture of the old-fashioned peanut butter—whose oil separated out, leaving a scarcely swallowable precipitate in the bottom of the jar—but whoever he may be, he is not exercising it. The health-food store in my building carries natural peanut butter under three different brand names.)

Reich does not suggest, anywhere, that the highly technologized society possesses new powers that are in fact wholly beneficent. There is, for instance, the power to provide vaccine against epidemics in distant countries at a moment's notice; the power

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to provide medical help and food for the victims of an earthquake; the power to reduce infant mortality; the power to save the lives of victims of heart attacks. And still more troubling is Reich's unwillingness to deal with the new powers which may be either good or evil—the ability to control conception with a pill, or to terminate pregnancy at will. If good, they may offer men and women freedom which their ancestors sought in vain; if bad, they may reduce human relationships to a barren level. Should one rejoice or tremble in the light of these new powers? Not surprisingly, Reich, whose work bears no trace of ambiguity or irony, doesn't say. To him this country can simply and unambiguously be described as "a society which is unjust to its poor and its minorities, is run for the benefit of a privileged few, lacks its proclaimed democracy and liberty, is ugly and artificial, destroys the environment and the self, and is, like the war it spawns, 'unhealthy for children and other living things.' "

WHAT ARE WE to make of so sweeping an indictment? Confining myself to the single subject of housing the poor, with which I am daily familiar, I find the statement almost no help at all in explaining what the problems are, or in suggesting what might be done about them.

If Reich believes that democracy and liberty are lacking in the housing market, and that, therefore, most Americans demand something different, I wish he would step forward and tell me what it is they demand. We who are involved in housing are stumped by the refusal of the great majority of Americans, democratically expressing their will, to spend public funds on housing. In 1965, when the voters of New York State had an opportunity to voice an opinion on the use of public funds for housing, a plurality of well over one million rejected the proposition. Is it democratic to overrule these wishes? Is liberty served when the central government overrides the opposition of a local government to build housing for rich or poor, black or white? Such are the practical questions that face administrators in the "corporate state."

I wish also that Reich would identify for me the "privileged few" for whose benefit present housing policy is set. Life was simple in the days when we believed (at that time, perhaps correctly) that wicked landlords held back the public-housing program in order to sustain and magnify their profits. But among the "privileged few" who have more recently opposed housing projects in New York City I could include the following: myself, on the ground that specific projects could not, in the locations proposed, provide decent housing; resident poor people, on the ground that several hundred of their apartments would be destroyed to make room for two-thousand new low-rent units; local shopkeepers, who claimed that a particular project would drive them out of business; the PTA officials of a local public school, who claimed that the children from the unbuilt housing would overcrowd the classrooms; white (and black) single-family home-owners who claimed that low-income neighbors would depress the value of their property; local so-called community leaders, who claimed that (a) the housing would destroy a low-income neighborhood that had liveliness, variety, and human scale (as well as rats, faulty plumbing, disappearing landlords, and too many fatal fires), or (b) that they did not want a low-income enclave which would amount to something they somewhat loosely call a "ghetto," although they gave very little advice as to how non-poor families could be persuaded (i.e., forced) to move into the area, or (c) that housing developments are run bureaucratically (with relative efficiency as compared with most tenements), robbing people of their dignity and independence.

Since Reich levels many of these same criticisms, he himself must be one of the "privileged few" who are determining that we shall not have a housing policy adequate to provide decent homes for the poor and the minorities. Of what use or interest, then, is his description of the treatment of the poor and the minorities as "unjust"? I suspect that much of our present social unrest springs precisely from the shifting definition of what is unjust. To avoid treating the minorities unjustly in the traditional sense, it is necessary merely to agree to admit non-white workers, tenants, and students to jobs, housing, or universities if they rank equally with whites in skills, income, or examination grades. Yet this surely falls short of the measures Reich would advocate for the establishment of racial harmony or even of racial peace. The measures he would no doubt advocate—lower admission standards for non-white students, special rent subsidies in some cases to promote "integration," and minimum quotas for non-white workers —may be valuable, and even necessary. But they are not defined by a simple call for the end of injustice. They can be determined only after painstaking study in the midst of conflict, and they may well be stigmatized by other citizens as themselves "unjust" in a perfectly legitimate sense of that word.

The point is that something other than justice may be necessary to bring an unjustly delayed equality to black and other minority Americans. Moreover, the achievement of practical equality depends not on more liberty, as Reich seems to say, but on *less,* including perhaps less liberty for those who would impede the black man's orderly progress, and less liberty for those who would infringe other people's rights to listen to patient discussions of the complex nature of modern problems and their historical antecedents. If this sounds like a plea for Consciousness II—the acceptance of social responsibility and social constraints intellectually analyzed in a crowded world—so be it.

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Even so, if the measure Reich himself gives us—treatment of the poor and the minorities—is an index of corruption, America, the so-called corporate state, must rank as less corrupt than other nations hardly brushed by industrialization, including India with untouchables and Burma, whose resident Indians live in filthy little ghettos on the outskirts of the villages.

At one point in *The Greening of America,* Reich seeks to widen the basis of Marxism so that the Marxian class struggle can, as though metaphorically, be extended to include the struggle in terms of which Reich comprehends the present situation. Marx saw the last stage of capitalism as a struggle between the industrial proletariat and the bourgeoisie; so, Reich suggests, the present period can be understood as a struggle between men and women on the one side and the machines of the technological corporate state on the other. The champion of the men and women in this case are the young, together with a few added starters, who, like the young, have attained to Consciousness III. The possessor of Consciousnes III can be recognized from the clothes he wears at work and the clothes he wears at play; he accepts no differences in rank or position, owing no one respect, nor having the right to hold anyone in contempt; he is prepared to dedicate his body totally as a measure of his personal responsibility. Everything he does is of a piece.

Reich cites a splendid example of this type of all-inclusive commitment: the refusal of the athletes of eight college teams to participate in the heptagonal track meet at Yale in 1970, until one of their number had read a public statement attacking the "invasion of Cambodia, the persecution of the Black Panthers, and other issues." He imagines, Reich tells us, that the alumni must have been displeased by this "intrusion of reality" onto the playing fields of Yale. I am, as it happens, a Yale alumnus, and must confess myself not displeased but startled by the belief in magic which seems to persist in undergraduate circles and which has now penetrated into the faculty. In my day, the rhythmic chanting of a chorus from Aristophanes was deemed to inspire the muscles of the football team. Now, apparently, moral miracles are believed to result from the recital of a list of political concerns. Is this a demonstration of personal responsibility? Is it suggested that every member of each of the participating teams freely reached an identical view? As a historical event it seems to me not only as frivolous as the pledges never to bear arms which my contemporaries and I were busy circulating in the mid-1930's, but as meaningless as the playing of "The Star Spangled Banner" before every baseball game.

To Reich, the appearance of such young people is a miracle—they are flowers which have grown in and through the concrete—and indeed if the corporate state were as homogeneous and as powerful as he says, nothing less than a miracle would be able to explain the emergence of an opposing force from within its very heart. For my part, sharing neither of his preconceptions about the state or about the young, I do not find the youth of present-day America so mysterious. I suggest that they are the products of a new form of deprivation and a new type of neglect. They have been deprived, all too often, of the very real pleasure of battling against parents and teachers who do not accept them, still unformed and uninstructed, as the only hope of the world. And in failing to provide the resistance of superior knowledge against which the young might push and test their strength, their parents and teachers have neglected them, leaving them in the natural order of things to search for or engender resistance—real resistance, sometimes bitter, sometimes ugly—elsewhere. This has been enormously complicated by the Vietnam war, which, even if someone could ultimately justify its horrors after a revisionist calculation of alternatives, appears wholly unnecessary to many of those who have been asked to fight, die, or be mutilated in it.

I see nothing miraculous, then, in the arrival on the American scene of a generation of young people without respect for rank and stature, exceedingly cheerful in their day-to-day affairs, free of long-held inhibitions about the use of drugs, rather contemptuous of those who should have been providing them with an opposition that would have made their youthful exuberance part of a process of maturation. I can see that they would believe that the acquisition of knowledge and technique is unnecessary, even moldy. And I can see that they would believe—having been brought up generally in the notion that restrictions on conduct are destructive of the self—that total liberation and psychic unity are the tools through which health is restored to the state.

I can also see that a teacher like Reich, comparing his theory metaphorically to the class struggle, would follow Marx in not bothering to work out the details of the paradise that the overthrow of the fallen world will usher in. Marx told us that the machinery of the state would disappear once the workers owned the means of production; but there the machinery is, bigger than ever. Reich tells us that when Consciousness III takes over the world, all men will be free. It is fascinating that even after all of us have seen the future, so many people seem to believe him, including J. K. Galbraith who has praised Reich for succeeding in saying what he, Galbraith, has only been *trying* to say. If this is true, Galbraith either has not tried very hard, or I must be a very poor reader. I had thought that *The Affluent Society* was a stunning example of Consciousness II, which Reich characterizes as the wrong sort of thinking altogether. And it seems to me that the selective price and wage controls Galbraith has recently been talking

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about are just the sort of sticky legalistic control device by which in Reich's cosmogony nasty autocratic liberal types impose their notions on others.

Perhaps, when he complained in *The Affluent Society* that too small a part of the Gross National Product was being spent in the public sector, Galbraith meant that the proportion was to be changed by some internal shift of consciousness in tune with the rock music which Reich thinks is the major cultural contribution of the current period. Perhaps. But my impression is that Galbraith hoped to bring about this change in the corporate state through the "system"—i.e., the political system as most particularly embodied in the Left wing of the Democratic party. This is not what Reich "succeeds" in saying; he tells us that once you have reached the level of Consciousness III you write off the political system as a means of significant change. You also write off violence as a means of change. You depend on yourself to change things—which seems to me almost as often a promise of change for the worse as for the better.

Both Galbraith and Reich dislike advertising, a reaction which Galbraith may consider to be more of a fraternal handclasp than I do. I find that dislike of advertising is widespread among us Consciousness II people, but I bolster myself with faith in the complexities of all forms of consciousness. I believe that men and women can laugh with television commercials without rushing to buy the products sponsoring them; can refuse to develop appetites for products even when they are cleverly advertised; and that running a successful enterprise, whether industrial, governmental, or revolutionary, involves difficulties which are not overcome by consciousness, but by talent, knowledge, judgment, and luck.

WHAT THEN is it about *The Greening of America* that has captured the imagination of so many people? To ask the question conjures up a view of today's America, a land doubtful of its destiny, as singleminded now in deprecating its achievements and its liberties as it was not long ago in chanting its own praises. The characteristic American poet of the day is Walt Whitman standing on his head, singing immoderately, O Manhattan, of the desecration of the environment, of death in Vietnam, of the maltreatment of the blacks. The music produced in this position makes the nation all the more uncomfortable for its upright elders, thus widening the gap between the agents of Consciousness III and the rest of the population, and hardening the very conditions of which the singer complains. In the end, those still caught in Consciousness II find themselves turning over Eldridge Cleaver's by now too-often-quoted words to describe their tormentors in Consciousness III: if you are absolutely convinced you are part of the solution, then you probably are part of the problem.

The war in Vietnam, as we are told by our intuitions no less than by the public-opinion polls. comprises only one of the present causes of the American malaise. There is the drug matter; the constant mutter of violence; the reappearance in public dress, let us admit it, of the old-line Stalinists who for years had been indistinguishable from our other friends; the pictures in the windows of 42nd Street, provoking in many of us the feeling that despite everything we have ever believed, there is something to be said for censors, even as there has been something to be said for undertakers. This constantly accelerating buzz of irritants and the constant ambiguity of judgment as to which is worse, which promises less, the particular problem or the particular cure, impel us together to accept a single explanation that unifies all complaints, that establishes a polar right and a polar wrong, and that, if it does not put Walt Whitman back up on his feet, at least tips us too in his direction.

But these remarks would apply to any systematic explanation of the state of the American world; one must ask why Charles A. Reich's explanation has appeared particularly satisfying. I suggest that it is because his view seems to heal the breaches that are most troublesome. In promising that the young people about whom we worry so much will turn out to be not drug addicts, nor mendicants, nor undereducated, overpowered motorcycle maniacs, but on the contrary the saviors of the world, he absolves the elders from the nagging sense that they are guilty for having raised their children badly, either through having set a bad example, or for having imposed insufficient discipline, or through being what it has become fashionable to call hypocritical (an offense which sometimes consists merely in the admission that men are a bundle of conflicting and sometimes contradictory impulses). And, of course, it simultaneously absolves the young of any responsibility for certain of the consequences of their behavior. Reich tells us that the good people of Connecticut fell in love with the young who came to attend the banned rock festival at Powder Ridge; he neglects to mention that 985 of them had to seek emergency treatment for hallucinogen after-effects, and that one young man was alleged by the State Police to have grossed $13,000 in drug sales during the festival.

The special attractions that are provided by Reich in lodging salvation in consciousness include the assertion that joyfulness is blessedness: you are joyful because you are blessed; you are blessed because you are joyful. I do not quarrel with the ascription of happiness to the consciousness which will save the world; I am dubious only of our ability to distinguish a genuine Messiah by the quantity of self-satisfaction produced in him by his exaltation. The solemnity with which Reich discusses the clothes of those who have achieved the stamp of Consciousness III also echoes religious

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history, as well as youth movements which sprang up in the past with a similar reliance on distinction of dress to mark a distinction of thought. (Writing in these pages last year, Walter Laqueur* had much to say on this point.)

Certainly there was never a revolutionary movement which made fewer hard demands on its partisans than this revolution of consciousness—and this too may help to account for its great attraction. I do not mean that some young people have not suffered terrible anguish in the past few years at the hands of their elders or of the nation as a whole; nor do I mean to condone random acts of foolishness and brutality by police and other authorities, or the harshness of sentences for draft evasion; and, without supporting the legalization of hallucinogens, I agree that prison terms meted out for possession of marijuana have sometimes been outrageously unjust. I do mean that these hardships and outrages were not intrinsically incurred because the victims had achieved Consciousness III. During World War II, before Consciousness III ever flickered in Reich's heart, young Americans—defying not only their elders but the overwhelming majority of their scornful contemporaries—refused service, even non-combatant service, and underwent imprisonment or, sometimes, became fugitives, and suffered deeply. They suffered from the social, political, or religious conscience that was part of Consciousness II. So, presumably, do those who now undergo similar hardships in refusing to participate in a war they detest. Surely they are acting in line with Reich's own definition of Consciousness II, not with Consciousness III.

But for all his talk of Consciousness III as wholeness of being, Reich consistently implies that Consciousness III is really a matter of the political opinions one holds. One can, it seems, attain to Consciousness III simply by agreeing with him, for example, that the Federal Power Commission took a fractional view of man when it granted Con Edison a license, for the second time, to build a water storage pumping-and-generator station on the Hudson River in-and-through Storm King Mountain. So that my own view may be fairly appraised, I wish to make it clear that I do *not* agree with him on this subject, seeing no possibility of cutting down the use of electric power by my fellow citizens without inflicting hardship on them. Even Reich himself complains about power breakdowns, which are particularly annoying when you are riding in the subway or playing "Rockin' Chair" on an electric guitar. Reich seems to me to suggest that those who have penetrated to Consciousness III should solve the power problem by making love, not war, on the electric generators. This is certainly a great deal easier than mastering the complexities of electrical engineering, wildlife biology, and resource evaluation, and weighing with some accuracy the true comparable destructiveness of generating power.

The deepest fear of all wealthy revolutionists of the past—that someone would challenge them on the barricades to prove their *bona fides* by a demonstration of their calluses—has been entirely overcome by the approach adopted by Reich: a turtleneck sweater and bell-bottom jeans will serve today as well as a workingman's hands in the past. And if consciousness is the issue, one need not worry about the contradiction involved in talking happily about destroying the Establishment even while one thrives on it: destroying the Establishment is, in Reich's summary, primarily a state of mind. One can damn the industrial order without so much as a pang of guilt over having more than one's share of the material benefits such an order confers. Wealthy or not, material benefits or not, one is oneself a victim of this order. (Tom Wolfe in "Radical Chic" casts much light on this affinity between the rich and the famous and the New Left embodiment of Consciousness III.)

Simple explanations work best when they sound complicated and the reader is surprised finally that he gets the point. The ultimate appeal of Reich's oratorio is that it reduces all unhappiness to a single cause, but does this with a special vocabulary that sounds as scientific to the unwary as the works of astrology. Reich decries a "corporate state" without defining it; he gives no hint as to how it might be avoided or ended. He has absolved us from studying law and administration, the methods of control which men have found helpful in the past. In effect, he is suggesting that control be placed directly in the hands of those best equipped by nature to exercise it: those who enjoy the consciousness that "everybody" enjoys. One surmises that by "everybody" he means everybody who has the same background as his own (Reich informed a New York *Times* reporter that he went to an Eastern prep school, an Ivy League university, and an Ivy League law school "just like everyone else"). While Reich probably means to decry snobbish distinctions of rank when he tells us that the liberated college students who have attained Consciousness III do not treat full professors with respect, what he actually tells us is something quite different: he is telling us that rank cannot be attained by achievement, but only by birth and natural endowment.

In his sympathy for the natural elect, and his sense of their supreme consciousness, Reich clearly prefers the innocent, self-confident greed of Consciousness I to the pietistic Consciousness II, with its insistence on a social measure of value. Curiously, his romantic affection for the young melts into a romantic affection for heroes of the past; his faith in the heroic communicates to youth the message that they should sacrifice themselves for their mission, by refusing instruction, by refusing

* "Reflections on Youth Movements," June 1969.

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discipline, by cherishing their consciousness and all that romanticizes and colors it. In other words, like all other tales of fall and redemption, this one ends in the sacrifice of the hero.

THE WILLINGNESS of every generation to sacrifice its youth in war stains every page of history; the modern world is distinguished only because its wars are so much bigger and deadlier, and because its military leaders have given up the effort of convincing the conscript soldier that he is in for something other than a hard, dirty, boring, terrifying, and deadly experience. Even this bit of purification leaves us, the elders, as singleminded in our dedication of the young to our duty as Abraham on his way to Moriah; if our hand is stayed at the start of the sacrifice, intervention, not our mercy, has stayed it.

But the sacrifice of youth for the ends of their elders is not only found in the violence of war. The role Reich is calling on youth to play—an anti-intellectual leadership which must maintain its purity of consciousness—seems painlessly easy. It remains a sacrifice. Though a populous world cannot live without technology, Reich urges a generation of young to abandon this learning, perhaps even to abandon their lives in the pursuit of expanded consciousness. The sacrifice is no less tragic because it is made on the altar of joy, of fraternity between teachers and taught, not out of service or duty.

How, having by its new consciousness destroyed the corporate state, does the young generation create a better one? This is the bitter question that remains always in the embers after the sacrificial act is over. It is made all the more bitter for me by the photograph of a dead young woman—the name was Helena Szapiro, I believe—which I saw only a few weeks ago in the Museum of the City of Warsaw. She had been a pleasant blonde girl, wearing a dark suit and a round felt hat with a few wisps of hair straggling out at the bottom and over the forehead. In the photograph she is smiling. She looks straight at the camera. In the margin below the photograph are her dates: 1923-1943; below them, her false identity papers.

On the same wall hang other puny mementos of the Polish underground in World War II: newspapers mimeographed on tissue paper; photographs of disfigured German signs; homemade armbands from the 1944 insurrection. Ranged across the room stand mementos of the German occupation: proclamations of the permanent closing of universities and high schools; announcements of labor drafts; photographs of mass executions; a whiff of the chilling memory of executions in the streets, cellar tortures, midnight arrests, silence, betrayal. No William Kunstler was needed to tell the university students that they were being repressed: the evil of the times was unambiguous.

Yet the heroism of the Helena Szapiros alone did not bring the evil to an end. Without the help of the engineers and strategists, what would her sacrifice—in blind hope of a better world—have accomplished?

To make a better world in a time of great tragedy, one girl's life was shattered; I merely happened to see her picture. But a bit of the same sense of waste rises in me at the thought that new millions of young men and women—appalled by a war they do not want and a social order that desperately needs their schooled enthusiasm—lured by men my age, wearing beads, might be gambolling down a trail that equally leads nowhere.

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The Counter-Culture and Its Apologists: 3

Lysergic Götterdämmerung

David L. Bromwich

As everyone knows, the word "culture" carries with it several possible meanings. On one level it is concerned mainly with taste: a man "has culture" if he prefers the novels of Dostoevsky to *The Music Man*, and becomes really interesting when he rejects Dostoevsky in favor of Nabokov or Firbank. This sort of concern cannot, however, survive over long periods of time. For if the idea of a private culture is to have any meaning, the class enforcing that idea must be stable and reasonably sure of itself—in a word, complacent. And in the 20th century illusions of that kind have never had much staying power, outside of extremely small groups or "sets." Instead, we are trained to think in terms of a common culture, a body of communal *idées données* having none of the evil connotations of *idées reçues*. Macy's department store, jazz music, the respective prose styles of Jefferson, Mencken, and Max Lerner, are all part of this culture, and one needn't construct a list of Sontagian dimensions to see how far ideas, on this view, overlap with manners. Culture now takes in the whole of the public universe, just as in another version it absorbed the private one; but with this difference, that the public idea of culture must have a political significance. In discussing the process of social disintegration, the perspectives afforded by culture and politics cannot be far apart.

Let us suppose, for a moment, that we believe ours to be a society beset by all-constant violence. We are then inclined to work from barometers reading "apocalypse"; Western man is decayed or at least worn-out, and something must be found to replace him. Will it not be logical (once we have scaled down from these metaphysical heights) to discover a cultural pattern aligning with our political convictions? I beg leave to cite the following bit of evidence, lifted from the introductory section of the President's Commission on Campus Unrest:

> A "new" culture is emerging primarily among students. Membership is often manifested by differences in dress and life style. Most of its members have high ideals and great fears. They stress the need for humanity, equality, and the sacredness of life. They fear that nuclear war will make them the last generation in history.
>
> They see their elders as entrapped by materialism and competition and prisoners of outdated social forms. They believe their own country has lost its sense of human purpose. . . .

This is done in a familiar vein: they (the young) have strontium 90 in their bones, the specter of nuclear war is before them from the moment of birth, their misery is our truth. All of it is trite, which does not mean that all of it is true. But notice: diplomatic relations have been extended to the "counter-culture," and the official talent scout does not seem unimpressed. "We know who you are and we'll be watching for you."

What is the counter-culture and what does it mean to us, here, now? Partly, of course, it is the invention of pessimistic radical intellectuals, humorless and occasionally fraudulent thinkers like Herbert Marcuse and Norman O. Brown who needed an alternative to set up against that synthetic mass society of which they had drawn such an astonishing portrait. Their alternative was called the "Great Refusal," also the counter-culture. The legions of our righteously alienated youth were being enlisted in the cause of the Great Refusal, and German idealism finally caught up with LSD—as one veteran of Isla Vista phrased it—in the making of a lysergic *Götterdämmerung*. The men who interpreted the world were intending to change it; therefore, certain of the tendencies outlined in their books could become significant when once the books were disseminated. This is called self-validating prophecy, and it is one of the chief paradoxes of post-Marxian social philosophy.

Alienation has become the most precious of all commodities, but following the old scheme of commodity-fetishism it has been selfishly appropriated by the bourgeoisie—in this case, the children of the bourgeoisie. Not long ago I spoke with a friend who had developed quite a strong attachment to the writings of Marcuse. I mentioned the 1844 Paris Manuscripts and wondered if Marx's concept of alienation, as grounded in the labor process, wasn't more convincing than Marcuse's rather psychological construct. I was surprised to hear that, on the contrary, no worker could ever be alienated—that being a luxury

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granted in special to the upper and middle classes. Now this was plainly a misreading of Marcuse. It was a *fruitful* mistake, though, and one that I have found hard to forget. Alienation as a private holding of the affluent classes: that is what I should like the reader to bear in mind, for it illuminates a good deal of the mess surrounding the counter-culture and left-wing social criticism generally.

CONCERNING THE transformation of political into cultural issues, a good place to start would be Theodore Roszak's book, *The Making of a Counter Culture.** Roszak comes on as a partisan of the counter-culture; his book is notable for its strange and ponderous lyricism, and among the half-literate peoples of the "cultural" Left it has been received, I think, as something of a minor classic. The argument runs, very roughly, as follows.

America, where the frontier spirit once cohabited with all the world's most brilliant libertarian hopes, has since grown into the corruption of empire, so that in the center of stagnation and state-enforced callousness we produce nothing (cf. Staughton Lynd) but enormous quantities of "lethal junk." That seems right enough . . . up to a point. For after having delineated the scope of our misery, the author is compelled to put forward a remedy. Although he would appear to be in some ways sympathetic to it, Roszak has in effect renounced the Marxian vision of social change. Political agencies of change are being supplanted, he tells us, by cultural ones. And it is to the Youth Culture (incorrectly so called, considering the small extent of its influence among the young themselves) that we must look for the pull away from stagnation—the Youth Culture, alternately called the counter-culture. It is useful to have at hand a concise statement of the author's spiritual progress into the cultural realm, and this example has, I should say, the additional virtue of affording a glimpse of his style.

> The adolescentization of dissent poses dilemmas as perplexing as the proletarianization of dissent that bedeviled left-wing theorists when it was the working class they had to ally with in their effort to reclaim our culture for the good, the true, and the beautiful. Then it was the horny-handed virtues of the beer hall and the trade union that had to serve as the medium [*sic*] of radical thought. Now it is the youthful exuberance of the rock club, the love-in, the teach in.

If you are repelled by drug-ins, well, just remember, the working class wasn't so clean either.

Roszak chooses illustrations of the counter-cultural line in a manner that is eclectic, not to say careless. He quotes freely from Bobby Seale, the Bible ("an oppressively respectable source"), and R. D. Laing. "All at once Dylan is somewhere beneath the rationalizing cerebrum of social discourse, trying to get at the tangled roots of conduct and opinion," and so forth. What emerges is a paean to irrationalism, and midway through it you begin wondering if the title of this book (a hyphen looks to be missing) could be a pun. For the salient thing about the counter-culture is surely its total dependence on the bourgeois cash nexus, never more so—if I may borrow from Roszak's mint—than in the Playboyization of Marcuse and Brown.

Predictably, Roszak devotes an entire chapter to these tireless composers of leaden apocalyptic ravings, treating them as the prophets of a new anthropology; and if he doesn't think either of them perfect, he regards their explanations of human nature as plausible, at least, and probably on the threshold of truth. Brown turns out to be a difficult subject indeed: his psychoanalytic landscape is so queerly populated, bears so dim a resemblance to the real world, that we must extrapolate from it with the greatest human care; yet if he speaks of alienation, it can only be alienation from the world of *One-Dimensional Man,* as Roszak rightly assumes. On the way to finding out the correlation between Marcuse-Brown and the counter-culture, we get an extremely poor lesson on the early writings of Marx, and so Roszak adds his piece to the already voluminous literature attempting to vindicate the miscegenation of Marx and Freud. This is very bad stuff, the worst I have ever read on the Marxian concept of alienation—which is saying a good deal. Roszak unwittingly takes a position that has in the past been identified with right-wing interpreters of Marx, insisting that the "early" concept of alienation does not line up with the later economic writings; he would have done well to consult Messrs. Lichtheim, Kamenka, Bottomore, or even Sidney Hook, before committing such a folly.

But that is a peripheral matter. Roszak's major accomplishment consists in having stripped alienation of its material dress to make room for a psychocultural, free-floating entity. The perils involved in this kind of intellectual sleight-of-hand were described by Stuart Hampshire in his essay "Self-Consciousness and Society,"† where, speaking of the modern "quasi-psychological" theories of alienation, he argued that "the political action which the theory prescribes will, if it was originally a false theory, cut across the grain of possible change, and will not remove the suffering which the theory has labeled wrongly." This ought to pull us up short, for if it is true we must be skeptical of all such theories as will not abide empirical rules of evidence; and it is seen that these theories will be misleading precisely in the

* Doubleday, 303 pp., $7.95; (paperback, 303 pp., $1.95).

† O'Brien & Vanech, eds., *Power and Consciousness,* New York University Press, 1969. Hampshire's "genetic" criticism of New Left politics has since been modified, or so one would infer, judging from a more recent article entitled "Russell, Radicalism, and Reason" (*New York Review,* October 8, 1970).

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degree that they are widely accepted. Marx (as Hampshire suggests) found the empirical bedrock of working-class alienation in the processes of capitalist production, so he cannot be held answerable to the charge of being "quasi-psychological." The point is rather to be directed against thinkers of the Hegelian-psychoanalytic persuasion, whose books have created thousands of alienated beings *ex nihilo*.

Can the normative college student *be* alienated before someone *tells* him that he is alienated? It is an odd and significant puzzle, but one that Roszak will not touch even from a safe distance. Nor is he much exercised over the problem of mass culture and its peculiar relation to the counter-culture. To fill in for this deficiency, I make him a gift of the contorted (but amusing) formulation offered by Marcuse in that most wretched of his works, *An Essay on Liberation*. Marcuse, detesting mass culture in all its varieties, has to make very fast play with the fact that it is the main source of intellectual nourishment for members of the counter-culture. And to this particular irony his response is somewhat equivocal: he decides that mass culture in the hands of the young is a liberating force, since it frees them from that officially sanctioned high culture which has been fenced off by the bourgeoisie and therefore mummified; while mass culture in the hands of the bourgeoisie itself must be a pernicious and enslaving force, tending only further to erode human sensibilities. Q.E.D.

Even that sort of nonsense is too subtle for Roszak, who is nothing if not immune to fine distinctions. His strategy is to latch onto the cultural detritus of the moment cast under two headings: consciousness-expanding and life-impeding. In the first of these categories he adduces William Blake, and in a reading derived from Ginsberg, not Northrop Frye; as for the second, he supposes Herman Kahn to be a master of logical niceties, the arch-epitome of our corrupted Western scientific world view, and all the rest. It will be noticed, by the way, that Roszak is writing his anti-intellectual history in a top-down fashion, that is, by discussing the apostles of the counter-culture and not getting very close to their presumed constituency. After all, a survey of the counter-culture from the bottom up—with the help of statistics, interviews, etc.—might prove disappointing, and not at all apocalyptic.

So far as one can determine, Roszak's perceived enemy is technology. In a chapter called "The Myth of Objective Consciousness," he delivers a homily against its abuse, and his sentiments are all unexceptionable, warmed-over Paul Goodman. He goes beyond the usual limits, though—and they are certainly limits observed by Goodman—in extending his technophobia to the point where it becomes hatred of science as such. Science, he suspects, is "a bewilderingly perverse effort to demonstrate that nothing, *absolutely nothing* is particularly special, unique, or marvelous, but can be lowered to the status of mechanized routine." Here Roszak begins to keep strange company; his line seems to be an echo of something in the Scopes trial, but it was not spoken by the people defending Scopes.

Most of the recent talk about technology does not take place on a very high, or for that matter even on a commonsense, level, thanks largely to the influence of Marcuse, who will be fondly remembered as the thinker who brought an air of high seriousness to the academic study of technology without himself knowing the first thing about science. (There is a scurrilous rumor now going about that Marcuse never learned properly how to fix a flat tire, and that whenever he runs into that problem he uses the occasion to launch a furious tirade against advanced industrial society.)

Is there in fact a case against technology? I assume that there is, and I am sorry to see Roszak's meaningless amalgam being taken as definitive by people who can never have read, say, John McDermott's essay on the same theme. It is not my intention to outline McDermott's theory, but I do want to give a paradigm of illusory technical progress, suggested to me by a friend whose interest lies in the philosophy of logical positivism so abhorrent to the irrationalists.

Copernicus discovered the heliocentric universe partly because of the trouble, to him, of calculating orbits that would have been proper to the Ptolemaic universe. Aided by modern equipment, however, Copernicus need not have troubled himself so. Computers would have found a workable pattern of planetary orbits, on the Ptolemaic scheme, before anyone could ask whether such a derivation was indeed the simplest possible one. So that technology, by seeming to make human affairs immensely less difficult, has ended up distorting the face of reality past all measure; by introducing a bogus form of simplicity it has cut off the advance of real knowledge. All of this can be translated: the small mental exercise required to let a computer pick out military targets has obviated the most basic of choices—the choice not to conduct the war.

But that kind of argument grows out of empirical study, the eternal bane of Roszak and his ilk.

"So confident a magic wand does not like the fact that there are facts." What Christopher Ricks said about McLuhan can be applied, with perfect sense, to any of the batch of counter-cultural thinkers—more precisely, Men of Speculation. The counter-culture is, to put it simply, a social phenomenon very much on the order of Bohemia—louder and more widespread, but no more effective politically. It was cracked up to be a portent-of-the-future by people who had become bored with the rather dreary, humdrum workings of the mass democratic process. The Great Refusal

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seemed a tiny ray of light poking up at the end of *One-Dimensional Man,* and at least one critic, T. B. Bottomore, wondered if Marcuse would condescend to state which of the available cultural movements he counted on to bring about changes in the social structure. Well, in the *Essay* Marcuse did do that, and what he settled on—students plus the hippie lumpenproletariat—was neither surprising nor credible. But a notion can be attractive without being valid: the counter-culture was born.

IN THE 1930's the enshrined classic of the Left was John Strachey's *The Coming Struggle for Power,* and the idea then was to prove the historical inevitability of the Revolution, getting everyone to be a "fellow worker before the dawn." Now we are more sophisticated, gulled by psychological instead of straight-out political mystification; in some ways the nonsense of the 30's was more honest, but anyhow the motivation for believing either version is the same, for both promise you a free ride on the wave of the future. The most eminent critic of the old-line rhetoric was, of course, George Orwell, and his criticism has lasted well, partly because he wrote about politics in directly moral terms. So I hope, by any reasonable measure of "relevance," that it will not seem unfair to use him as a foil against our present confusions.

In one of his essays on literature and politics Orwell decided on a general critical philosophy, set forth in a shockingly unpretentious way.

> One's real reaction to a book, when one has a reaction at all, is usually "I like this book" or "I don't like it," and what follows is a rationalization. But "I like this book" is not, I think, a non-literary reaction; the non-literary reaction is "This book is on my side, and therefore I must discover merits in it."

Orwell's political criticism was, I think, written under the same law. "One's initial response to an atrocity," he might have said, "is either 'This is dreadful; I must do something to put a stop to it,' or 'How nicely this fits the Pattern! Let me see how best to make use of it.' The second response has the clear advantage in that it is compatible with a number of otherwise contradictory philosophies, e.g., world-historical resignation and socialist utopianism. But the first response is the genuine one, which will lead to a better world if you recognize any correspondence between ends and means."

Orwell was a totally untheoretical writer, "very British" in his attachment to the facts; recall the special charts and notebook jottings he included in *The Road to Wigan Pier.* Not once (so far as I can remember) does he use the word "alienation," and he seems hardly aware of its metaphysical sisters *angst,* nothingness, and surplus repression. It may be that he was not sufficiently intelligent to understand these things—that much has been suggested—yet the omission ought to be accounted part of a larger strategy. This refusal to trust any social theory was not unconnected with Orwell's humaneness. For he realized, early on, that a false theory was worse than none at all; this discovery made him skeptical of left-wing politics, and that skepticism has been misread as cynicism.

Orwell rejected the leftist orthodoxy of his day not because he was a superior thinker but because, instinctively and half-irrationally, he fell foul of the *rhetoric* dominant at the time. And our aesthetic reaction to politics is not irrelevant, according to Orwell. When once you have chosen to disregard bad style, pretending to see beneath it a mysterious redeeming content, you are set to betray yourself again and again. For you have been led to sympathize with causes which you do not respect. *Vide* Marcuse on mass culture for the students. All remarks about the simplified vocabulary of Orwell's political writing lead to this, that the central point of his legacy was his hatred for abstraction. And that may be worth a great deal, it may yield some very practical results.

Discussing a selected quotation from the work of James Burnham, the popular sociologist who sped through the obstacle course from Trotskyism to the *National Review* in such a breathtaking way, Orwell made a point that is still worth keeping in mind:

> I do not think it is fanciful to suggest that the unnecessary capital letters with which this passage is loaded are intended to have a hypnotic effect on the reader. Burnham is trying to build up a picture of terrifying irresistible power, and to turn a normal political maneuver like infiltration into Infiltration adds to the general portentousness.

To an even greater extent than Burnham, probably, the new Hegelian-Freudians, with their not-so-*haute* vulgarizers such as Roszak, view themselves as the originators of a new science of society; they are full of newly capitalized words. Now that may be only one more sign of a Teutonic upbringing, but I happen to associate it with a more serious fault: a complete and self-willed failure to see the shape of reality, which is blunt and yet infinitely more subtle than the finest upper-case alphabet. Marcuse's books, for instance, are dotted with puzzling references to biology, all of them using the word in a deliberately unintelligible sense. Puzzling, that is, until you understand that the sense of it is not so much Utopian as pre-Lamarckian; which fits nicely with the often remarked observation that Marcuse has far more in common with Fourier than with Marx.

Still, it is not the content of what Marcuse says that must be resisted so much as the tone of it. Certain of his main notions cannot help seeming to be on the threshold of truth: his notes on the cooptation of radical ideas, or on the new face of totalitarian democracy. And to Orwell's simple-minded assertion, in *Nineteen Eighty-Four,* that sex could be a revolutionary act, Marcuse would

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counter, "Repressive desublimation!"—and with some acumen. The point is rather that his manner of presentation—the maddening way in which theory becomes fact without saying so—succeeds in giving a false picture of the world; and a picture that has been wholly assimilated by the ideologues of post-Marxian counter-cultural rubbish. It is ultimately a question of style, of rhetoric, and I think we must agree on just how far the answer to it influences our feeling that facts are getting distorted. Think of Marcuse's celebrated and frightening picture of the apparatus of public opinion while you read the following casual remark by Orwell:

> In a society in which there is no law, and in theory no compulsion, the only arbiter of behavior is public opinion. But public opinion, because of the tremendous urge to conformity in gregarious animals, is less tolerant than any system of law. When human beings are governed by "thou shalt not," the individual can practice a certain amount of eccentricity: when they are supposedly governed by "love" or "reason," he is under continuous pressure to make him behave and think in exactly the same way as everyone else. The Houyhnhnms, we are told, were unanimous on almost all subjects.

Evidently the difference in rhetoric is in the long run a difference over what constitutes reality. In the Orwell passage there are hints that he could have anticipated everything Marcuse has said about the false sense of community engendered by the spurious warmth of advanced industrial society; yet for Orwell this is one element among others, people still do carry on through an essential decency. And that makes all the difference, does it not?

It is a truism (but not therefore any the less a truth) to say that dissident movements in society, in time, come to resemble those very forces of evil against which they are fighting. This has been increasingly true of the counter-culture, as of SDS in most of its recent excrescences. Consider the ossification that has gone on within the counter-culture from the time when *Howl* got its first reading to the "rock concert" at Powder Ridge; or in SDS, from the days of the Port Huron statement to RYM I and II. Nowhere in the world are modes of behavior more ruthlessly introjected than in the counter-culture, and the idealists who style themselves New Left regard the majority of the American people with a "liberated" hauteur awful to behold. Notice that quotation marks seem to be hovering about every word—I might have added "New" Left and "idealists": surely a very plain sign of ideological decay.

This decay has its sanction in the fashionable theories of alienation put forward by Marcuse *et al.,* and in the counter-cultural view generally, which belongs to the apologists for the movement as much as to its members. Now more than ever in the past, I think, *extreme* leftism must be understood as a rationalization of neurotic impulses. At some point this becomes apparent even to a man-on-horseback like Vice President Agnew, and as a result the howling radicals who jeer at his speeches are called down as "pathetic," nothing more. Hence, too, the feeling in this administration that students aren't really protesting the war and desire only to Communicate; so that President Nixon pleasantly obliges by speaking to them as unto children, asking about their favorite baseball teams and so on.

On political issues, people in the anti-war movement appear to be less knowledgeable today than they were a few years ago; but that is not quite to the point. For political issues have, to a surprising extent, ceased to matter in this country. The cultural Left has realized this and then drawn the wrong conclusion, hiding away from a society which it looks on as obscene. What is needed, rather, is a moral radicalism that would appeal to all those unmalevolent ordinary citizens who are confused by the war, revolted by the theatrical Left that is constantly in the news, and convinced (without knowing exactly why) that America is headed for disaster. For it is a moral critique of American society—moralistic, if you want—that stands the best chance of having some effect. Thus people should be asked to repudiate the Vietnam war because it is criminal, and not out of some darkly generalized fear of the "domestic repression" it will cause. Feelings that are not mediated by ideological concern have, at this time, the greatest political significance. And it is here that we may be helped by Orwell.

"The job of the thinking person," he says near the end of *Wigan Pier,* "is not to reject Socialism but to make up his mind to humanize it." Alas, on the way to doing so one must dispose of a bothersome line of garbage floating down the stream of Time. For my part I reject the call to disorder put out by Roszak and his cohorts. The whole cultural school of leftist thought is a bad dream, getting us astray of the old and only problem, which has changed remarkably little over the years: How shall we reduce the misery of the great mass of people? And I think Orwell is wonderfully sane about this, managing to avoid both pessimism and the Red Millennium. He asks himself whether there will ever be an earthly paradise, and decides that perhaps, "whether desirable or not, it isn't possible. Perhaps some degree of suffering is ineradicable from human life, perhaps the choice before man is always a choice of evils, perhaps even the aim of Socialism is not to make the world perfect but to make it better. All revolutions are failures, but they are not all the same failure."

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Babysitting

A Story

Johanna Kaplan

THIS IS one of the places where the Marshaks lived: a small stone cottage, probably whitewashed walls, outside some virgin sand and water the color of tinted sunglasses, maybe a clump or two of bougainvillaea, and as far as you might want to see, several endless fields of blinding red anemones.

Theodore H. Marshak, America's enigmatic wanderer-poet-playwright, interviewed for the BBC's prestigious Third Programme, was asked if there was anything about the U.S. which he missed. Confounding both interviewer and audience, Marshak replied, "Yes. Eggrolls and spareribs." Abroad at the time was celebrated NY restaurateur, Sy Krinsky, and hearing of Marshak's response, the sympathetic Krinsky immediately arranged for special Care packages from his Jade and Lotus Garden to be flown to Marshak at his isolated Mediterranean retreat.

And:

Topics and Treasures alight on . . . exciting young Ted (Knives) Marshak and his radiant-as-her-name wife, Sunny. No believers in private Illyrias they, but as Ted told us, thoughtfully choosing his words with the quiet, dramatic intensity for which he is *treasured,* "This is a good place. It lets you know that life is where *you* are."

Where *I* was at the time was in high school, and one of the things that preoccupied me in those days was the way people looked. Going to school in the morning, walking up the difficult blocks which were all hills, I used to imagine that just up above us was an overworked pilot in a low-flying plane. Any time he needed a jolt out of his boredom, he just glanced down from the cockpit and took a good look at us: long hair, dangling earrings, Mexican serapes, and chunky leather sandals that kept winding up our legs as if *they* were the hills. Those were the girls.

The boys, already sensitive to charges of "fruitiness," were careful to look as if they might have been going anywhere, and could only be spotted by the instrument cases or sketchbooks they carried between their looseleafs. Here and there, in advertisement of something particular, some had longer hair and wore capes.

As we came closer to the tops of the hills, the sounds of instruments tuning up surrounded us. Finally, at the very top, was the school itself, famous all over the city for its distinctiveness and nonconformity. An occasional flute or bassoon blew itself over the first warning bell, and certain above all of our distinctiveness, we pulled at our serapes and streamed in through the opened doors.

I say "we": in fact, I did not have long hair or Greek sandals, and took very little part in the life of the school, which I called to myself decadent, affected, and sometimes bourgeois, though this word "bourgeois" was known to be out of date, a carry-over from other times. Still, these were my favorite words, and were in my eyes constantly as I climbed up the hill or walked through the halls. Because I did not share in the look of the school and seemed over-quiet in the recklessness which was its spirit, there were people who began to wonder.

"Are your parents divorced?" the guidance counselor asked me. "Is there something you'd like to tell me?"

"No," I said, and was easily truthful.

"Just tell them you're a mental case, it's the one thing they're always waiting for," said a girl I knew whose father was a well-known sculptor, and who was herself to become briefly famous in her senior year when she refused to take cover in a shelter drill outside Altman's.

"I can't," I said. It was one of the many things I considered decadent.

Partly out of concession, and partly because I liked them, I did get long pierced earrings, and sometimes wore peasant blouses. About these heavily embroidered peasant blouses, my mother said, "Every Polish peasant had a blouse like that. Wanda the goose-girl!" And for the earrings, she fell back on Yiddish, calling out as I left the house, "the little gypsy with her jangles."

In my jangles, and with my schoolbooks, I sat opposite the guidance counselor.

"Your teachers say that you don't contribute in classes. Would you say that you were always shy?"

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"With *some* people," I said, and looked out for life beyond the shades where a whole city was speeding about its morning business.

She leaned back against her filing cabinets and smiled at me as if I were a convalescent. "There's a wonderful church downtown, and they've asked us if we could find them an organist."

"I don't play the organ," I said, and ran out with the bell to report on this latest bit of decadence to my friend, Simone.

Simone and I were not exactly friends. We belonged to rival Socialist-Zionist youth groups, and in city-wide gatherings of Zionist youth, stood glaring at each other in blouses of varying shades of blue, each washed-out difference in color marking our separate commitments.

"What about the Arab workers who were paid *money* wages and never included communally?" Simone would say. She wore her hair pulled back by a thin, knotted rubber band that nobody would dare call Beat or bohemian, and would not have her ears pierced or even wear olive-wood barrettes. Also, she had a policy of never taking a seat in a bus or subway, because if there was an empty seat near a Negro and you didn't sit in *that* one, it could be judged as offensive, and if you did, when there were other seats around, it could easily be thought of as patronizing.

On the train, which lurched past pillars and gum machines, I would stand on my tiptoes, trying to get hold of a subway strap.

"What if it happens that money was what they wanted in the first place?"

But Simone was much better at arguing than I; she enjoyed it for its own sake, and not even the end of a long day, a crowded train, or an upcoming midterm could stop her. What might do it, I knew, was to say, "What about the Prague Trials?," but since I did not actually know what they were, I decided not to try it. Besides, she was the only one in her family not born in France, she lived on the twelfth floor of a doorman building on Central Park West, she spelled her last name, Frydman, with a "y," had an uncle who was a Communist representative in the French Chamber of Deputies, and her father, who was always taking business trips to Switzerland, could be found listed in the Yellow Pages this way: Frydman Lucien. . . . . .Imprt-Exprt. What he imported or exported I had no idea; altogether, it was a family of mystery. Once she told me that her father would have to stay in Milan for a few days because they had relatives there who were beginning to feel insulted.

"Milan, Italy?" I said. "How come you have relatives in Italy?"

"Oh, *you* know. Typical Yid story. They were hiding in a convent and now they're very rich."

It was not typical of anyone I knew, so that this sense of their glamor and mystery only deepened. In a way, what I found most mysterious and glamorous of all was that Simone lived in Manhattan, on a street whose name alone, I believed, existed solely for the purpose of certain Hollywood movies, when it was necessary to show, through the flash of an awning and a lobby, or a doorman with a whistle at a cab, the backdrop of lives carried on in the ridiculous luxury of obvious make-believe.

THIS POSSIBLE movie aspect of Simone occurred to me constantly when I talked to her or listened to her arguing, and made me feel that in some way I did not understand, she was leading a secret life. If it was true about Simone, who was at least partially my friend, what about all the other girls in school whom I hardly even knew? I began to look for clues of secret lives in the way people braided their long hair or knotted their sandals, and gaining nothing from this but more confusion, turned to other sources.

"Why do you always wear black?" says the schoolmaster in *The Seagull* to Masha, a girl whose father is not rich, but manages anyway for her to be living in the middle of a big estate, where there are plays at night.

"I am in mourning for my life," Masha says, and continues to complain in this way, without ever really offering any decent explanation.

In my French class, a girl named Lucy Sperling told everyone that she had gone through her closet and thrown out all of her clothes except the ones that were black.

"My mother may kill me," she said, "but I'm only going to wear black from now on."

So Lucy Sperling was in mourning for her life. Why? You could never have known it from looking at her. It was another case of secret lives.

The guidance counselor, who was still intent on finding out mine, though it was obvious I didn't have one, said, "How do you spend your time after school? Do you ever do any babysitting, for example?"

"Sometimes," I said. From time to time, in my own building, I would babysit for people going out for Chinese food and the movies. After hysterical, last-minute preparations, they would leave their bathed, whiny children, *Marjorie Morningstar* with a bookmark in it, and a blaring television. Out of boredom and disapproval, I had, for the most part, stopped doing it.

"The Marshaks always want one of our girls as their babysitter. Last year we gave them Erica Jaffe, but she graduated, and after that, they went to Greece. Do you know who Ted Marshak is? Shall I give them your phone number?"

Did I know who Ted Marshak was? Was there any way I couldn't? Aside from Kahlil Gibran and Jean Cocteau, he was one of the few writers anyone in school considered worth bothering about. What he was most famous for was a single very long poem called *Knives*. It was about a

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random knife murderer who takes joy from his work, but is then caught and imprisoned. He escapes from prison by making a knife out of something in his cell, and ends up by being in a traveling circus or carnival where he is known as "The Human Knife." The book, in paperback, was carried around as a badge, and its beginning lines were memorized and quoted by everyone:

Knives!
Flashing highglint into soft
flesh And blood-
Slash
I cruise/
sluice through yr rivernights (my gore
store)
No
end
end
red
en
Ded

"Ted Marshak, the poet?" I said.

"He's much more than a poet—they're extremely interesting people, the Marshaks. Erica Jaffe loved them. They live in Manhattan, though. Will the traveling bother you?"

"Oh, no," I said. "I take the subway all the time," and being very careful to avoid Simone, I ran all the way down the hill. I was preparing for a brand new decadence and the beginning of a secret life.

THIS IS one of the places where the Marshaks lived: a gracious penthouse apartment splashed with all the moonlike winks rising off the New York skyline, vast, pale, painting-filled walls, rosy, expectant twilights echoing with the tinkle of laughter—muted laughter—due naturally to brilliant and witty jokes that were just being tossed off, and in the bathroom, a glass-enclosed shower.

"I don't think they *will*," said Mrs. Marshak, "but just in case the kids get hungry, there's some celery in the fridge."

Except for the difference in coloring, Mrs. Marshak looked like a stalk of celery herself. Nothing moved in her face or her body as she talked, and even doing that, her mouth seemed to barely open. With her straight, blonde hair and loose, boyish boniness, she looked like a girl getting married in the Sunday *Times*. But most particularly what she looked like, was a woman I had once seen in the elevator in Bonwit Teller's. This woman, just as straight-limbed and angular-featured, was, it occurred to me when I saw her, what was called "horsey." Whether this meant someone who rode horses or someone who looked like a horse, or even a person who because of too much horse-riding in the family had developed into this strange and specific but recognized mutation, I did not know. As it happened, the woman in the store was English. She was holding the hand of a handsome little boy of about four or five whom she had dressed in short pants and a blazer, and as they entered the elevator, she said to him in a clear, brisk English voice, "Caps off in lifts."

"The babysitter's here, Ted," Mrs. Marshak called out, still slouching calmly in exactly the same spot. She had obviously just put on eye makeup and sprayed herself with some perfume, but I was sure that this made very little difference in her appearance. Prettier than the English woman in the elevator, she had the kind of good looks that would in no way be changed by standing in front of a mirror with bottles and brushes, and would probably look the same—expensive and clear-skinned—even if she wore dungarees. "Ted," she said again, and her voice was not nagging, not even impatient. "Sascha, Pietro."

From somewhere in the back, children's voices screamed, and soon, with a naked child on either side of him, out came a short, round-faced man with a head of wild, outstanding black curls. He was practically naked himself: no shirt on at all, and there as he came walking along, was just beginning to put on his pants. Staring at his fly, which he was zipping, he said, "What happened to Erica Jaffe?"

"I don't know her," I said, "but I think she graduated."

He looked up from his fly and said, "You don't look like her."

"I'm not her sister. Why should I?"

"All the girls from your school look alike," and turning around, he walked away, leaving his expressionless, long-limbed wife and two tiny shrieking children.

"Their pajamas," I said to Mrs. Marshak. "Don't you want me to help them put on their pajamas?"

"Pajamas?" She was moving a thin, horsey finger just enough to flick at a cockroach. "They might be in the basement. I don't know if Ted brought up the wash."

Wash? Cockroaches? Fly-zipping? By this time I realized there would not be any glass-enclosed shower; as far as I could see there was hardly even any furniture. I followed the children into their bedroom, and opening the top drawer of an outsized bureau that looked as if it, too, might have done time in the basement, I fished out an undershirt.

"Whose is this?" I said, as the two of them rolled giggling on the splintery floor. I looked at Pietro, the older one, and then at Sascha, a round-faced little girl with wild blonde curls; when she leaned back in her crib, flushed and overtired, she looked like a confused, unkempt grandmother. "Whose is it?" I said, and as I held up the little shirt, a huge roach came crawling out of it.

"Roachie, roachie, richie roachie," Pietro sang out. "Wanna see my dump truck?"

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I saw the dump truck, found some more underwear, and just as I was getting ready to read them a story or sing them a song, my usual babysitting routine, Ted Marshak, dressed snappily now in a suit and tie--there was even a flower stuck in his lapel—came in saying, "Sunny? You found their underwear?"

"No," she said, "the babysitter."

"The *babysitter*?" He looked me straight up and down in a way I was unused to, and kept squinting and frowning at me as if I were a person too stupid to realize that they had been waiting for hours on what would turn out to be the wrong line. "Where the hell is Erica Jaffe? I don't know how they could even have sent you here."

"I don't know how you could have named your daughter Sascha. It's a *boy's* name, and it's Russian, and it's not even a real name. It's just the nickname they use for Alexander."

"So Little Miss Underwear Finder speaks Russian, too!"

"No," I said, "I just know it from Russian novels."

"*Russian novels!*" He made it sound as if I had said Crackerjacks boxtops. "I suppose your idea of plays is Chekhov. Or Ibsen. And poetry—God knows what! Wallace Stevens!"

"I never heard of him," I said.

From the door, Mrs. Marshak called out, "Good-night, Niblets." She did not go in to kiss her children or even look at them; she did not tell me, "We'll be back around twelve, but if anything goes wrong, here's the number where you can reach us"; she did not say, "Pietro likes the little light on at night," or, "If Sascha gets up, you can give her some orange juice." Just "Good-night, Niblets"—a name for goldfish or maybe hamsters. Why didn't she come right out with it: let them eat roaches.

I said, "Good-by, Mrs. Marshak. Have a good time."

"Oh, *please*—call me Sunny. It makes me feel so old."

"A good time!" Ted Marshak said. "Russian novels! I don't believe it."

I COULDN'T believe it either: here I was, two minutes in the home of America's famous, exciting, enigmatic, wandering poet-playwright, and already I had managed to make such a terrible impression that my secret life—just barely begun—was practically over. I began to walk slowly through the long halls and dim rooms of the apartment: broken light switches, crayoned walls, torn beach chairs, overflowing garbage bags, dirty plates and glasses on the floor, and no books anywhere. I continued walking numbly in this way when the phone rang.

"Hi, baby, let's have the knife."

"You have the wrong number," I said.

"Sunny? You hiding that bastard? He tell you how much he owes me from that crap game last week? Come on, now, put him on! Gimme the knife."

"This isn't Sunny, it's the babysitter. The Marshaks aren't home. Can I take a message?"

"Message? Yeah, tell him Al Carpentier called."

Al Carpentier! So "the knife" was Ted (Knives) Marshak, and Al Carpentier would have to be Alvin Carpentier, the playwright, as treasured, enigmatic, and wandering as Ted Marshak himself. I looked around for some paper to write down the message, though I knew there was no chance I would forget it, and right near the phone, in a raffia basket that had one rotting apple in it, I saw some.

Dear Mother, Daddy and Grandma B,

Well, we're all settled now finally, and it's good to be back in New York. Sorry I haven't written for a while, but I've been busy with the house etc. I hope we'll be able to see you sometime soon but it depends on Ted's plans etc. He says thanks for everything. I was truly sad to hear that you had to have Prince put to sleep. What did you tell Aunt Elinor? A white lie, I hope.

Last week we went to a party and guess who was there? The King of Morocco and Ed Sullivan! Also there were some-

Here the letter stopped; she had not finished it, probably having gotten sidetracked by an etc. Underneath it were two things: a snapshot and what was apparently the last page of a long letter:

. . . though I doubt it would be similar. After all, it's so long ago that Kate was in Greece.

Love to you from Daddy, Grandma B and all the Bradburys.

As ever,
Mother

DEAR PIETRO AND SASCHA,

HERE IS A PICTURE OF AUNT BETTY IN UNCLE BOB'S NEW BOAT. YOU CAN'T SEE UNCLE BOB BECAUSE HE IS IN THE CABIN. WHEN YOU COME UP TO VISIT HE WILL BE GLAD TO GIVE YOU A RIDE.

LOVE,
GRANDMA

What kind of world did these pajama-less children come out of?

B my name is Betty and my husband's name is Bob
We come from Boston and we sell boats

I tried to imagine what it would be like when some kindergarten teacher in the nearby public school would look down the list in her rollbook and find between, say, Leventhal, Wendy and Negron, Miguel, this: Marshak, Sascha. The teacher was young—maybe it was even her first year: she had matching accessories and a bow in her hair. "Sash-a?" she would say to herself stupidly wondering. "Sas-ka?" and was entirely puzzled.

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I looked out the living-room window, from which, if you strained very hard, you could see Central Park, and there, past the trees and the snow, was a certain Sascha Marshak, riding in a troika, racing through the avenues of a large estate. Her cheeks were burning, the strains of waltz music made it impossible for her to sit still, but if you looked closely, you could see that everything she was wearing was all black: unknown to all those around her, she was in mourning for her life. Then there was another Sascha Marshak—this one a middle-aged man with rimless glasses and a stern, square, steely face; he had just been thrown off a Central Committee and was sitting grimly in a Prague Trial. On purpose, he had taken special care to wear absolutely nothing that was black.

I was still shoveling this unfortunate Comrade Marshak into an icy grave somewhere between Prague and Siberia, when I heard a child's uneven footsteps and a sleepy baby's voice crying, "Daddy, Daddy." It was Sascha. Her feet had gotten caught in the strap of what looked like fieldglasses, and dragging them behind her, stumbling, she opened the door of what I had thought was a closet. "Daddy," she called into the empty darkened room. "Daddy working?" I put on the light: it was Ted Marshak's study and I couldn't get back to it fast enough.

CHEMISTRY/SET

by THEODORE MARSHAK

Chapter I

The chill fall air gnawed like a knife. This knife which was air and was wind, which was weather and was darkness, which was all the elements, was all his life. He trudged through the darkling Milwaukee streets, his schoolbooks weighing down his arms and knew with a strained heaviness in all his body what awaited him. Past Perlmutter's grocery lined with uncrated produce that were the unopened suitcases of his sorrows, past Tony Di Suvero leaning razor-sharp against his barber pole, there it was. TABAK'S. TABAK'S HARDWARE. Wrenches. Screwdrivers. Pliers. Hammers. Tabak's Hardware! What was Tabak if not hard?

"Murray? You home?"

Murray Tabak. Him. *Home*?

Home? It occurred to me that home was just where the Marshaks might be any minute. I rushed into the living room and picked up the book I had brought with me: Dick Diver was in the middle of effecting a miraculous cure on a woman who couldn't even see him. I thought about her rash, but couldn't concentrate.

When the Marshaks did get home, both looking puffy-faced, and neither of them snappy, I immediately said, "You got a phone call from Al Carpentier."

"Stupid bastard. What did he want?"

"He said that you should call him back."

"Ted plays pool with him sometimes," Sunny said, but the expression on her face was so rapt and far away, that I began to wonder if she had just met Ed Sullivan or possibly the King of Morocco.

"Call him back! Call him back! Him and that wife of his—bitch walks around with a scissors between her legs. Do you know what they want of me? Do you know what they *want*?"

"He just said that you should call him back," I said, thinking that he was embarrassed about the money.

"Do you have any idea of what people want of me? Do you have any idea of what they expect? Do you know what *this* is?" He pulled the flower now obviously fake, out of his lapel, and pointed it at me.

"Ted," Mrs. Marshak said. "It's late. Pay her, she's only the babysitter."

"*This* squirts water. *This* is what they want. Ted Marshak, *enfant terrible*, prove it! Show us your tricks!"

"Ted, please, I'll find the money. Just walk her to the subway."

"Show us your tricks! Do something shocking! Say something scandalous! That's what we came for."

"If you really do squirt water at anyone, that's ridiculous," I said. "If you don't respect them, what's the point of doing what you think they want?"

"There's nothing she doesn't know, is there? Underwear, Russian novels, anything else? Jesus Christ! Smartass Jewish girls!"

"I know I'm not like Erica Jaffe and I know you don't like me, but if it gets you so angry to be with people like that, I don't see why you do it."

Mrs. Marshak began dumping everything in her purse onto the table, and frantically counting out change, she said, "Are you ever free in the afternoons? After school? Because sometimes I like to go bird-watching."

"You don't have to walk me to the subway, Mr. Marshak," I said. He was standing at the side window, the one that almost looked out onto Central Park, and without turning around, he said, "Octagonal."

"What?"

"Octagonal. The paving stones along Central Park West are octagonal. You didn't know that, did you?"

THE NEXT WEEK, I did get a call from Mrs. Marshak. Just as she had said, she was asking me to come after school; she wanted to go bird-watching. "Ted's out on the Coast," she said. "Big Sur, he's not sure when he'll be back."

Since this meant I would be going in the same direction as Simone, I decided I might as well tell her. She was standing outside her locker, fin-

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ishing up an argument with her lockermate about socialized medicine.

"My father does *not* rob anyone," the lockermate was saying. "He sometimes works in a clinic and he even makes house-calls after dinner."

"You can never justify what your father does. He dares to take money for what are simply the givens of human existence."

"Simone," I said, "I'm going to be in your neighborhood this afternoon. I'm babysitting for Ted Marshak, and they live right around the corner from you."

"Oh, I know that building," Simone said. "It's a slum. I babysit for someone there, too. Anita Selden—she's divorced and she's very boring. She keeps all her old love letters in one corner of her drawer and all her divorce stuff in the other, and all she ever has in her diary is what she says to her analyst."

"In her diary? What does she say?"

"She has these fat twin boys, and she keeps worrying that they'll have buck teeth. And now she has a new one. She's afraid that they're stupid and they won't get into any private school."

"Are they stupid?"

"Oh, *you* know. Bourgeois. Trivial. Like her."

IN THE Marshak's apartment, a confusing variety of cartoon animals were quacking and meowing their way across the TV set. They fell down cliffs and pounced on each other, while Sascha slept on the floor and Pietro played with his dump truck. Only Mrs. Marshak, field-glasses around her neck, stared at the screen and laughed as if she would not be able to tear herself away.

"I just love him," she said, finally walking off toward the door. She put on an old trench-coat and still managed to look as if she were about to go fox-hunting.

Who—I wondered. Who did she love? I knew I would not be able to figure it out, but as for the rest of it, there was a certain logic: while she was out spying on birds, inside her house I would do some watching of my own. Most of all, I wanted to know what was happening to Murray Tabak, and in what way his Chemistry was Set, but with the children around, I did not dare. I walked over to the raffia basket by the phone; there was the same rotting apple, but beside it was a foreign airform I had not seen before.

Dear Sunny,

You can't imagine how excited I am that you're coming to England! It'll be a great place for Ted to finish his book, he'll have no trouble getting Dex. Rafe is at the studio all the time and I hardly get to see him. I sit in the park with the kids and am practically the only actual *mother* here. All they have here are Nannies, or worse, *au pair* girls—gorgeous and foreign who make me feel like an ancient hag. When you come, we'll be able to sit in the park together, we'll help you find a place. How much $$ did Ted get, it's not cheap here, not like Greece. Let me know details and plans.

Love,
Barbara

P.S. BBC people are *awful,* they keep saying I have a southern accent which is ridiculous since I haven't lived there since I was a baby practically.

So the Marshaks were going to England and this was my last chance. I was just deciding to go into Ted Marshak's study when I heard the front door open. What had happened to all the birds? Was this the only time they could think of to fly South and brush up on their accents?

But it was not Sunny. Instead, holding onto an old duffle bag, and wearing a bright yellow slicker, was Ted Marshak. He stood in the dim entrance, the shininess of his slicker the only light in the whole hallway.

"Where's Sunny?"

"She went bird-watching. How was Big Sur?"

"Big Sur," he said as if he were simply repeating nonsense syllables. "Big Sur."

"Daddy! Daddy!" the children began yelling, running over and jumping up on him.

"Daddy was in Milwaukee," he said. "Daddy saw Grandma, and Daddy saw Aunt Marilyn, and Daddy brought you presents." He unzipped the duffle bag, and took out two matching sailor-style playsuits with the price tags still attached, and several large wrapped packages.

"Guess which is from Grandma and which is from Aunt Marilyn." His voice had become very cocky; he was not talking to his children, but to me.

"And look what Grandma sent for Mommy! Another present!" Out of the duffle bag came a two-pound box of chocolate mint creams and a small bottle of dietetic French dressing. "My mother," he said. "Jesus Christ. My mother."

"I guess I'll go," I said. "As long as you're home, they don't need a babysitter."

"Wait a minute, I'll walk you to the subway. I have to get cigarettes."

"Are you going to leave them alone?"

"For five minutes? To get cigarettes? Are you my mother?"

"No," I said. "I'm Aunt Marilyn."

All the way down in the elevator, neither Ted Marshak nor I spoke. Finally, not looking at me, he said, "We're going to England." I could not tell him that I already knew, so I settled on saying, "That's very nice."

"*Nice*? *Nice*? Do you have any idea of what this means? Do you have any idea of what it could be like for me? Do you know what my father is? Do you know what he does for a living?"

Of course I knew: he owned a hardware store in a bad neighborhood in Milwaukee.

"He's a glazier," he said. "You know that old

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vaudeville joke—when someone's standing in the way, they say: did you think I could see through you? Is your father a glazier? *That's* what it'll be like for me in England. My father *is* a glazier."

We were already at the subway entrance; I took out my train pass, and was trying to juggle it with my books, sneakers, and oboe case.

"Good-by, Mr. Marshak," I said.

"It's blinding."

"*What?*"

"The glare," he said. "The glare is blinding."

All the way down Central Park West, the sun, getting in its last licks of the day, was eating its way from one tall window to another, and flashing down off the high metal of cars and buses as they drove off—home and away.

ANITA SELDEN, the diary-keeping mother of the fat twin boys, remarried: an eye doctor, so that if her sons have turned out to have astigmatism instead of buck teeth, they're set for life.

Simone Frydman, on a summer visit with her Milanese cousins, met a friend of theirs, an architect from Turin named Claudio Levi. She did not marry him, but decided to live in Italy; I still hear from her occasionally when she comes to New York.

And Ted Marshak? For years afterward, I looked in book stores for *Chemistry/Set*. I never saw it or heard of it, but if it was a good bookstore, I would find a copy of *Knives* in the poetry section just the way it always had been.

THAT WHOLE period in my life is not one I like to think about very often, but recently, going to the Shakespeare Festival in the park, I had to walk along Central Park West. The paving stones were still octagonal, and in the draining, late afternoon heat, what I saw all around me were girls with long hair and dangling earrings slipping out from the side streets and the heavy, canopied buildings. They wore peasant blouses, serapes, Mexican belts, and chunky sandals: that uniform, once the peculiar distinctiveness of our adolescence, had passed into "fashion."

Bicycle-riding was in fashion, too, and looking out into the street, among the swerving riders, it seemed to me that I saw Ted Marshak. His hair, once so extreme and outstanding, would no longer set him apart, and the man on the bike, despite long, dark curls, was bald on the top of his head. I stared for as long as I could, trying to make up my mind, but the glare was blinding. In what place the Marshaks live now, I could not begin to guess.

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Terrorism & Preventive Detention: The Case of Israel

Alan M. Dershowitz

I sit in preventive detention.
The reason, sir, is that I am an Arab.
An Arab who has refused to sell his soul
who has always striven, sir, for freedom.
An Arab who has protested the suffering of his people
who has carried with him the hope for a just peace,
who has spoken out against death in every corner
who has called for—and has lived—a fraternal life.
That is why I sit in preventive detention
because I carried on the struggle
and because I am an Arab.

THE AUTHOR of these lines is Fawzi al-Asmar, a thirty-one-year-old Arab citizen of Israel. He used to write his poems at home in Lydda near the Tel Aviv International Airport. Now he writes them in Damon Prison overlooking Haifa Bay.

Fawzi is one of twenty-three Israeli Arabs being held in preventive detention by the Israeli military authorities. As practiced in Israel, preventive detention* is different from the law of the same name recently proposed by President Nixon and enacted by Congress. The American law authorizes the pre-trial confinement of criminal defendants thought likely to commit serious crimes between the time of their arrest and their trial. The Israeli law permits the imprisonment—without limit of time—of "any person" whose confinement is deemed "necessary or expedient . . . for securing the public safety, the defense of Palestine, the maintenance of public order, or the suppression of mutiny, rebellion, or riot." Though different in purpose and in effect, both laws have an important element in common: they permit the detention of persons who have not been convicted of any crime.

The Israeli Knesset has never enacted a preventive-detention law. The power to detain derives from a series of Emergency Defense Regulations inherited by Israel from the British Mandatory Government. Ironically, these regulations, originally promulgated in 1937, were directed at the Jewish underground then operating against the British. Many Jewish freedom fighters—including Golda Meir, Moshe Dayan, and others in the present Israeli government—were detained between 1937 and 1948 (as their entries in *Who's Who* proudly proclaim).

During the Mandate period, the Jews bitterly opposed preventive detention. The Federation of Hebrew Lawyers convened a protest convention at which they vowed to do everything they could "to abolish the emergency regulations and restore the elementary rights to the individual." In 1948, however, when Israel was established as a state, the emergency regulations—including preventive detention—remained on the books, to be used sporadically until the Six-Day War of 1967 and more extensively after Israel's victory and the resulting occupation.

Many Jews in Israel still oppose preventive detention, even though it is now their government which employs it. The New Left (known in Israel as *Siah*) has seized on the case of Fawzi al-Asmar as the symbol of what they claim to be political repression of Arab intellectuals. Wherever preventive detention is discussed in Israel, Fawzi's name is likely to be invoked by its critics.

Having long opposed preventive detention in America,† I was greatly troubled when I learned of its use by the Israeli authorities. While in Israel, therefore, I decided to try to interview Fawzi and to learn all I could about why he and the other Israeli Arabs were being detained. When I set out for Damon Prison, I was doubtful whether the authorities would let me talk to him or whether

ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ, a new contributor, is professor of law at Harvard University, specializing in criminal law and procedure. Mr. Dershowitz, who is on the National Board of the American Civil Liberties Union, recently spent two months in Israel investigating various aspects of Israeli criminal law under a grant from the Harvard Center for Criminal Justice.

* The literal translation of the Hebrew term is "administrative detention"; the words "preventive" and "administrative" are used interchangeably when the subject is discussed in English.

† See, for example, my articles: "Preventing Preventive Detention," *New York Review of Books*, March 31, 1969, and "The Psychiatrist's Power in Civil Commitment," *Psychology Today*, February 1969; and my testimony before the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights, January 23, 1969, Hearing on Bail Reform at pp. 172-185.

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he would be willing to speak to me. I had called his lawyer—Felicia Langer, a Jewish Communist who represents many detainees—and asked her to arrange an interview. She laughed: "They won't even let me see him about legal matters." I had called the Bureau of Prisons, which granted me permission to tour the facility and see the area where the detainees are held, but nothing had been said about interviews.

When I arrived at Damon—which boasts one of the most beautiful views in Israel—I was shown what I am usually shown at prisons: kitchen, showers, cells, ping-pong tables. Then I was taken to the special area where the preventive detainees are separately kept. It was a spacious square courtyard surrounded by three large dormitories and a dining area. The detainees—twenty-three Israeli citizens and seventeen from East Jerusalem—were sitting around in small groups. Most of them were young, in their twenties and thirties. They were not dressed in prison garb (a number were wearing Arab burnooses) and they were not behaving like prisoners. There was no genuflecting before the warden; they made demands, rather than requests. And not a few times I heard remarks prefaced with, "Remember, we're not prisoners. . . ."

I walked among the inmates and asked for Fawzi. A tall man emerged, strikingly handsome with a captivating smile. Looking more mature than his thirty-one years, Fawzi emitted an aura of confidence, determination, and honesty. I could tell, both by looking at him and by the way he behaved with the other inmates, that Fawzi al-Asmar is a leader of men.

I told Fawzi that his name had been given to me by critics of preventive detention and that I wanted to hear his story. He put an arm around my shoulder and led me toward the empty dining hall where we began to talk. The governor of the prison made no objection and even provided me with a private room in which I later spoke to other detainees.

I ASKED Fawzi why he was being detained. He looked me directly in the eye and said, "Because I am an Arab." But there are 300,000 Israeli Arabs, I observed, and only a few handfuls are in prison; why were you singled out? "Because I express the feelings of the 300,000 and that makes me dangerous. There are Jews who share my beliefs, maybe even some who express them better. But they are not dangerous because they are Jews, and no Arab will listen to them. That is why I am being detained, and not Meir Vilner [the Jewish head of Rakah, the Arab Communist party which advocates the destruction of Israel]."

I asked him what the Israeli authorities had accused him of when they detained him thirteen months earlier. He said that they had concocted a story about his being a terrorist organizer. This time I looked straight into his eyes and asked: "Were you a terrorist organizer?" He smiled: "If they could have proved it, they would have brought me to trial."

Did he support Al Fatah? "I support their ideas, but not all of their means." Would he harbor a terrorist fugitive? "None has ever sought refuge with me, and that is the kind of question one must answer with his heart, not his lips. I cannot know what I would do until I hear the knock on the door."

Fawzi had few complaints about conditions in the prison. He writes all he wants to—poems, articles, letters—but he has not tried to publish his prison writings. His greatest complaint is that there is no one to talk to in Damon. I asked him if there were any truth to the charge that Israel is using preventive detention against Arab intellectuals. He laughed and said, "If only that were true, at least I would have someone to talk to. Most of those detained are simple people, half of them can't read or write. There used to be a lawyer here and we talked, but he's been freed."

I asked him why Israel was detaining illiterates; surely not for their political activities? Were they terrorists? "No," came his quick reply, "most of them are here as the result of family quarrels and personal vendettas. If two families are feuding in a village, one will sometimes go to the Israelis and make up a story that someone in the other family is working with the Fatah."

I asked how he saw the rest of his life unfolding. Would he remain in detention indefinitely? Did he intend to leave Israel after his release? He told me that he could probably be released whenever he chose to be, that various influential people had offered to intercede on his behalf, but that he did not want "special treatment." No, he would never leave the country. "That's just what Israel wants me to do—go away. Twice they offered to free me if I would leave. But this is my homeland. I would rather write my poetry in Damon than in Paris."

As I was leaving, he told me that he was a man of the pen, not of the lips, and that his views on preventive detention were best expressed in two poems he had just written. I asked to read them. He doubted the authorities would allow that. I asked the governor of the prison, and without having seen the poems, he said that Fawzi was free to give me any writings he cared to. One poem, written in Hebrew, appears at the beginning of this article. The other, composed in Arabic, reads as follows:

THE WAY

I would not despair:
Even though my only way is within a jail,
Under the sun,
In the Exile—
I would not despair:

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I would not choose but the Right as a realization,
For my right is that we behold the sun,
Destroy the black tent and the banishment,
Eat the fruit of the olive,
Irrigate the vineyard,
Sing melodies, melodies of love,
In the quarters of Jaffa and Haifa,
Sow our green soil with seeds;
Since these rights are mine,
I would not choose but the Right as a refuge.

My way is that we would extend hand to hand,
In order to build a castle of dreams,
Full of flowers,
Without haste,
Without unwise manners,
Since this is my way,
And even if the cost,
Of my adherence to my way,
Is to sacrifice the lids of my eyes,
And my soul,

I would pay,
And would not despair!

MEIR SHAMGAR, the Attorney General of Israel, denies that Fawzi's way is to "extend hand to hand" or that he is being detained because he is an Arab. "He is being detained because he is a terrorist leader who would kill innocent people if he were free. Sure he is a poet, but the cloak of a poet can sometimes conceal deadly bombs."

Shamgar, a career legal official who was formerly Judge Advocate General of the Army, knows all there is to know about preventive detention and about terrorism. He has literally been on both sides of the wall. As a young man, he was a member of Irgun Zvai Leumi (known in the U.S. as the Irgun and in Israel as Etzel). Under the leadership of master terrorist Menahem Begin (now the head of Gahal, the right-wing party which recently left Mrs. Meir's government), the Irgun's *raison d'être* was to make life so miserable for the British that they would leave Palestine. Among their most notorious accomplishments was the blowing up of the English High Command Headquarters in the King David Hotel. Although Begin himself eluded capture, Shamgar was caught and detained without trial by the British under the very same regulation which authorized Fawzi's confinement. Shamgar remained in British detention camps, both in Palestine and in North Africa, for more than four years. (After telling me about his career as a terrorist, Shamgar reminded me, in a tone of humorous warning, that the Emergency Defense Regulations, which have never been altered, still have a provision punishing anyone who has contacts with a "member of . . . Irgun Zvai Leumi.")

Nor was preventive detention used against Shamgar's comrades-in-arms only by the British. Within weeks after Israel declared its statehood, a half-dozen Irgunites were detained by the new Jewish government in order to head off an insurrection threatened by the arrival of the "Altalena," a ship packed with weapons earmarked for the Irgun rather than the Haganah. In the fall of 1948, preventive detention was again used by the Israeli government against another group of Jewish terrorists. Following the brutal murder of Count Folke Bernadotte, about a hundred members of Lohamei Herut Israel (known in the U.S. as the Stern Gang, and in Israel as Lehi) were detained for a number of months. During the next four years, preventive detention was twice again employed against Jewish groups: first against an ultra-Orthodox religious organization that was allegedly plotting to plant a smoke bomb in the Knesset; and then against leaders of an organization suspected of bombing two embassies.

Since 1953, preventive detention has not been used against any Jewish group. Indeed between 1953 and 1967, it was hardly used at all; and when it was, it served primarily as a short-term "holding operation" against suspected spies until it could be decided whether to deport, to try, or to exchange them for Israeli spies.* These were years of relative quiet for Israel, during which numerous attempts were made to repeal, or at least to modify, the Emergency Defense Regulations. When Ya'akov Shimshon Shapiro, the incumbent Minister of Justice, assumed his position in 1966, he convened a committee to study the regulations with an eye toward repeal. (Shapiro had repeatedly expressed disapproval of these laws while in private practice.) The committee was leaning in that direction when the 1967 war forced the government to turn its attention to more pressing concerns.

Israel's victory, accompanied by its occupation of Judea, Samaria, and Gaza, brought about an almost immediate increase in terrorist activities. Israeli Arabs, who had been cut off from direct contact with Jordanian Arabs (except through television which respects no political borders), began to mix freely with Arabs from the West Bank. Indeed, under Israel's "open bridge policy," they were able to establish contact with Arabs from the East Bank as well.

Israel's unwillingness to seal the borders resulted not only in a free exchange of views; it also brought about a traffic in weapons and explosives. Now, for the first time, those Israeli Arabs who had preached terrorism could obtain the materiel with which to practice it. The Israeli authorities, who had always tolerated advocacy of the most extreme ideas, now had the job of keeping potential terrorists from practicing what they had been preaching.

Among those who had been preaching the most

* A recent example of this was provided by the detention of the two Algerian security officials who were taken off their airplane at Lod Airport, held for a short time, and then released.

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extreme measures, was the family of Fawzi al-Asmar. Fawzi's mother was also a poet famous for her anti-Israeli writings. His father had been in trouble with the authorities even before the Six-Day War, having made illegal contact with an Arab government. Fawzi's brother was recently convicted of being a Syrian spy and sentenced to a term of imprisonment. But what about Fawzi himself? Shamgar arranged for me to meet with the chief of the Shin Bet's Arab section in order to learn some details of the government's case against Fawzi.

The Shin Bet is Israel's small, but highly respected, counter-intelligence organization which is responsible for compiling the dossiers on detainees. The chief, whose name I never learned, was a warm and friendly man in his late forties who, like most Israelis of every rank, wore sandals and an open shirt. He explained the procedure employed in building a case for detention. No piece of information is ever relied upon unless it is corroborated by at least two independent sources. "We know about these family quarrels. We don't want to waste our resources on somebody who is the victim of a grudge." He brought out a pile of thick files and laid them on the table. I picked out a few at random for him to go through. He showed me how each important allegation is corroborated in various ways, how each piece of the puzzle is locked into place.

The file on Fawzi was voluminous and extremely convincing. In every instance where I could, I myself checked the details with independent sources. Here—on the basis of what I was told by various officials and my own investigation—is what I believe to be the truth about Fawzi al-Asmar.

Early last year, the Israeli army caught an Arab attempting to make an illegal crossing over the Jordan. On his person was discovered a number of papers. One was a coded message to a named person in a city on the West Bank. When decoded, the message proved very revealing: it was a detailed series of instructions to the leader of a terrorist group based in that city. The army went to the courier's destination and discovered an enormous cache of weapons and explosives in the home of the intended recipient and sixteen of his associates. They were all subsequently tried, convicted, and sentenced to prison terms.

While this raid was in progress, the search of the courier's effects continued. Another seemingly innocuous piece of paper was found. It turned out, however, that this paper contained a message written in invisible ink. This paper, when processed and decoded, sealed Fawzi's fate. It was an instruction to a named person to contact one Fawzi al-Asmar in Lydda about various terrorist activities to be carried out by "the group that he has under his control." Among the activities described in the message was the assassination of certain individuals.

Despite this information, Fawzi was not yet detained; he was placed under surveillance. Over the next weeks, a number of events occurred which made it plain to the Israelis that more stringent measures would have to be taken: two of those slated for assassination in the instructions turned up dead (apparently duplicate messages had been sent with other couriers); the "middle man" who was supposed to deliver the message to Fawzi was interrogated and said that although he had never met Fawzi, he knew from others that Fawzi was "very active in the field of sabotage and terrorism"; he also said that but for his arrest he would have contacted Fawzi pursuant to the instructions. Finally, the Shin Bet received corroboration from an Israeli agent who said that he had heard directly from a Palestinian commander in Jordan that Fawzi had been active in assassination and terrorism since the end of the Six-Day War. As a result of all this information, Fawzi was detained in Damon Prison where he remains to this day.

THE CASE of Fawzi al-Asmar puts the problem of preventive detention into sharp focus. If the Israeli information is correct, then Fawzi is, to say the least, an extremely dangerous man whose freedom might result in countless deaths and injuries. And the information does seem correct. That the Arab caught crossing the Jordan was a bona fide courier is evidenced by the discovered cache and the conviction of the terrorist group; that the messages found on him were genuine is evidenced by the death of two of those marked for assassination; that Fawzi was not the innocent recipient of a message he knew nothing about is evidenced by the statement of the man who was to contact him and corroborated by the agent's report of his discussion with the commander in Jordan. (It is, of course, possible that the entire file was contrived by the Shin Bet. My own investigation convinces me that this was not done, though I cannot, of course, vouch for the authenticity of every piece of information in the file. I am personally convinced, for whatever that is worth, that Fawzi al-Asmar is the leader of a terrorist group.)

Yet even with this apparently tight web of evidence, it would have been quite impossible—under Israeli law—to charge Fawzi with a crime and bring him to trial. The courier's document—dramatic as it is—would be inadmissible hearsay; it is merely the statement of an unknown person somewhere in Jordan that Fawzi was the head of a terrorist group. The statement of the "middle man" would also be inadmissible hearsay, since he knew of Fawzi's activities from others; in any event, he refused to repeat his statement in open court for fear of his life. (Numerous "collaborators" have, in fact, been killed by Arab

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terrorists.) The Israeli agent from Jordan could not, quite obviously, be brought into court (even if the power of subpoena extended across the Allenby Bridge).

What then are the options available to a democratic society in a case, like this one, where it seems fairly clear that the suspect is indeed a dangerous terrorist but where a criminal trial under the usual rules of evidence is precluded?

One obvious option is to follow the rules wherever they take you. If Fawzi cannot be tried and convicted under the established rules of evidence, then he must be released no matter how dangerous he is thought to be. This is what we in the United States do—at least in theory—in ordinary criminal cases: if a suspected murderer cannot be convicted because his confession was coerced or because the weapon was discovered unlawfully, he is supposed to be released. Often, however, ways are found to keep the dangerous defendant in confinement despite the absence of a criminal conviction: if he has "homicidal propensities" he may be committed to a mental hospital; if his crime has sexual overtones, he may be confined as a sexual psychopath; even if he must eventually be released, he may be held in pre-trial detention for a year or two before his acquittal. It is true, of course, that some suspected murderers are in fact released even though they are thought to be extremely dangerous.

In times of war, however, the United States does not even purport to follow the usual rules of evidence when these rules would lead to the release of suspected spies or saboteurs. During both world wars we had—and still have—special administrative procedures for detaining dangerous people who could not be convicted of crime under the established rules of evidence. During World War II we used administrative tribunals not only to detain; we actually used them to execute suspected enemy agents.* I am not aware of any country in the world that follows the customary rules of evidence during wartime, when those rules would lead to the release of persons who are known to have committed—but who could not be convicted of—serious acts of sabotage, espionage, or terrorism. As one high court correctly observed: "Preventive justice . . . is common to all systems of jurisprudence," especially during times of war or national emergency.†

And Israel today is a country at war. Although a cease-fire is currently in effect between Israel and some of the Arab states, Israel is at war with various nations and also with the growing Palestinian terrorist organizations. The war with the Palestinians is being fought not only on Israel's borders, but also in its marketplaces, its cinemas, its bus terminals, and its civilian airplanes. The fear of a bomb planted in a crowded location is ever-present. The security guard who looks into the purse of every woman entering the concert hall and the Supersol is a constant reminder of the Palestinian terrorists' boast that every Arab living in Israel is carrying a bomb in his heart and perhaps in his pocket.

It is interesting to recall how our country reacted when we thought we faced a similar situation after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor in 1941. At that time there were about 110,000 Americans of Japanese ancestry living on the West Coast, of whom 70,000 were American citizens (virtually all of them born here, since residents who emigrated from Japan were ineligible for American citizenship under the racial prohibitions then on our statute books). A virulent anti-Japanese hysteria followed Pearl Harbor. Rumors were circulated that Hawaiians of Japanese ancestry were signaling enemy pilots and submarines; that Japanese-Americans had intentionally infiltrated the power and water companies; and that they had formed sabotage and espionage rings numbering in the thousands. In fact none of these stories proved true. The records of "the Federal Bureau of Investigation and Army and Navy intelligence indicate that there was not a single instance of espionage or sabotage by a resident of Japanese ancestry before, during, and after World War II. . . ."** The absence of such activities did not, however, satisfy a hysterical population with deep-rooted racial antagonisms. Indeed Earl Warren, then Attorney General of California, expressed the Alice-in-Wonderland view that it was the very absence of sabotage that was "the most ominous sign in our whole situation." It convinced him, he said, "that the sabotage . . . the fifth-column activities that we are to get, are timed just like Pearl Harbor," and that the present inaction by the Japanese-Americans was designed to lull us "into a false sense of security."††

The various intelligence agencies—the FBI and army and navy intelligence—preferred to approach the problem of potential terrorism and espionage "on the basis of the individual, regardless of citizenship, and not on a racial basis." This was what was done with persons of German and Italian extraction on the East Coast. Thousands of aliens "regarded by the Attorney General as dangerous to the national security if permitted to remain at large" were preventively

* See, *ex parte Quirin*, 317 U.S. 1 (1942).

† *Maung Hla Gyaw v. Commissioner*, 1948 Burma Law Reps. 764, 766. Compare, for example, the emergency rules recently put into effect by the Canadian government. The infringement of civil liberties authorized under these laws far exceeds that authorized under the Israeli regulations; yet the threat of terrorism is clearly not as serious in Canada—at least not yet—as in Israel.

** This is the claim of the Japanese-American Citizens League, and I know of no allegations to the contrary.

†† Quoted in Hosokowa, *Nisei: The Quiet Americans* (Morrow, 1969), p. 288.

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detained on an individual basis. But on the West Coast the prevalent attitude was reflected by General De Witt, head of the Western Defense Command: "A Jap's a Jap. There is no way to determine their loyalty. . . ." Earl Warren agreed: "We believe that when we are dealing with the Caucasian race we have methods that will test their loyalty. . . . But when we deal with the Japanese . . . we cannot form any opinion that we believe to be sound."* Accordingly, the decision was made to confine the entire West Coast population of Japanese-Americans; 109,650 men, women, and children were put in detention camps where they remained for nearly the entire war. Virtually no exceptions were made; those detained included veterans of World War I, future soldiers who would die fighting in the famous 442nd Regimental Combat Team (the "Nisei Brigade"), and life-long members of the American Legion (whose monthly publication advocated "putting American Japanese on some Pacific island").

Liberal opinion in the United States was extremely critical of the detention of the Japanese-Americans on racial grounds. Prominent leaders of the American Civil Liberties Union urged President Roosevelt "to constitute a system of hearing boards to test the loyalty" of individual citizens and non-citizens. Those Justices of the Supreme Court who dissented from the judicial approval given the exclusion and detention orders criticized the government for not treating "these Japanese-Americans on an individual basis by holding investigations and hearings to separate the loyal from the disloyal as was done in the case of persons of German and Italian ancestry." (Virtually no criticism was ever leveled against the preventive detention of the latter.) Academic criticism centered on our failure to detain Japanese-Americans "on the basis of individual suspicion," and also on our unwillingness to adopt a system of graded restrictions—as the English and French did—whereby only the most dangerous were detained and others "were subjected to certain continuing restrictions especially as to their travel."†

WHAT THE liberals in the United States urged that we do with our Japanese citizens is essentially what Israel has done with its Arab citizens. It has made an intensive effort to separate out the potential terrorists from the loyal Arab, or even the "merely disloyal" Arab. "We are not interested in loyalty," I was told by the Minister of Justice. "We don't care what they believe in their hearts; we care only about what they conceal under their clothing. Let them pray for Arab victory, as long as they don't work for it."

The Israeli authorities have divided their Arab citizens into four categories. The first covers the loyal and "merely disloyal," which includes more than 99 per cent of Israel's 300,000 Arab citizens. No restrictions are placed on them. They enjoy full rights of citizenship; they may live and travel where they wish (including the occupied territories); they may read the various anti-Israel newspapers published in Jerusalem and elsewhere; they may—as a considerable number of them do—belong to the Maoist-oriented Rakah party which has eight members in the Knesset.** The fact that they are Arabs and that Israel is at war with Arabs has resulted in no legal discriminations against them (unless their not being subject to the draft is regarded as discrimination).

The Arab-Israeli is, to be sure, subject to some *de facto* discrimination. He is stopped more frequently at the road blocks which the Israeli police routinely set up at the entrance points to every large city. But if his identification is in order—every Israeli, Jew as well as Arab, must carry an identification card—he is politely sent on his way. And it is far more difficult for an Arab —even a loyal Arab—to get a job which has any connection with security (a word which has a broad meaning in Israel).

Thus, those Arabs who are not regarded by the security service as potential terrorists, saboteurs, or assassins, are subjected to no legal restrictions, even if it is known that their sympathies lie with the enemy. Even those who are regarded as potential terrorists are not all detained. The majority are simply told not to leave their city, town, or village without permission; within that area they are free to move about as they please by night or day. Permission to travel to other cities is routinely granted for business reasons and periodically for family and social reasons.

Those who are regarded as especially dangerous —a few hundred—are subject to further restrictions: they may not leave their homes during the hours of darkness without special permission (a kind of personalized curfew), and they must report daily to the local police station.

Only a tiny portion of potential terrorists—twenty-three Israeli citizens at the last count in August—are actually detained. (The number has never been more than 100.) The Israeli author-

* Hosokowa, *op. cit.*, pp. 287-88.

† Rostow, "The Japanese American Cases—A Disaster," 54 Yale *Law Review* 489 (1945). After the war ended, Congress enacted an individualized preventive detention law directed against members of "the World Communist movement" and sponsored by such liberal Senators as Humphrey, Douglas, Kefauver, and Lehman. That law authorized the "detention of persons who there is reasonable ground to believe probably will commit or conspire with others to commit espionage or sabotage." Since it can come into operation only in the event of a foreign invasion, a declaration of war, or an insurrection to aid a foreign enemy, this detention act has never been employed. Its repeal is now under consideration in Congress.

** The day I visited the Knesset it was presided over by the Deputy Speaker, who is a Christian Arab from Nazareth.

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ities claim that every one of those detained has, in fact, been involved in serious terrorist activities and that they could not effectively be prevented from carrying on future terrorism by restrictions less total than actual detention.*

If there are only two dozen Israeli citizens who are sufficiently dangerous to be preventively detained, would it not be wiser, I asked an Israeli official, to release them and take the risks of a few additional acts of terrorism? He responded by telling me the story of Leon Kanner.

Leon was a Hebrew University student who had recently emigrated to Israel from his native Uruguay. His family lived on a kibbutz where they worked in agriculture. Leon shared a small flat in Jerusalem with his friend Edward Joffe, a student who had been twice wounded during the Six-Day War. On the weekend of February 21, 1969, the boys were planning a "trip to the hills to pick flowers," as Edward wrote to his parents. On Friday morning, the roommates went together to the Supersol at Jerusalem's busiest intersection to do some shopping for their trip. The store—which is one of the largest in Israel—was crowded with women doing their pre-Sabbath shopping. As the boys approached the meat counter, an explosion ripped through the store. A bomb containing five kilograms of dynamite had been planted in a biscuit can. Both boys were killed instantly. Many women—including a survivor of Auschwitz—were seriously injured. On another Friday—the eve of the Jewish Sabbath seems to be a favorite time for terrorist activities—Al Fatah planted a massive charge of explosives in an automobile in Machane Yehuda, the always-crowded outdoor market in Jerusalem. Twelve shoppers were killed and fifty-two seriously injured.

These are the realities of living in Israel today. They are not rumors, like those which were used to justify our detention of the Japanese. Every Israeli knows a family that has suffered from terrorism, whether it was the blowing up of the Hebrew University cafeteria, the bomb in the Tel Aviv bus station, or the explosions in the Haifa apartment houses.† A decision to release a known terrorist who cannot be brought to trial is viewed as a decision to risk the lives of dozens of civilians. Rightly or wrongly, these are the reasons why Israel will not—at least in the most serious handful of cases—follow the usual rules of evidence when these rules lead to release. Indeed, I was surprised that the Israeli population had not demanded detention for more of those under village restriction.**

A SECOND obvious option available to a democratic country in a case like Fawzi's is to change the usual rules of evidence—especially the often anachronistic hearsay rule—so as to allow the introduction of reliable information even if its direct source cannot be produced in court. If hearsay evidence were admissible, a conviction might very well be obtainable against Fawzi: the invisible-ink document could be introduced if the prosecutor established its authenticity; the statement of the man who was supposed to contact Fawzi could be admitted without his identity being disclosed; and even the communication from the agent in Jordan might be considered by the judge.

I asked a high-ranking Israeli legal official whether it would not be better to loosen up their hearsay and other evidentiary rules. "We are very proud of our civil liberties," he told me. "It would be absurd to wreck our entire judicial system to accommodate a few wartime security cases." But would you really have to wreck the system, I asked, couldn't you just change some of the rules of evidence? "The rules of evidence lie at the center of our civil liberties and the right to confront your accuser is the heart of any fair system of evidence. If we created a rule allowing into evidence the invisible-ink message and the agent's report, there would be virtually nothing left to the right of confrontation. I would rather see us act completely lawlessly in a few security cases than a little lawlessly in every case." This official felt strongly enough to say that he would "resign in protest" if Israel ever changed its rules to allow hearsay evidence in the general run of cases.

A third option, and the one adopted by Israel, is to create a separate category of cases entirely outside of the judicial system; to handle

* It must be pointed out that these 23 detainees do not include the Arabs from occupied territories or from East Jerusalem. A considerably larger number of Gaza Strip and West Bank Arabs—in the area of 1,000—are being held in preventive detention. Following the recent terrorist hijackings, an additional 450 West Bank Arabs were detained for a brief period and then released. Residents of the West Bank are Jordanian, not Israeli, citizens. Under the Geneva Accords, Jordanian law is supposed to govern their conduct. The Jordanian law applicable to the West Bank derives from the very same Emergency Defense Regulations inherited by Israel and explicitly authorizes preventive detention. When the Jordanian government controlled the West Bank, they made extensive use of preventive detention against Palestinian political opponents. During a visit to the West Bank, I was shown a petition—found by the Israeli army during the war—that had been signed by hundreds of Palestinian women whose husbands, sons, and fathers had been preventively detained by the Jordanian government on "political" grounds. Preventive detention of dangerous members of an occupied population is also authorized by the Geneva Accords. It has been practiced by all occupying armies confronting a hostile population. I have, in this article, limited myself to preventive detention as it is practiced on citizens of Israel; I have not dealt with the occupied territories which present different considerations, both legal and practical.

† Indeed, the Dolphin—an excellent fish restaurant in East Jerusalem that is jointly owned by a Jew and an Arab—was blown up shortly after I ate there with my family.

** The Israeli authorities publicly belittle the damage done by terrorists, claiming that more Israelis die each year from automobile accidents than from terrorist attacks. But anyone who has driven on Israeli roads can take little comfort from that comparison.

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them administratively; and to apply the flexible rules of evidence traditional in administrative cases. The basic reason why Israel opted for this approach is that the mechanism was there, fully blown; the law establishing this system was on the books of Israel, even though it had been inscribed by a British pen.* There is no written Constitution in Israel under which the regulations could be invalidated, though one Supreme Court Justice, writing in dissent, would have struck down preventive detention as inconsistent with the judicial conscience (a phrase similar to the "shock the conscience test" sometimes applied by our Supreme Court).

The preventive detention regulation inherited from the British is written in the broadest possible terms. There are no restrictions on the military commanders' discretion; no limits on the duration of detention; no rules of evidence; and no judicial review. The regulation does require that there be "one or more advisory committees [whose chairman] shall be a person who holds or has held judicial office or is or has been a senior officer of the government." But the commander is under no legal obligation to follow the advice of the committee.

When the British administered this regulation in Palestine, they did so in the spirit in which it was written. It was a purely arbitrary grant of power to the military unlimited by narrowing rules or practices. The Israeli government, although it has left the broad language of the regulation unamended, has circumscribed it by a series of carefully drawn rules and established practices. Until now these rules were unpublished and regarded as secret (though lawyers had some idea of what they provided). After numerous requests, I was finally given a copy of them. Among other things, they explicitly remove the power to detain for more than three months from any military commander (as provided in the regulation) and give it solely to the Chief of the General Staff. In addition to the advisory committee required by the regulations, the rules establish an internal advisory committee which includes lawyers and professors; no request for a detention order may be made to the Chief of Staff unless a majority of the committee so votes. Another rule limits any period of detention to six months and requires a complete review at the end of this period. In addition, the advisory committee—which includes a Justice of the Supreme Court—is regarded as more than advisory; its advice has never been ignored by the Israeli military authorities in twenty-two years. What is most important, however, is not the language of the regulation or of the narrowing rules; it is the fact—and a fact that is not challenged by Arab or Jewish critics—that the number of Israeli citizens actually detained has been so impressively small.

Despite the fact that so few have been detained, there has been much criticism from students, journalists, leftists, lawyers, and—of course—Arabs. And the criticism has by no means emanated exclusively from the Left. Hans Klinghoffer—the intellectual leader of the right-wing Gahal party—told me that he was unalterably opposed to "this unpardonable exception to the rule of law." "Terrorists must be imprisoned," he declared, "but not by means of legal terrorism." He feared that a population gets used to "special rules of war" and has difficulty living without them even when peace returns. He has tried to enact an Israeli security law to replace the "British abomination." Under his proposal, the suspected terrorist would be tried by a court, but the rules of evidence would be specially adapted to security cases. Could a person like Fawzi al-Asmar be convicted under his proposal? "Probably yes."

I ASKED the Minister of Justice, Ya'akov Shapiro, why he opposed Klinghoffer's proposal. "I do not want to get the courts involved in the business of the military. Our courts would not second-guess the military. The only effect would be to legitimate—to impose a judicial imprimatur of lawfulness—on actions which are taken for military necessity but fall outside the rule of law."†

I asked Shapiro whether it would not be wiser for Israel to enact its own preventive detention law to reflect its narrowly-circumscribed practices. He preferred to keep things the way they were. "It is one thing for the military to use somebody else's law. It is quite another thing for the Knesset to enact as its own a new preventive detention law." He told me that he could not vote for a preventive detention law. "I have seen the inside of a prison, and not as a visitor. I know what it means to be preventively detained. How many Ministers of Justice do you know who were in jail?" (He described a recent meeting of a committee of distinguished Israeli jurists. "You know that every member of the committee had spent some time in British, German, or Russian jails. People like us could not bring our-

* It was there as a result of the First Law of the State of Israel under which "The Law that existed in the Land of Israel on the Fifth Day of Iyar 5708 [the last day of the British Mandate] will be in force" unless repealed or inconsistent with subsequent enactments.

† He reminded me of the observation made by Justice Jackson in the Japanese-American detention cases: "In the very nature of things, military decisions are not susceptible of intelligent judicial appraisal. They . . . are made on information that would often not be admissible and assumptions that could not be proved. . . . Hence courts can never have any real alternative to accepting the mere declaration of the authority that issued the order that it was reasonably necessary from a military viewpoint. . . ."

Jackson went on to conclude that the *judicial approval* of the army order detaining the Japanese was a "far more subtle blow to liberty than the promulgation of the order itself."

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selves to vote for an Israeli law of preventive detention.")

I asked the Minister how he could speak so sanctimoniously about not wanting to enact a preventive detention law when he readily enforces the present regulation. He was hurt by my question. "I do not enforce that regulation. I have nothing to do with it. That is a matter between the military authorities and the advisory committee. It is not within my jurisdiction. It is not a matter of law. It is a matter of military necessity."

THAT KIND of argument is not very convincing to critics of the New Left, the most prominent of whom is a no-nonsense journalist named Amos Kenan who has long been critical of preventive detention in particular and of Israeli policies toward Arabs in general.

He too had known preventive detention from the other side, having been a member of the Stern Gang as a young man. Kenan had no doubt that most of the Arabs detained were indeed terrorists. He knew, from personal contacts, that numerous Israeli Arabs were working with Al Fatah and with the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine. "Before the Six-Day War I know that many Israeli Arabs were reporting Israeli troop movements to the Arab government. Our army knew it as well; in fact, they arranged some phony movements with the expectation that they would be reported." I asked him on what he based his information. He told me that he is—and has been for many years—very close to Arab radicals. This began during his days with the Stern Gang which, he claims, was the "only true anti-colonialist army in Palestine. We had no quarrel with the Arabs. We had a common cause with them against the British. I wept bitterly the first time we were attacked by Arabs and had to fight back. I really did regard them as brothers fighting a single enemy." On the eve of the Six-Day War, a group of Kenan's Arab friends—confident of Egyptian victory—offered his family refuge from the massacre they expected against the Jews. Kenan politely declined the offer and went to join his reserve unit. (Virtually no one in Israel—regardless of his political views—declines to serve in Israel's army.)

I asked Kenan whether in light of his own observations about Arab attitudes and actions, he could really say that Israel was unjustified in detaining the small number of Arabs now in Damon Prison. He told me that his condemnation of preventive detention had to be understood in the context of Israeli-Arab relations over the past twenty years. "Maybe it is needed now. But it might not have been needed if our government had adopted a different policy toward its Arab citizens over the past generation. I could support preventive detention only if I were certain that there had been no other way. But there was another way."

I discussed with him the allegation that people like Fawzi al-Asmar were being detained for their political views. He smiled when I mentioned the poet's name. "I've known Fawzi for a long time. We worked together on many causes. There isn't an honest bone in his body. He's deceitful, he's a parasite, and I think he's a lousy poet. There may be politicial detainees; Fawzi may even be one of them; but don't believe a word he tells you; don't be taken in by that goddam smile.

"Fawzi is one of those Arabs," he continued, "who criticizes the hell out of Israel whenever she deserves it; but he doesn't have the balls to criticize any Arab government or group, ever. When I ask him why he doesn't, he says that you have to understand that the risks of making such criticism are very great. But that's the goddam problem with the Palestinian movement. They should take personal risks for their beliefs. The Palestinians will become a real people only after a few of them have been hung for saying what they believe. I'm sorry, but I can't accept a double standard when judging Arabs and Jews."

I asked him whether he himself wasn't employing a double standard by being so vocal in his criticism of Israel's detention practices and so silent about the far more extensive use of preventive detention in Arab countries. His answer was that Israel deserved special criticism because its performance did not match its boasts about human liberty. The Arab countries make no such boasts. "In any event, I am an Israeli and therefore I have a special obligation to be critical of my government."

I asked him whether he would advocate releasing the detainees even though he knew that among them were potential terrorists. "Yes," he said sadly, "even if it results in an explosion or two. That's the price we have to pay for our past errors." I asked whether he thought the day would ever come when Jewish critics, like him, would be detained. "I anticipate that happening in your country sooner than mine," he said. "Look at the way you treat your Communists. Ours are elected to the Knesset and practice law."

FELICIA LANGER is a Communist who practices law in partnership with an Arab Israeli named Ali Rafi. She is a lively woman in her forties who joined the party in her native Poland before coming to Israel. Now she is active in Rakah. She sees preventive detention as directed primarily against the Communists. "Our people were the first to be detained. That's how I got into this area." (The real reason she got into this area is that there is no tradition in Israel—as there is in the United States—under which leaders of the bar are willing to defend people whose views they despise. Some good Jewish lawyers have represented

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terrorists in Israel, but most of the cases have —unfortunately in my view—gone by default to the Communist lawyers.) I asked Mrs. Langer whether preventive detention was used for political reasons. "Yes, for political reasons against Communists and also as a means of pressure to get Arabs to collaborate." Does it work, I asked? "Not against our people. Not a single Communist has collaborated."

If it is used against political opponents, I asked why are there no Jews being detained? "It is a racist law, just like in your country the laws are directed against Third World people. Israel is a fascist country, they fight aggressive wars. I am concerned where this is all going to lead. I am concerned not for me, but for my seventeen-year-old son who will be in the army next year." I was surprised. "If your son feels the way you do," I asked, "why doesn't he refuse to fight? That's what the young people are doing in my country." Her answer came automatically. "The party has decided that our children must serve and must try to indoctrinate the troops. My own views are unimportant."

I asked whether the Communist party was against preventive detention in principle or just when it is directed at Communists. She boasted that there are no such laws in Communist countries. I reminded her that thousands of people are detained in Russian jails without trials, and that we all know what a Russian trial means. "I am not interested in their practices, only their laws," she said with contempt.

MY OWN ACADEMIC bias leads me to be at least as interested in actual practices as in written laws. I set out, therefore, to make an independent appraisal of preventive detention in practice. On the basis of my experience, I find it difficult to understand the criticism leveled against Israel by groups such as Amnesty International who claim that Israel will not open its doors to their investigatory teams. Almost every door in Israel seemed unlocked; all that was needed was some initiative, and, sometimes, a gentle push. The authorities in Israel were aware of my critical attitude toward preventive detention; yet they imposed no restrictions on my activities.

I interviewed numerous Arabs, both in detention and under village restriction. I spoke to their lawyers, to government officials, and to men on the street. I heard both sides of every case. In each instance where I could, I checked these often conflicting versions with third parties or documented records.

My investigation led me to conclude that virtually all of those detained had, in fact, been involved in terrorist activites; that the vast majority could not be tried under Israeli law; and that a considerable number would probably engage in future terrorism if released. Some of the detainees were not bomb throwers themselves; they were recruiters, money raisers, and—like Fawzi—commanders. Not one of them was a mere politician, or a writer without connection to terrorist activities.*

Only one case troubled me greatly on its facts, perhaps because it involved a lawyer. It deserves recitation because it marks, in my view, the boundary beyond which Israel has not gone in preventively detaining its citizens.

Sabri Jaris is a thirty-one-year-old Arab who began speaking and writing against the Israeli government when he was still a teen-age law student at the Hebrew University. He now practices law in Haifa, sharing office space with an older Arab lawyer active in Rakah and a Jewish lawyer affiliated with Maki (the Jewish Communist party). Sabri divides his time between representing members of the Palestine Liberation Organization charged with terrorism, and writing books about the plight of the Israeli Arab.

On February 20 of this year, Sabri found himself in need of a lawyer. He was arrested by the Shin Bet and detained. Preventive detention was no stranger to Sabri. During the last hours of the Six-Day War, he—along with a handful of other Arabs who had publicly called for Egyptian victory —was detained for a short time. (Sabri is fond of remarking: "You know, the Israelis never would have won the war if they hadn't detained me.")

When he was sent to Damon this time, Sabri Jaris turned out to be a tiger in the tank. For the first month he just stalked silently, angry but hopeful of early release. When it did not come, he began to organize the other detainees. He started a hunger strike which received international publicity; he brought lawsuits challenging the conditions of detention; he sought his own freedom by writ of habeas corpus; he notified his French publisher who came to Israel with a famous Continental advocate; he stimulated protests by other members of the Israeli bar (Jewish as well as Arab). Three months after his arrest, Sabri was sent home to Haifa.

It was in that city, just a few weeks after his release, that I spoke to Sabri Jaris. His office, which was on the third-floor walk-up in the Arab market, was shabby and not even charming. There was no privacy; three large rooms—each with a number of desks—simply adjoined one another without any doors. Loud discussions in Hebrew and Arabic permeated every corner while a dozen Arab clients, mostly old, waited to speak with one of the lawyers. Sabri invited me into

* There has been some suggestion by Israeli authorities that preventive detention might be used against convicted terrorists who have served short prison terms, who are due for release, and who pose a danger of renewed terrorist activities. A change in sentencing practices would seem to be a better way to deal with the recidivistic terrorist.

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his room and we began our often interrupted conversation.

Sabri told me, in his soft fluent English, of his early life in a small Arab village on the Palestinian side of what is now the Israel-Lebanon border. His parents and most of their nine children still live there, and Sabri and his younger brother, Jarius, used to visit them on Christian holidays. During his university years, Sabri became active in various Arab nationalist movements. He was one of the founders of El Ard, an extreme movement which advocated the destruction of Israel. Even before the Six-Day War he had been in trouble with the security service. Once he was briefly detained for investigation after a Lebanese Arab caught trying to cross the border illegally had "mentioned his name." For the past eight years, there has been an order outstanding against him which limits his movement outside Haifa without special permission.

I asked him how this restriction affected his life. He told me that it had little or no impact on his professional career, that he could—and does—go anywhere his law practice takes him. His personal life is, however, severely restricted. He told me that he was recently denied permission to attend a friend's wedding and that his visits to his parents' village near the Lebanon border have been limited to certain religious and family occasions. (Twice he has been caught violating these restrictions and fined.)

We talked about his most recent detention. The Shin Bet had received information that Sabri's younger brother had crossed over into Lebanon and joined Al Fatah. They accused Sabri of harboring him on his way to carrying out a terrorist mission, and Sabri denied all knowledge of his brother's activities. He told me with a smile that was both sad and proud: "I think the authorities are right. My brother is working with the Fatah in Lebanon." But he quickly added that he did not harbor him or help him. "My brother's activities were the pretext the government has been looking for all along. They detained me because of my political views."

Moving to those views, I asked him what he thought of Al Fatah. "I understand them, I sympathize with the way they are fighting and what they are fighting for." Did he agree with their tactics? "I feel good when I hear that the Fatah have attacked an enemy—that is an Israeli—army camp. I don't like the idea of bombs for innocent people. But how do you expect them to do otherwise when Israel blows up the houses of innocent people in Hebron?"* Would he help a member of the Fatah who sought refuge in his home? "No, I would not give him a place to stay. But neither would I inform the police that he sought refuge. That would be asking too much." Did he regard himself as a loyal citizen of Israel? "I regard myself first and foremost as a Palestinian Arab. Israel was imposed on me. But I have accepted Israeli citizenship and membership in its bar. I have chosen to remain here. I obey the laws, but no more. I would not fight against my brother Arabs, and that is not required of me by Israeli law. I long for Arab victory, but I do not actively work for it." Why did he suppose they released him after three months? "They had no choice. The pressure was too great. World opinion does not tolerate the detention of a lawyer. In the end they were sorry they had started up with me."

I SUSPECT that Sabri may be right: Israeli officials do seem sorry now that they detained Sabri. The case against Sabri Jaris—as told to me by government officials and others—was not nearly as compelling as the case against Fawzi al-Asmar. It was the least convincing of the many cases I had investigated.

It seems that Sabri's native village on the Israeli side of the Lebanon border—Fasuta—was a favorite stopping-off place for terrorists entering Israel from the north. One day early this year, the Israeli police observed a small truck driving suspiciously fast in the area of Fasuta. After a brief chase the truck crashed into a tree, but the occupants escaped into a wooded area. Inside the truck, the police found two large sacks of explosives and detonating devices. They ultimately traced the truck to its owner in Fasuta and were told that the driver of the truck was Jarius Jaris, Sabri's younger brother. They also learned from a number of reliable people in the village that Jarius spent both the night before and the night after the truck incident with Sabri (who had traveled from Haifa to Fasuta to meet him).

Within a few days the Shin Bet received a communication from an agent in Lebanon corroborating their information about where Jarius had spent the two nights. They also were told by the agent that Sabri and Jarius had planned further sabotage action in the Haifa area. Sabri was then detained—according to the Israeli authority—not for the purpose of punishing him for harboring a member of Al Fatah, but rather to prevent him from carrying out further collaborative work with his terrorist brother who was still at large. The reason Sabri was not brought to trial was because all the evidence against him was obtained from sources that either would not testify (the Fasuta villagers) or could not testify (the agent in Lebanon).

If Sabri was planning future terrorist activities, then why, I asked, was he released after only three months of detention? I was told that something had occurred in May of this year which made it highly unlikely that Sabri could carry out the planned activities. I asked what this oc-

* Israel has blown up some houses in which terrorists have hidden. No inhabitants have ever been hurt in these explosions.

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currence was, and for the first and only time in my numerous interviews, I was told: "This we cannot tell you." My surmise is that the Israeli authorities have learned that Jarius is no longer a threat and have concluded that Sabri himself, without his brother, does not constitute a sufficient danger to justify his continued detention. Accordingly, he is back in Haifa, restricted in his travel, but otherwise unhampered in the practice of his profession.

Sabri's case is disturbing to me. I believe that he did harbor his brother as the Shin Bet charges. But that does not purport to be the basis on which he was detained. His future dangerousness was evidenced merely by the uncorroborated report of an agent. Moreover, it did not have the kind of specificity contained in the evidence marshaled against Fawzi. Finally, if the only fear was that Sabri might collaborate with a given person, namely his brother, then it seems to me that careful surveillance might have been adequate to prevent this eventuality.

It must be remembered, however, that the Sabri Jaris case was not permitted to run its full course. Since his detention ended after three months, it need not have been approved by the internal advisory committee or the Chief of Staff. Nor did the outside advisory committee or the courts have an opportunity to review its merits. Any one of these might well have decided to release him, as in fact the security people decided themselves to do after ninety days. It must also be remembered that Sabri is now actively engaged in the practice of law, despite his various detentions and violations. Consider whether a lawyer in this country would, after Sabri's experience, be permitted to resume his practice unhampered by Bar Association investigation and discipline.

The case of Sabri Jaris leaves me with two impressions: first, the suspicion that he might have remained in Damon well beyond the three months if he had not been as prominent and vocal as he was; and second, the confidence that this is as far as the Israelis will take preventive detention, and perhaps that they will never again apply it in so questionable a case.

On balance, I favor repeal of the Emergency Defense Regulations. If Israel feels that it cannot live with the normal rules of evidence in cases of suspected terrorists, then the Knesset should enact special rules of evidence for a narrowly circumscribed category of cases during carefully defined periods of emergency. All other safeguards should be provided, as in ordinary cases. In the last analysis, such a system might result in the release of some who are now detained. It is in the nature of any judicial system that in order to prevent confinement of the innocent, it must sometimes release the guilty. And those released might engage in acts of terrorism. But risks to safety have always been the price a society must pay for its liberty. Israel knows that well. By detaining only two dozen of its 300,000 Arab citizens, Israel today is taking considerable risks. Indeed, I know of no country—including our own—that has ever exposed its wartime population to so much risk in the interest of civil liberties.

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The Topless Tower of Babylon

Milton Himmelfarb

When the whole world had the same language and the same words . . . men said to one another, . . . "Come, let us build ourselves a city, and a tower with its top in the heavens, and make a name for ourselves; or we shall be scattered all over the world." But when the LORD had come down to see, . . . He thought, "Well, it is because they are one people, all with the same language, that they have begun to accomplish this, and now nothing they decide to do will be out of their reach. We had better go down and confuse their language there, so that they will no longer be able to understand one another's speech." Then the LORD scattered them all over the world, and they stopped building the city. That is why it was named Babel—because the LORD had made a babble there of the whole world's language. . . .

THIS MYTH is as compelling as the earlier one in Genesis, the myth of Eden and the expulsion from the Garden. The myth of Eden explains why we are unhappy. Knowledge and thought, sundering us from the animal life of instinct, have given us shame and guilt. Knowledge and thought have made us mortal—it is because we know we are going to die that we are mortal. We have subjugated nature, only to be haunted by that dream, or anamnesis—the dawn-age water hole at which a man drinks, an animal crouching side by side with the other animals. *He* does not know he is going to die, does not cast the shadow of death over his life, does not torment himself with reproach and judgment. What happiness to be an animal! Still greater happiness it would be to know and think and yet to be animal. In the Garden that was not yet impossible, but God has cast us out of the Garden. Or else a fatal weakness in us has led us to body forth from our self-alienation, in order to perfect our unhappiness, a God or gods.

But even granted that that water hole and the Garden are no longer for us, why should the City and the tower with its top in the heavens not be for us? Why have we not built on earth a Heavenly City? The Bible itself blurts out the answer. It is religion's fault: God was jealously fearful of what men could achieve undistracted and undivided. (Or was it the gods who were jealously fearful? In those Genesis verses the Lord comes down and scatters, in the singular; but "we" are exhorted to go down and confuse, with plural verbs. Those could be plurals of majesty, but equally they could be literal.)

If religion used to divide, today we are rather less religious than we used to be. What else, by dividing us, still keeps us from building the City? Again the myth instructs us. Speaking one language we would be undivided, and undivided we could build. The multitude of religions may do less harm than it used to, in a more credulous time, but the multitude of languages is as bad as ever. It is appropriate that Zamenhof, the Jew who thought of Esperanto as the one, unifying language, should also have thought of Hillelism as the one, unifying religion.

More than anyone else, a modern Jew would yearn for the end of religious difference. In the past, religious difference had caused persecution of the Jews; and even now, even in the most tolerant countries, even if you were only ambiguously a Jew, it caused you some discomfort. You could not really approve what your forerunner Heine had done, half-heartedly—the cynical baptism, the second-best of pretending to acquiesce in an official incorporation of your small tribe into a larger. You wanted more than an equivocal exemption from paying your tax for difference, you wanted the honorable transcendence of difference. With Zamenhof, Hillelism; in the United States, Ethical Culture.

As to language, if Zamenhof had been alive he would have predicted that a General de Gaulle would do battle against *le franglais* and the expansion of English. Zamenhof was not only a modern Jew, he was also a modern Polish Jew (the son of a *maskil,* an Enlightener). He lived amidst Polish, Russian, German, Lithuanian, Ukrainian, Yiddish, Hebrew; and he could not believe that one would yield peacefully to another. He could more easily believe that all would yield to something else entirely. For Poles, Esperanto might mean the defeat of Polish, but at least it would not mean the victory of Russian. Poles would be less ready to speak Russian, or Russians to speak Polish, than both to speak Esperanto—just as Jews would be less ready to become Christians, or Christians to become Jews, than both to become Hillelists, or Ethical Culturists. Universalism is the peace with honor that ends the wars of particularisms.

There is a similar argument for socialism. Is not war the ultimate, most inhuman division of men from men? Capitalism means war. Socialism means internationalism: the socialist hymn is the *Internationale.* It was to Jews above all that the internationalist promise of the socialist revolu-

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tion appealed. Jews were conspicuous opponents of Stalin and his Socialism in One Country.

As a boy I would sometimes glimpse, out of the corner of an eye, certain people who though Yiddish-speaking or Yiddish-accented were unlike my parents or that other kind of middle-aged Jews I was aware of, the members of the Workmen's Circle. These odd people were vaguely bohemian, as well as vegetarian and unconventionally socialist, or anarchist. (Not many were Communists, I think. I do not associate them with the newspaper *Freiheit*.) They also had a way of letting you know they were Esperantists. In short, if I thought of it at all I thought Esperanto went with anarchist vegetarianism, or vegetarian anarchism. After I had begun to reflect on such things, it appeared to me that logically some Communists, too, ought to have been Esperantists. And since what can be will be, the missing link has turned up.

Juliusz Katz-Suchy is the refugee in Denmark who once was the ambassador of "socialist" Poland to the United Nations and then to India. I wrote about him here in April, and later the American Hebrew-language weekly *Ha-do'ar* published an open letter to him from a classmate in the University of Lwow in the early 1930's. Do you remember, the classmate asked Katz-Suchy, our professor of economics, author of the plan for a cold, economic pogrom against Polish Jewry? Do you remember the Polish and Ukrainian students who used to beat Jews, in or out of the university? Do you remember the segregated benches they made us occupy? In the Jewish students' association I was president of the Zionists. Do you remember how I used to deliver an oration in Hebrew at our annual assemblies? Because you Communists objected equally to Zionism and to the "dead and reactionary" Hebrew language, your spokesman used to deliver a counter-oration—in Esperanto, the language of brotherhood and the friendship of peoples.

In Denmark Katz-Suchy has insisted that he is a Pole and that Poland is his country. More recently, attending a scholarly conference in Jerusalem, he has insisted on his family's centuries of settlement in Poland and on the loveliness of his birthplace. Whatever happened to his Esperanto and internationalism?

Esperanto was necessary for Katz-Suchy at a certain time. The Zionists and Hebraists challenged him and his friends with this: "We are Jews. What are you?" Speaking in Esperanto and invoking the Revolution that would build the Heavenly City enabled Katz-Suchy (or anyone else like him) to answer: "Your question belongs to the dead past, with its petty and murderous division of men into tribes and languages and superstitions. You ask what I am, and you think that if I don't want to say, a Jew, I will have to say, a Pole; and then you will laugh. How foolish I must be, you will think, to imagine that the centuries of Jewish settlement in Poland have made Poles of Jews! For the real Poles a Pole is a Catholic, or just possibly a lapsed Catholic, whose grandparents spoke Polish not Yiddish and prayed in Latin not Hebrew. So I answer you in Esperanto, and the medium is the message. I belong to no tribe, the dead have no claim on me. I define myself by the future not the past. I am of those who are building the City of one mankind, with one language."

At the time Katz-Suchy may have thought he meant what he was saying, because only later would a Jew's laughable claim to being a Pole become less obviously or less permissibly laughable. Then, the Revolution having been imposed, he was in and Esperanto lost its charms. Esperanto-universalism, which had been thought a destination, proved to have been only a way station—or a decompression chamber. The *function* of Esperanto-universalism had been to allow Katz-Suchy and his friends to pass from their own particularity, which they despised, to another, which they valued; and to conceal from themselves what they were doing. The concealment was necessary if they were to avert the self-contempt that Heine's shuffle to the baptismal font had cost him.

In Katz-Suchy's triumph he did not know that the dialectic of Revolution had yet a further turn to make. In his defeat he knows. Now the new Poles are denying his claim to the quality of Pole as effectively as the old Poles denied it—more effectively, in fact, because the old ones did not expel him, and told fewer lies about him. They did not call him a Zionist, they called him a Communist. (In Israel, Katz-Suchy has recalled that until the age of fourteen he belonged to a youth group of Ha-shomer Ha-tza'ir, the left-socialist Zionists. Pirqe Avot teaches that this world is like a *prozdor*, a vestibule, to the next. Between the two wars some Polish Jews used to say that Ha-shomer Ha-tza'ir was like a *prozdor* to the Communist party.) And now it is too late for Katz-Suchy to resume the game of Esperanto.

LIKE THE Polish Jews' Esperanto, the American Jews' Ethical Culture served as a way station, or a decompression chamber. Like the Esperantist, the Ethical Culturist was challenged, at least implicitly, by the Jews who remained Jews. They asked him: "We are Jews. What are you?" To which he gave this reply: "You think I must be either a Jew or a Christian. Why? A Jew is a man who can believe what the congregation affirms when the scroll is elevated: 'This is the Torah that Moses set before the children of Israel [Deuteronomy 4:44] —at the Lord's command, by Moses [Numbers 9:23, etc.].' I cannot believe that, modern biblical scholarship does not let me believe it. Neither can I believe what Christians affirm, like the divinity of Jesus. Anyway, look to the future not to

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the past, to deeds not creeds. How do I define myself? I am of those who, of Jewish birth but unable conscientiously to be Jews, and associating in honorable equality with those of Christian birth but unable conscientiously to be Christians, devote themselves to the improvement and unification of mankind."

That was Ethical Culture's ideology. Its function was to prevent or mitigate, for some Jews in their passage from the Jewish community to a Christian denomination of high social status, Heine's trauma. There is an American. As was said of King David, he is full of years, riches, and honor. His parents (generation A) were Jews. Him (generation B) they brought up in Ethical Culture. He married an Episcopalian lady. Why should he not? His children (generation C) and grandchildren (generations D, E, and so on) are likewise Episcopalian. Why should they not be? One can only admire the smoothness and easy conscience of the whole thing. Neither A nor B had to do or say anything spectacular or shocking, like baptism or a Christian confession of faith. Unlike Heine, they need not reproach themselves or see merit in others' reproaches. It was a baptism prolonged and attenuated over two or even three generations, and at the end C, D, and E are more secure, are on a more exalted plane, than mere Jews can be. Some people are lucky. They can take the cash without having to let the credit go.

The question asked of the student Katz-Suchy, Jew or Pole?, is a variant of the older, more encompassing question, Jew or Christian? That is an infuriating question. Why should intelligent people accept the limitations set by limited people? You ask me to choose one of two. Can you count no higher? What makes you so sure your two are exhaustive, or immutable? What makes you so sure your two are not about to be subsumed by something greater than either, which, consummating both, will make both obsolete?

The most unforgivable thing limited people can do to the intelligent is to be more right than they. Denial and evasion of the narrow, stupid *either/or* go back to the French Revolution; but narrow and stupid as the *either/or* may be, it has stood the test of a long reality, while the denials and evasions are, or should be, an embarrassment to all. Katz-Suchy's experience lengthens the long reality. In Israel, when a *Ma'ariv* reporter pressed him to define himself now, he answered, at last ("quietly"), "I am a Jewish refugee from Poland sojourning in Denmark."

After the initial Danish publicity about Katz-Suchy, a dispatch was sent to the New York *Times* about others like him, but less well-known. Parts of it are prime:

> Some [of the Polish Jews in Denmark] have become Catholic or Lutheran. Some younger [Jewish] Poles are firmly anti-Israel, reflecting the Warsaw regime's denunciation of Israel as imperialistic. Some . . . are strongly nationalistic [Poles] and some were members of the Polish Communist party. . . .
>
> Rabbi Melchior [of Copenhagen] said that many of the Polish Jews told him that they had been subjected to humiliation and harassment before they left. But the refugees have a curious way of talking about it.
>
> A university professor from Warsaw told friends here that he was discharged in 1968 and that he took a job as a milkman to support his wife and two children. He found this impossible and thus he came to Denmark last year for, as he expressed it, "financial reasons." . . .
>
> [An] architectural student . . . expressed it this way: "My father is a lawyer and . . . my sister . . . was a doctor at a hospital. . . . There was a general uncertainty everywhere. I felt there was no future. It was very much a strain.
>
> "I suppose we left for moral reasons," he said.

It pays to be smart. Who else but a professor, lawyer, doctor, or architectural student could have come up with those reasons for being in Denmark? The reporter's "a curious way of talking" shows he is puzzled. If he were a Jew he would not be puzzled. He would be used to such smartness.

Financial reasons, moral reasons.

> *Q.* Doctor, I'm from the *Times*. Why are you in the street, and wearing pajamas?
>
> *A.* Well, the room was getting hot, with all that fire spreading. I suppose I jumped for comfort reasons.
>
> *Q.* Professor, will you tell the viewers, please, why you aren't in your laboratory?
>
> *A.* Well, after the explosion there was glass in the air and chemicals were beginning to mix —that sort of thing. I suppose you can say I left the lab for health reasons.

THE RABBIS tell us that not Yom Kippur alone but every day is judgment day. For modern Jews every day is Election Day. For modern Jews there are only two parties, the Jews and the Christians. You have to vote for one or the other. There is no such thing as not voting. If you refuse to vote, you vote Christian. If you write-in a third or fourth or twelfth party—Esperanto, Hillelism, the unity of mankind, socialist internationalism, the republic of learning—you vote Christian. If you try to jam the voting machine, you vote Christian. For a Jew, everything but voting Jewish is voting Christian. To vote Christian you don't have to pull the Christian lever, to vote Jewish you have to pull the Jewish lever.

It is unfair. Citizens of the world, whose parents or grandparents just happen to have been Jews, find themselves compelled to make up their minds whether they want their own grandchildren to be Jews or Christians. The local color of "Christian" is secondary. Berenson when Bostonian was Episcopalian, when Florentine Catholic. Those refugees know that in Poland one is Catholic and in Denmark Lutheran.

What will smart people do now, seeing they cannot evade or deny the *either/or*? They will evade or deny it.

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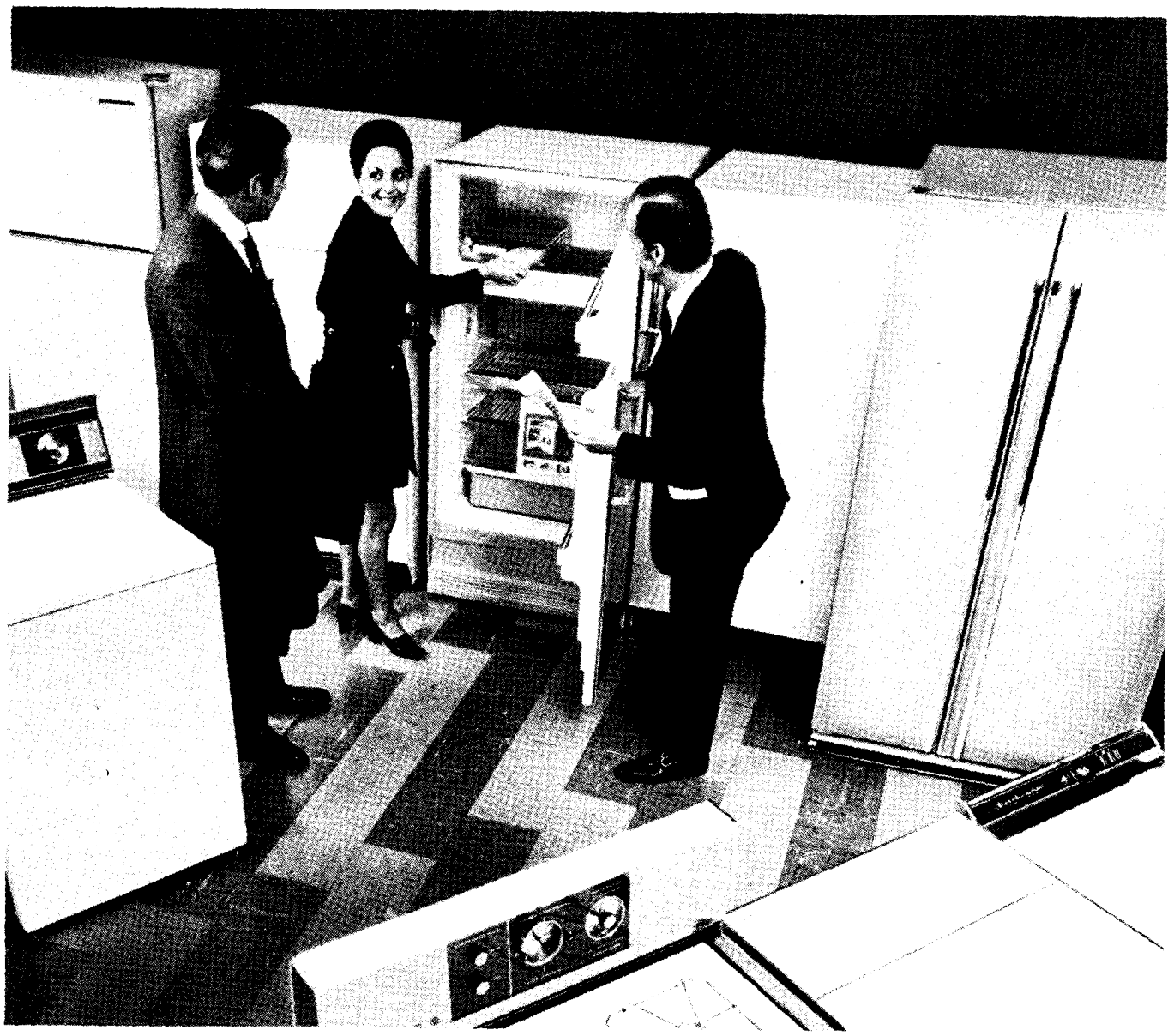

You supply the will-power... we'll supply the Grow-Power.

These kitchen beauties save steps, save time, save work.
But how to get them?

You *could* buy them on time. And pay up to 18% more in credit charges.

Or you can save for them—in a *Savings* Bank, where your money is rock-safe and where it earns higher interest-dividends than in other banks.

Save first—then use cash from your Savings Bank account instead of paying for things on time.

You'll save up to 18% credit charges. Yes, 18%.

Sure, saving takes a little will-power.

But if you supply the will-power, we'll supply the Grow-Power.

Savings Banks are people banks –helping people grow.

GROW POWER

SAVINGS

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Sex and Armageddon

John P. Sisk

WE ARE clearly caught up, and rather violently, in one of our periodic attempts to force the rhetoric of "Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness" into the remotest corners of our national life. Almost daily some group or other —blacks, women, students, homosexuals, the silent majority, nuns, seminarians, professional athletes, Indians, topless dancers, or marijuana mystics—announces its angry discovery that it is a "nigger" with respect to an established tyranny and that it intends to liberate itself with the least possible delay in order to pursue that happiness which is its birthright. As Tom Hayden declared at the University of Washington this spring, "Everybody is beginning to rise up at once." There is even a male liberation movement headed by a retired steamfitter. Only the foetus (nature's last silent nigger) is having trouble mounting, or persuading others to mount for it, a substantial liberation movement, its niggerhood being apparently too essential to the liberation of others. It is a time to recall lines from that great liberation poem, Walt Whitman's "Song of Myself": "Unscrew the locks from the doors!/ Unscrew the doors themselves from their jambs!"

In the meantime, those who can find no other way to take down a door can always join the sexual liberation movement—which at least in a symbolic way includes all the others. Americans have been conditioned to equate liberation with an assault on a frontier, and as David Riesman pointed out back in the 50's, sex is the last frontier. Specifically, the frontier of sex is that outermost verge of Victorian prudery beyond which, for those with sufficient derring-do, lies an ultimate enhancement of life. The appropriate myth here is that of Sleeping Beauty, who holds out the promise of an erotic utopia for those hardy enough to force their way through the barrier of repression that encloses her. In her American version, Sleeping Beauty represents the promise of the super orgasm, the supreme liberation, the grand terminus of the pursuit of happiness. Kinsey and Masters and Johnson (intrepid pioneers) have helped to clear the wilderness of her outer domain. Henry Miller tells the story of her heroic conquest. *Playboy* key clubs, nude Los Angeles waitresses, and bare-breasted entertainers swollen with silicone repeat her promise on the level of farce, while Prince Charming, American-style (let us now praise famous men), is defined in all his liberated hyperbole in the advertisements of the *Berkeley Barb:* "Anything Anyplace Bi-Male stud model athlete, muscular bod, yng, good looks, really hung and versatile. . . ."

Overawed as we are by the vision of such polymorphous virility, it is no wonder that we consume vast quantities of sexual liberation literature and drama. Rumors of sex-swinging clubs in Southern California tantalize us the way rumors of the Fountain of Youth tantalized Ponce de Leon, and at the same time tap deep-seated fears that we would not be able to make it in such a redskin world. Dr. David Reuben's book could not help being a best-seller in a society more than half convinced that when it has been told everything it has always wanted to know about sex it will know everything worth knowing about everything. The supercharged erotic atmosphere of our times can induce even in reasonably mature and contented married couples the anxieties of a too-sheltered puberty. Have they missed what the film *Man and Wife* guarantees to those who see it now: "Marital bliss and total fulfillment for a lifetime"? If, as Grove Press reminds us, de Sade has been called "the freest spirit that ever lived," how could one any longer tolerate the bondage from which, presumably, *Sixty Erotic Engravings from Juliette* will release him? Could there be a better, or more acrobatic, way both to discover and be delivered from the prison of erotic routine than by reading Holger Benson's *One Hundred Love Positions* (illustrated with "tasteful and discreet photographs") or L. P. O'Connor's *Photographic Manual of Sexual Intercourse* (a book that has been purchased by "many reputable institutions")? And then there is the unsettling possibility —suggested by films like *Sex in Denmark,* and *I Am Curious (Yellow)*—that the last frontier is being assaulted most vigorously not in America but in that old repressive Europe from which, bemused with liberation dreams, we once so gladly departed. America may have been first on the moon, concedes a full-page ad for *The Pictorial Guide to Sexual Intercourse* (original title, *Eimmaleins für Zwei*), but Europe "has always and probably will always lead the world in sexual knowledge and enlightenment." There is little comfort for us in Jonathan Edwards's very American conviction that the Sun of Righteousness now rises in the west if we suspect that the ecstasy is still back where we came from.

I note in a review of Edward M. Brecher's *The Sex Researchers* that our convalescence from "sexually debilitating Victorianism" is progressing nicely. I haven't read this "first history of sexology" but

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I hope that it gives some credit for the recovery to Hugh Hefner. According to Tom Wolfe, Hefner is little more than halfway through his magnum opus, a solemn dissertation being published piecemeal in *Playboy* "on the absurdity of Victorian sex codes in the modern world." Wolfe recognizes that the real absurdity may be in the enterprise itself, that it is "a tedious set-to with a colossus that somebody or other must have killed off about 40 years ago." But Wolfe misses something important, even heroic, in Hefner's commitment to this task. If you want to experience sexual liberation as symbolic of liberation itself you must have Victorian repression constantly available to define it against—even if you have to make up your Victorianism as you go along. To let Victorianism go is to let sexual liberation go. This is why *Playboy* is really a Victorian publication, as well as a prime example of the law that the over-reaction from hang-up is hang-up.

In *The Pump House Gang* Wolfe tells us that Hefner, working the gadgets in his fabulous house, made him think of Jay Gatsby: "Both were scramblers who came up from out of nowhere to make their fortunes and build their palaces and ended up in regal isolation." After conceding the obvious differences between the two figures, Wolfe drops the subject, but it is worth pursuing, not least because *The Great Gatsby* passes a disquieting judgment on the *Playboy* enterprise and the great American innocence about sex-as-liberation that it represents.

As MANY READERS have no doubt discovered, *The Great Gatsby* is a very erotic novel, however discreet it may seem when compared with Philip Roth's *Portnoy's Complaint* or Mailer's *An American Dream*. Its vision of American possibility as well as its vision of American disillusion is highly eroticized; one might say that it dramatizes in terms of a sexual analogue the very vulnerability of the American effort. This is especially clear at the end, and would have been clearer still if Fitzgerald had had his way entirely. In all editions the penultimate paragraph begins: "Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgiastic future that year by year recedes before us." Fitzgerald's preferred word in this sentence, to judge from his letter to Maxwell Perkins, was "orgastic," the adjective for "orgasm," which, wrote Fitzgerald, 'expresses exactly the intended ecstasy." Certainly it is the appropriate word given the terms with which, two paragraphs earlier, the New World is presented to the Dutch sailors: "fresh green breast," "pandered in whispers," "transitory enchanted moment."

In this great passage the Dutch sailors are assigned an evaluation of the New World that historically anticipates, and at the same time gives both mythic and ironic resonance to, Jay Gatsby's evaluation of Daisy Buchanan, the girl with whom five years before he had had a passionate wartime romance. In that evaluation money, too, is eroticized, for, as he comes to realize, Daisy's voice "is full of money." But what is most poignantly eroticized is Gatsby's last moments floating on the air mattress, when, the phone call from Daisy not having come, "he must have felt that he had lost the old warm world, paid a high price for living too long with a single dream." For in the erotic terms of the novel, Gatsby drifting in his swimming pool is experiencing the disenchanted aftermath of an orgasm that has fallen disastrously short of expectations. So he sees "an unfamiliar sky through frightening leaves," finds the rose grotesque and the sunlight raw in a "new world, material without being real," and is murdered by an "ashen, fantastic figure" who had drifted toward him "through the amorphous trees." This figure —George Wilson who mistakenly believes that Gatsby was the driver of the car that killed his wife the night before—brings with him the image of the ashheaps beside which his garage is located. And it is the ashheaps, the refuse of a technological society, that represent the rape of that virgin land before which the Dutch sailors had once stood entranced.

But if Gatsby's aspiration to a godlike liberation of his capacity for life is expressed in sexual terms, he is nevertheless far from the sexual athletes who, past masters perhaps of the one hundred love positions, come after him. Gatsby the erotic transcendentalist is, like Thoreau the celibate transcendentalist, an impulse-inhibiting man, having gone from rags to riches by means of the ascetic practices prescribed by Benjamin Franklin and Horatio Alger. In committing himself to Daisy "he found that he had committed himself to the following of a grail" and to the ascetic disciplines that grail-followers must accept; and indeed, one finds him everywhere in the chapter "The Knight Goes Forth" in Erich Auerbach's *Mimesis*. The goings-on in Hefner's *Playboy* mansion would surely scandalize him no less than Hefner's *Playboy* philosophy. Nevertheless, Gatsby is a Puritan, and it is his puritanism that relates him to the mystique of the orgasm as supreme liberation.

The kind of puritanism I have in mind is delineated by Rollo May in *Love and Will* "as a state of alienation from the body, separation of emotion and reason and the use of the body as a machine," whether to deny it or indulge it. The indulgent new Puritan aspires to let himself go in passion without "unseemly commitment" to a person; he wants to have sex without falling into love, as the Victorian sought to have love without falling into sex. "And like all genuine Puritans (very passionate men underneath) the new sophisticate does it [cultivates the tool of his body] by devoting himself passionately to the moral principle of dispersing all passion, loving everybody until love has no power left to scare anyone. He is deathly afraid of his passions unless they are kept under leash, and the theory of total expression is precisely his leash."

In most respects Gatsby is obviously not a sophisticated new Puritan, but he is a Puritan, and even a new Puritan, in his impersonality, his unawareness of human personhood, whether his own or others. He is separated from an awareness of personhood by his godhead; he has sprung from his "Platonic conception of himself"; he is a "son of God." There is no more effective (and glamorous)

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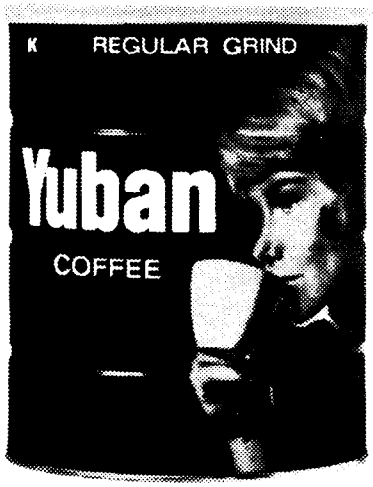

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way to alienate oneself from his body, to put his own and all other bodies at the "service of a vast, vulgar, and meretricious beauty." He is, of course, alienated from the personhood and body of Daisy Buchanan, as well, for the Daisy in his head, the Daisy of the symbolic green dock light, is no more a mortal woman than the white whale is a mortal fish for that other Puritan, Ahab, in Melville's *Moby Dick*.

Gatsby's impersonality, his alienation from his body, goes along with his alienation from time. Gods do not live in time, only persons with bodies do. Hence, when Nick Carraway observes that "You can't repeat the past," Gatsby cries incredulously, "Why of course you can!" This is also why later, during the confrontation in the Plaza hotel suite, Gatsby is bewildered when Daisy tries to explain that she can't help what's past, that though she loved her husband once she loved Gatsby too. This is the time-bound, flesh-and-blood Daisy speaking, and about this pathetic creature Gatsby knows and cares as little as Othello knows and cares about the historical flesh-and-blood Desdemona.

The inability to understand and accept the flesh-and-blood, time-bound Daisy expresses Gatsby's conviction that time is evil and thus expresses, too, the Manicheism that romanticism carries like a virus. It is important to remember that Manicheism was itself a liberation movement, that it yearned to free the soul from the time-and-matter-bound body. It could also tolerate a great deal of sexual liberation, so long as it did not terminate in generation. No doubt, as with some other "liberation" heresies, it was understood by many of its adherents as primarily a sexual liberation movement, but its real aim was to escape from the evil of time and matter—that is, human bodies and human loving. Rollo May's new puritanism, which uses bodies to transcend time in orgasm, is at heart similarly Manichean in its conviction about the evil of time and matter. It repeats in a sexual context the American's traditional conviction that he is by some kind of divine fiat liberated from the prison of the corrupt time-order of the Old World. Hefner is closer than his critics realize to the great Puritan visionaries who saw the American enterprise as a convenanted journey toward the east. He would, I suspect, understand the sense of mission that led Governor Winthrop to exclaim: "For wee must Consider that wee shall be as a Citty upon a Hill, the eies of all people are uppon us." For Hefner is no less embarked on a quest for paradise than Winthrop was in 17th-century Puritan New England.

But the quest for the paradise of sexual liberation being a Puritan thing can have some of the disturbing Puritan consequences, one of the worst of which is the separation of orders, so that an unqualified and undeviating commitment on the theological, ideological, or visionary level is accompanied by ruthlessness or cynical exploitation on the level of everyday living. For Gatsby this is the combination of his dreams with the foul dust that floats in their wake. In contemporary American life it is the combination of a liberation mystique with a dehumanizing subordination of persons to orgasm—an erotic repetition of the combination in European fascism of the mystique of state with a murderous depersonalization.

IN HUMAN SEXUALITY the separation of orders is favorable to the production and sale of pornography—which, the President's (repudiated) Commission on Obscenity and Pornography seems to have discovered, represents a respectable percentage of the gross national product. Militant anti-pornographers are horrified with the amount of it they see around them. No doubt faulty definition, over-susceptibility, and the confusion of sex with other issues are factors in the militancy: sex is as likely to be a symbolic thing for crusading censors as for crusading libertarians. However, one does not have to be a crusading, and perhaps emotionally askew, prude to be struck with the abundance of what has conventionally been called pornography. Americans, nevertheless, are still to a striking degree too moralistic and too idealistic for the grim masturbatory concentration that the experience of pornography demands. If the orders have separated, they aspire to rejoin them. Hence, the potentially pornographic is put into an idealizing or moralizing context in which the familiar villains that oppose an honest, courageous, and liberating assault on the frontier of sex are prudery, hypocrisy, and censorship.

Similarly, wife-swappings, orgies, and the various kinds of erotic basic encounters fit easily into the all-purpose euphemistic formulas always available to those who need to see their current preoccupations in crusading or salvational terms: they salvage stale marriages, they promote group solidarity, they provide alternate models for togetherness, they give honest expression to a need for deeper intimacy, they expand sexual consciousness, they make possible the exploration of new life styles, they are powerful forms of sex education, they are means for discovering the true basis of love—or, to borrow the language of a sex swinger whom Richard Warren Lewis quotes in a *Playboy* article, they afford the experience of "a strange sensation of omniscience, a godlike quality, a sense of power." If some enterprising American, having learned from the Johnson and Masters *Human Sexual Response* that the most intense orgasms "were achieved by self-regulated mechanical or automanipulative technique," should ever develop an electronic masturbation machine for the home ("his" and "hers" versions in matching colors, perhaps to be located near the sauna bath), it will surely be advertised and used in the spirit that led Roger Williams to defy the theocratic Massachusetts Bay Establishment.

The youthful sexual swaggerers in the *Berkeley Barb* must be read in this spirit. Their ads, if taken by themselves, may strike many readers as "sexual perversions that would make de Sade blush," to use the rather heated language of a Liberty Lobby pamphlet. In context, however, the ads are caught up into the helter-skelter liberation mystique of the paper, where they are part of a fantasy in which (contrary to considerable evidence in both psychology and history)

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total impulse-release prepares for total political revolution. In this heady environment, to be "Bi Male Tall Slim and Hung-Hung-Hung Original" is to be a potent force in sexual politics: to place one's faith in vote by genitals rather than vote by ballot. As Ronald McGuire once put it in a City College of New York publication, "Our politics is the politics of youth. We are cultural revolutionaries, LSD is our textbook, Day-Glo our weapon and orgasm our victory."

The likely thing, in short, is that even the most ardent swingers will in the interest of peace of mind attempt to see their swinging in terms of some morally endorsing framework or some larger integrating vision. (Mr. Lewis reports that most swingers think of themselves as "nonpromiscuous and their activities highly moral"). Hence the importance of Hefner's philosophy; it may amuse Tom Wolfe and bore many others, but it is indispensable to the *Playboy* effort to keep the orders from separating. It is quite properly a "solemn dissertation," for *Playboy* is basically a solemn magazine, as the letters-to-the-editor section helps to make clear. I can believe that the editors were quite honestly shocked to find their publication satirically attacked not too long ago in an underground newspaper that featured a cartoon in which a man was represented masturbating while looking at pictures of Playgirls of the month. *Playboy* is as anxious to avoid the label of pornography as the early Wordsworth was to avoid poetic diction. Its line of development passes through the old-fashioned true-confession magazine, in which a moralistic framework functioned to protect publisher, editor, writer, and reader from a sense of dangerous overcommitment to subversive passional experience. In matters erotic, its public image, like that of the late Marilyn Monroe, contains the promise of total sexual fulfillment with the assurance of total innocence.

In view of the traditional close association of hard liquor and the release of sexual inhibitions, it is interesting to learn that Hefner drinks a dozen or so bottles of Pepsi-Cola a day. Gatsby the bootlegger is also an abstemious man. The novel in which he appears, however, is as boozy as it is erotic; in it the metaphors of orgasm and intoxication are as inseparable as they were for the temperance crusaders who believed that the paintings of naked women in saloons were as much a menace as the alcohol. The Dutch sailors have an intoxicating vision of the New World, ironic anticipations of which occur throughout the novel. The light in *The Great Gatsby* comes filtered through cocktail glasses and is projected back as glamorous but deceptive vision: the movie star staged beneath the plum tree at Gatsby's party; New York as seen from the Queensboro bridge; Gatsby as seen by his guests; Daisy as seen by Gatsby; Tom Buchanan's world as seen by his mistress, Myrtle Wilson. Gatsby the non-drinker is, of course, the most intoxicated man in the story (is it technology that intoxicates Hefner?); therefore, for him more than for any other character, "the rock of the world was founded securely on a fairy's wing." The recurring pattern in the novel is that of drunkenness and hangover and the repeated experience is that of the discovery of illusion. The most painful hangover is the one experienced by Gatsby on the air mattress: that quintessential American moment which is the traumatic aftermath of innocence. The vision of hangover is the vision of the ashheaps, the experience of that possibility which always haunts the American innocent and leads him in moods of disillusionment to define reality, in Lionel Trilling's words, as "hard, resistant, unformed, impenetrable, and unpleasant."

The entire novel is troubled with this possibility, just as the whole *Playboy* effort is troubled with the possibility that in the hard cold light of the morning after, the erotic utopia of its aspiration will be reduced to a kitchen midden of silicone injectors, contraceptive pills, empty cosmetic vials, and broken Pepsi-Cola bottles. The power of the novel derives in great part from its ability to contemplate this possibility without being innocently overwhelmed by it. The same thing is true to an even greater extent about *Moby Dick,* which is able to avoid the innocence of identifying ultimate reality with a Newtonian universe in which "all deified nature absolutely paints like the harlot, whose allurements cover nothing but the charnel house within." Melville's great book, as this passage from "The Whiteness of the Whale" suggests, has its own erotic tone. Analogously considered, Ahab aspires passionately to the supreme orgasm that will get him beyond all orgasms, but which when he achieves it turns out to be only the love-death. The whale to which he is lashed when we last see him is his air mattress, and one may imagine that at the end he had his own vision of the ashheaps.

THE INTERDEPENDENCE of sexual liberation and drug liberation is apparent enough; indeed, sexual liberation is not so much the consequence of drugs as it is a way in which they validate themselves as authentic liberators of the time- and flesh-bound subject into the experience of the ecstatic NOW. There is no better place to see this manifestation of the great American innocence than in the saga of Ken Kesey's Merry Pranksters as narrated by Tom Wolfe in *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test.* This lengthy experiment in drug-induced ecstasy, in which a privileged and god-intoxicated elite aspires to release the square world from its imprisonment in the old time-bound and life-denying order, is a caricature of the American effort to free itself from the prison of European history. Its hero, Kesey, has clear affinities with Thoreau, Melville's Ahab, and Jay Gatsby. Each expresses a radical discontent with the limitations of the human condition and aspires to transcend it: Thoreau by a basically ascetic triumph over that "inferior and brutish nature to which he is allied"; Ahab by killing Moby Dick and therefore achieving a total and god-like triumph over evil, and therefore over time; Gatsby by possessing the goddess Daisy and thereby achieving a time-defying godhead himself; Kesey by overcoming the

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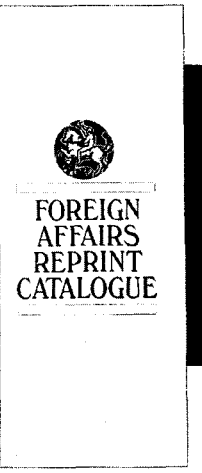

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one-thirtieth of a second sensory lag that stands between him and the experience of NOW, the ultimate *kairos*.

The sexual liberation in *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test* happens in an atmosphere of total innocence, as befits an American effort to remove doors from jambs. Indeed, the uninhibited sexuality in it is represented as a kind of sacrament, both a sign and cause of blessedness, for Wolfe is convinced that the Pranksters had a true religious experience. He was helped to this conviction by his readings in Joachim Wach's *Sociology of Religion*. It is interesting to imagine how his view of his subject might have been modified if instead he had approached it through a book like Norman Cohn's *The Pursuit of the Millennium*, a powerful study of heretical liberation movements in the Middle Ages. Here he might have found the true progenitors of the Pranksters in the Brethren of the Free Spirit (or Spiritual Libertines) and in the Ranters who surfaced later in 17th-century England—an elite of amoral supermen, as Cohn calls them. This heresy was characterized by "a system of self-exaltation often amounting to self-deification; a pursuit of total emancipation which in practice could result in antinomianism and particularly in anarchic eroticism, often also a revolutionary social doctrine which denounced the institution of private property and aimed at its abolition." Between it and authentic Christian mysticism, Cohn points out, the gulf was immense. The amoral supermen routinely claimed to possess prodigious thaumaturgic powers, believed their acts to be performed "not in time but in eternity," rejected normal social relations, and abandoned all vigils, fasts, and ascetic practices. Significantly, the sexual act was given a quasi-mystical value; indeed, says Cohn, "one of the surest marks of the 'subtle in spirit' was precisely the ability to indulge in promiscuity without fear of God or qualm of conscience."

They sound, in short, a good deal like those American antinomians whose errors, "like strong wine," as a 17th-century divine put it, "make men's judgements reel and stagger, who are drunken therewith." It is conceivable that if Wolfe had approached the Pranksters armed with Cohn's book he would have been less inclined to take them at their own euphoric evaluation—might indeed have approached them with some of the jaunty irreverence that is a distinctive feature of *The Pump House Gang*. Wolfe has a sharp eye for some of the absurdities, even the horrors, of American innocence. Surely the frenetic aspiration for a total technological control in the interest of an ultimate orgastic breakthrough is at least as fair a target with the Pranksters as with Hugh Hefner.

LIBERATION movements in America have a strong bias for antinomianism, that conviction of an innocent elevation above the law because of an irresistible and sanctifying grace. It is useful to remember that antinomianism historically was the subversive underside of puritanism and a much more present menace to it than the old Roman church. Indeed, the two existed together in a symbiotic relationship quite similar to that of Victorianism and Hugh Hefner's philosophy—a fact that Governor Winthrop makes clear in his account of the trial and banishment of antinomian Anne Hutchinson, "a woman of ready wit and bold spirit." Sexual liberation in the *Berkeley Barb*, in *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*, and in *Playboy* is in the antinomian tradition, though Anne Hutchinson would have a hard time recognizing its version of the Holy Ghost. It even has its own experience of irresistible grace: the implied beneficent force that works through impulse and honors with beatification those who give themselves generously to it. Antinomian sex, being limitless in its aspirations, must be depersonalized sex, or "consumer sex" as the psychiatrist Karl Stern calls it. Personalized sex is limited by commitments; its aim is not so much liberation as it is a deepening of love between persons and a strengthening of commitment. From the innocent antinomian point of view this kind of loving is simply a picture of the imprisoned spirit denied its birthright by malign, perhaps even diabolic, forces, while from the Puritan point of view it represents a state of affairs moving dangerously toward idolatry. In America, love is the scarred victim of the furious dialectic between these two views.

THE OLD Puritan impulse in American life was grounded on the assumption that sexual antinomianism is a sign of a moral economy that leads to a dangerous dissipation of energies vital to personal and national survival. In this view, intemperance in sex and the use of alcohol is followed by the corruption of that prime national resource, the American character. Even Thoreau, who had in most respects cut himself loose from Puritan orthodoxy, was in agreement with this impulse, convinced as he was that the wise man would prefer water to wine and continence ("it invigorates and inspires us") to looseness (it "dissipates and makes us unclean") in the use of "generative energy." In such an impulse-inhibiting economy, to cultivate sexual passion for its own sake is to submit oneself to a wilderness in which, since she is only the disguise for destructive elemental forces, Sleeping Beauty had better be kept intemperately in chains.

The fact that this traditional moral economy is not dead can be seen in the force it exerts as a negative image in the minds of its opponents, as though it were an order imposed by an evil god who must be propitiated even as he is rejected. Undeniably, however, it gets a bad press. At the present time our practice is to identify it with the political Right—with the likes of the John Birch Society, the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade, and the Liberty Lobby—for which sex education in the schools, sensitivity training, and pornography in the media tend to get bound together in a familiar package with Communist subversion. The Right in this manifestation has come a long way from the Puritan movement, which, before it deteriorated into the rigidities of Victorianism, was in its best representatives, says Rollo May, "characterized by admirable qualities of dedication to integrity and truth."

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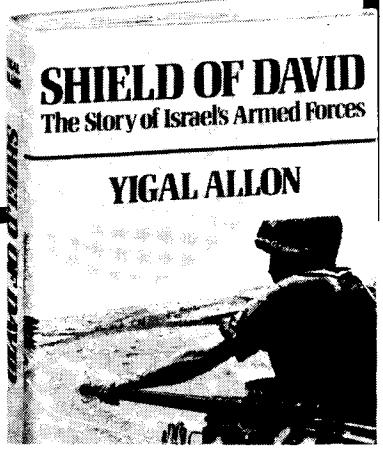

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Nevertheless, even in its present state of exacerbation it gives voice to an ancient American fear that the intoxication of a happiness-oriented freedom will be followed by the demoralization of hangover and by the political despair that is always being nurtured in the womb of innocence. In contemporary terms this is the fear that Hugh Hefner is trying to put us all on Jay Gatsby's air mattress (if not lash us with Ahab to the back of Moby Dick). It is also, I suspect, the sign of an inchoate realization that the sinister model lurking behind the dream of the super-orgasm is that of the hydrogen bomb itself, that overwhelming experience of elemental force in which one "dies" in a peace that surpasses understanding.

Indeed, the anxieties of the Right might help one to see that the excesses of sexual liberation are intimately allied with the squandering and pollution that characterizes our sensate and impulse-releasing culture. In his powerful *New York Review* essay, "Ecological Armageddon," Robert L. Heilbroner asks:

> Can we really persuade the citizens of the Western world, who are just now entering the heady atmosphere of a high consumption way of life, that conservation, stability, frugality, and a deep concern for the distant future must now take priority over the personal indulgence for which they have been culturally prepared and which they are now about to experience for the first time?

Conservation, stability, frugality, a deep concern for the future: characteristics no more likely to be admired in *Playboy* than in *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*. Heilbroner is writing about the Spaceship Earth as it concerns all its occupants, but America, the most affluent passenger, is clearly very much on his mind, and the conclusion of his essay is pregnant with the traditional American anxiety: will the American character be equal to a demand at least as great as any ever placed upon it, or will "the increasingly visible approach of Armageddon . . . bring not repentance but Saturnalia"?

Seen in this perspective, the dream of sensate affluence for which orgastic liberation is a persuasive symbol may be as irrelevant to our present needs as Norman O. Brown's dream of salvation through the holy madness of an elite, or Ken Kesey's closely related dream of whole civilizations experiencing an acid-induced (and centrally-controlled) *satori*. It is not a question of whether certain heroic individuals can manage to combine a cult of orgastic ecstasy with an active ecological concern for Spaceship Earth. Nor is it a question of whether ultimately a sensate or an ascetic cultural orientation promises more for personal growth. Rather, it is a question of how much concerted long-term support for an ecological effort one can expect from a culture in which a significant and compelling factor is a new puritanism and all that it implies about the urgencies of self-indulgence.

For Mr. Heilbroner, the effort necessary to arrest ecological decay presumes a political awakening. It is hard to imagine such an awakening, in effect a conversion, that is not grounded in loving concern, however much it may depend upon enlightened selfishness or simple fear of extinction. For Rollo May, loving concern at its best is *agapé*, "esteem for the other, the concern for the other's welfare beyond any gain that one can get out of it." In the innocent sexual wilderness that so compels our culture there is little *agapé* and a frightening potential for that apathy that May identifies as the opposite of love. Love and the capacity for willed imaginative action that cannot be separated from it are what make the world go round for May. No doubt Heilbroner would agree with him. Together they suggest the ironic possibility that an innocent pursuit of freedom and personal gratification may, in Heilbroner's words, result in a "gradual worsening and coarsening of our style of life."

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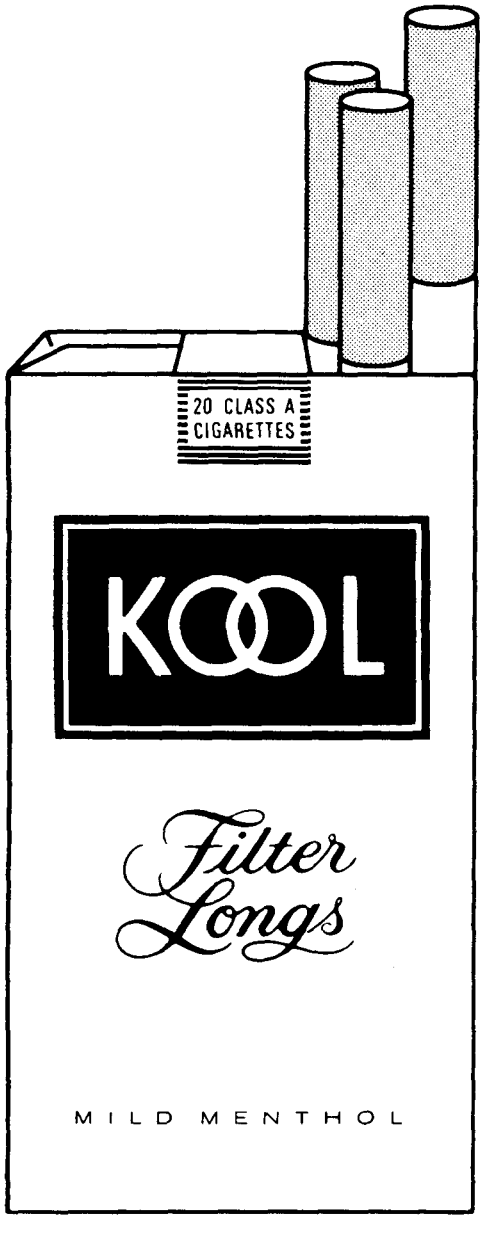

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Objectivity

THE COMING CRISIS IN WESTERN SOCIOLOGY. By ALVIN W. GOULDNER. *Basic Books. 528 pp. $12.50.*

Reviewed by STANLEY ROTHMAN

IN THE social sciences, at least, no group of academics has been more sympathetic to the students of the New Left than have sociologists, and David Riesman has even contended that the profession has contributed in some measure to the development of the movement. Ironically, New Left students who are now becoming New Left Ph.D.'s in sociology have begun to rebel against what they consider the "conservatism" of some of their ex-professors. Alvin Gouldner's book argues that all of this presages the emergence of a new "radical" sociology, and he tries to create a theoretical framework to serve as its guide.

Essentially Gouldner's book consists of five interrelated parts: an attack on "objective," "value-free" social science; a sociology of the history of sociology; a critique of Talcott Parsons, together with an analysis of the sources of his thought; some comments on the state of Marxist sociology in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe; and, finally, a short statement of the author's proposal for a new sociology.

Gouldner's critique of the cult of "scientism" in contemporary American social science makes some telling if obvious points. The overly abstract language used by sociologists (and political scientists) frequently conceals conceptual poverty. Today's social scientists often lack historical perspective and their excessive concern with methodological purity can contribute little or nothing to understanding contemporary American society and its problems. Certainly many of those who emphasize their "objectivity" and the value-free character of social science produce studies which derive from only partially conscious assumptions about the nature of reality.

What is Gouldner's remedy? Part of it involves the recognition that social science can never achieve complete objectivity, and the demand that sociologists strive to understand the social and psychological sources of their *own* biases, or, as he labels them, "background" and "domain assumptions." Social scientists must renounce the attempt to achieve complete detachment and strive to bring into existence the good, the true, and the beautiful. In evaluating their own work they should be primarily concerned with the social consequences of their findings. Their task, in short, is to produce studies and theories which contribute to the "liberation" rather than the continued repression of man. Thus the way is paved for a deeply self-aware, "reflexive" sociology.

THE FIRST portion of Gouldner's program is unexceptional, although he seems much less willing to investigate the sources of his own biases than he is to uncover those of others. The second has become a rallying point of radical sociology. Yet how can we "liberate" men (whatever that means) unless we can describe with some accuracy the ideas and the institutions they have created, and decide whether these are liberating or repressive? It is probably safe to suppose that we all would like to achieve the good, the true, and the beautiful —though Gouldner appears to believe that such motives are limited to himself, or at most to the New Left as a whole—but real social and political debate rarely focuses with profit on such worthy truisms. Rather, social issues generally center on the beliefs (prejudices?) that men hold concerning which means will best enable us to achieve given ends.

Most of the things Gouldner supports (black power, changes in American foreign policy, and the like) are not ends in themselves. His choices, I would assume, are based on the belief that particular groups or policies are worth supporting because that support will contribute to the attainment of the humane ends which he asserts are his ultimate goals. If his beliefs derive only from his gut, then he has no more call upon our hearts or minds than someone who believes that human liberation is to be achieved by drinking carrot juice. Whatever the relation between facts and values, it is impossible to evaluate an institution or a proposed course of action without a reasonably accurate analysis of what it *is*, or of the likely consequences of changing it. In short, we necessarily derive the great majority of those beliefs and attitudes which we loosely call our values from our understanding of "reality."

Now the idea of a completely objective "scientific" social science is probably a mirage, but that is no excuse for indulging one's prejudices, even if one warns his audience in advance of what he is doing. The best social scientist is one who keeps his intellect open to new ideas and new evidence, and constantly reexamines his views, for this is the most effective way in which he can help us refine and redefine our "values." The academic who parades his "moral" commitment to a particular group or world view often loses the capacity to do what he is best equipped to do and ends up a second-rate ideologue.

GOULDNER'S sociological history of academic sociology—of which the core is "functionalism"—is as unsatisfying as his radical methodology. He appears to be arguing that European and American academic sociology has fundamentally been a reflection of bourgeois civilization, although at times he sees its origins in the whole Western philosophic tradition, beginning with Plato, or asserts that it is characteristic of all industrial societies at a certain

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stage of development. The bourgeoisie were sympathetic to functionalism, he claims, because it was functional, i.e., it served their needs. Utility and considerations of effectiveness or power were substituted for moral imperatives. Henceforth men and things would be valued not for themselves but only in terms of the social ends which they served. In bourgeois society people are concerned with the consequences of their acts rather than their intrinsic morality. Power and morality are divorced, the latter becoming a private affair.

For Gouldner, the French "Declaration of the Rights of Man" represents the quintessence of political utilitarianism, and functional sociology, introduced by Emile Durkheim, is the epitome of utilitarianism in the social sciences. Here Gouldner's potted analysis breaks down completely. Most writers since the 19th century, Marxist as well as non-Marxist, have identified utilitarianism with England and have traced it back to Hobbes. Why is it, then, Gouldner asks, that the English did not develop a utilitarian (i.e., a functional) sociology? The answer, like so much of the book, is simple. Quoting an obscure writer in the *New Left Review*, Gouldner argues that the English "middle class" was so "traumatized by the French Revolution and fearful of the nascent working-class movement" that it "accommodated itself to the English aristocracy." Why the English middle classes were more traumatized than the French by a Revolution which occurred in France remains unexplained. Nor does Gouldner confront the army of non-Marxist and Marxist scholars who have spoken of the relative quiescence of the English working class, and the relative self-confidence of the English bourgeoisie, during this period. I do not object a priori to an interpretation which turns several generations of scholarship on its head; the process does, however, call for more than one footnote.

Actually Gouldner turned to France for fairly obvious reasons. If one relies on a pseudo-Marxist sociology of knowledge, one has to prove that thinkers reflect their socio-economic environment in an almost mechanical way. And since Durkheim can be legitimately classified as an early functionalist, he must therefore be seen to reflect the utilitarian culture of the French middle class, whatever the "objective" facts may be.

In any event, Gouldner claims, utilitarian culture has "alienated" (that word again) man by treating him as a thing to be manipulated by social scientists. Indeed, he argues, it has produced the impersonal horror of modern society. However, he goes on, this culture is facing a crisis. Having hoped to hold society together by providing men with more and more goods, the bourgeoisie have now discovered that beyond a certain point the prospect of greater personal affluence becomes increasingly less attractive. The new, more affluent generation is turning away from bourgeois values and seeking spontaneity, goodness, freedom, authenticity, and communitarianism. Psychedelic culture, he concludes, is part of this phenomenon and of the decay of bourgeois society.

It is difficult to comprehend Gouldner's critique of utilitarianism. Is he describing Bentham or Mill or the great majority of contemporary philosophers who argue that any moral system must be largely concerned with the utility of acts? Perhaps he has in mind some unspecified ideal type which incorporates all of these plus "bourgeois" culture? How can utilitarianism both reduce morality to a private affair and, at the same time, subordinate the individual to considerations of social utility? As far as I understand him, it seems to me that Gouldner is almost entirely wrong. In fact, utilitarianism subordinates power to morality since it defines the good in terms of the *welfare* of the *individuals* who compose the community rather than in terms of some larger collectivity, whether Church or State. Under the impact of bourgeois culture the gap between individual morality and public policy is reduced, and doctrines of *raison d'état* begin to crumble. *Social* utilitarianism, which emphasizes the collectivity as against the individual, is far more characteristic of traditional societies than of modern societies, which is why Gouldner can find the origins of utilitarianism in Plato. He could find it just as easily in Confucius or the Hebrew prophets. Modern utilitarianism represents a revolt against such views in the name of the individual.

Given his critique of utilitarianism, Gouldner's own position is a rather curious one. Men, he says, create moral codes in order to dominate others, and a conflict model is the one which should be used to study society, for conflict is an inherent part of social process. Yet he also believes that men are somehow *inherently* good, and he strongly implies that our adoption of the new psychedelic counter-culture and a "Dionysian" model of man will bring about anarchic communitarianism and the welfare of all. While characterized by a certain amount of confusion, Gouldner's recommendations for the future, including his research strategy, are based explicitly on arguments as to their utility, i.e., their *effectiveness* in achieving certain goals. Thus, while his own view combines elements of Thrasymachus and Rousseau, it is primarily "Left" utilitarian. Impulse takes the place of interest, but that invisible hand still insures the general welfare.

GOULDNER DEVOTES the largest portion of his book to Talcott Parsons and to the Parsonian brand of functionalism, which according to him dominated American sociological thinking in the 1930's, 1940's, and 1950's (although he is aware of counter-currents). A whole treatise could be devoted to examining the flaws in Gouldner's critique of Parsons. I shall limit myself to a few major points. First, Parsonianism never dominated American sociology. Parsons himself may have been regarded as the discipline's leading theorist because of the sheer range and complexity of his mind, but most social scientists, as I read them, more or less kept on doing what they had always been doing. Many borrowed some ideas from Parsons and from functionalism in general where these ideas seemed useful, even as Gouldner relies on a functional approach from time to time in his own anal-

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ysis. However, the most popular books during the 1950's were distinctly non-Parsonian; books like C. Wright Mills's *The Power Elite,* David Riesman's *The Lonely Crowd,* and William H. Whyte's *The Organization Man,* to mention just a few. Nor were the leading texts in the field particularly Parsonian.

Second, Gouldner's criticism of Parsons is superficial and largely *ad hominem*; he strongly implies that Parsons is an unintelligible fraud and that his reputation rests on his Harvard association. Third, he makes a number of assertions for which he offers no evidence whatsoever; for example that Parsons initially opposed government intervention for social reform, or that Parsons has been engaged in a continuing polemic against Marx. Indeed, the last point is altogether absurd. Parsons is rarely polemical and he has always regarded Marx as one of the founders of sociology, albeit one-sided in his approach.

The level of Gouldner's analysis is illustrated by his use of a quotation from Parsons, in which the latter asserts that any socialist society would certainly incorporate some of the features of the capitalist society which preceded it. To Gouldner this is evidence of Parsons's bourgeois capitalist bias. The charge is true only if we make the same charge of Marx, who, after all, stressed the same point. Other evidence of Parsons's bourgeois bias includes his argument that fundamental to all modern societies are "bureaucratic organization . . . money and market systems, generalized universalistic legal systems, and the democratic association with elective leadership." "What this implies," says Gouldner,

> is that the "free enterprise system" of American society is a uniquely powerful embodiment of all the important evolutionary universals that, according to Parsons, have ever been invented.
>
> . . . One cannot but be half-amused (and half-amazed) that in a discussion of evolution with its fundamental concern for what is surviving and what is not, anyone could have missed the fact that, in just fifty years, the Marxist-socialist nations have come to control half the world.

Now Parsons may be right or wrong, but there is nothing particularly bourgeois or pro-capitalist in his statement, unless one assumes that elections are merely a bourgeois phenomenon. The Soviets certainly don't believe this, since they continually emphasize the importance of elections and "democratic" processes in their society. More to the point, despite Marxist (and even Leninist) theory, the Soviets *have* created a modern bureaucratic organization, are in the process of creating a generalized universalistic legal system, and except for the period of War Communism, have always used money, and to a certain extent, the market. Indeed, their reliance on market mechanisms seems to be increasing. In sum, there is considerable evidence that contemporary industrial societies are characterized by the features Parsons ascribes to them.

When Gouldner calls Parsons a conservative, he means essentially that the latter is not a utopian; that instead of being attracted to anarchic violence which will "liberate" men, he believes that social systems if they are to survive will always require a political order, economic institutions, mechanisms for socializing children, and similar institutions. Gouldner suggests, however, that Parsons's concern about the continuity and, he says, immortality of social systems, is an attempt to escape from the reality of personal mortality.

The sources of Parsonianism, the author informs us, can be found in Parsons's bourgeois background, his association with an elite school like Harvard, and the fact that he matured before the crisis of American society ushered in by the Depression. However, there is a catch in all this, since for Gouldner the coming of the welfare state and the consolidation of the Soviet regime have led to a gradual, although not fully acknowledged, convergence of Parsonianism and Marxism, even as a new radical sociology appears which challenges both of them. For example, Parsons believes that men can bring about social change (he is a "voluntarist"). That brings him to a convergence with the early Marx and Lenin which, the author claims, he refuses to admit. Parsons stresses the importance of kinship in the emergence of societies as well as the importance of language in the development of civilization, points which have also been made by Marx! Need one point out that all of these positions have also been taken by literally hundreds of other theorists through the entire history of European social thought? Parsons seems to be converging with just about everybody.

What are we to make of Gouldner's reflexive sociology and of the New Left sociologists in general? Let us dare for a moment to apply to them the same analysis of "background" and "domain assumptions" that they apply to others. Could it be that behind the call for a new freedom lurks a strain toward domination? The ease with which Gouldner and other New Left sociologists dismiss both facts and those who disagree with them must give us serious pause. One of the major characteristics of the totalitarian mind, Hannah Arendt has suggested, is its extreme subjectivity—a helpful insight in considering Gouldner's research strategy, with its emphasis on evaluating social science in terms of its usefulness in achieving the goals he wishes to achieve, and in considering too the cavalier manner in which he writes history.

The publication and reception of Gouldner's book are themselves ironic. Here is a volume merciless in its attack on the liberal welfare "Establishment" and those "careerist" sociologists who toady to it or to their department chairmen. Yet the book was supported in part by elements of that very Establishment (in this case the Russell Sage Foundation and Washington University) which it proposes overturning. Moreover, it was published by an "Establishment" press and subsequently received two ecstatic notices in the New York *Times*. In fact, it seems destined to join that growing series of "brilliant" additions to pop culture which demonstrate "without fear and without research" how "rotten" the system really is. One can only hope that the book will, in ten or twenty years, be remembered, if at all, with acute embarrassment. It is, in this sense, an important cultural document.

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Jewish Workingmen

CLASS STRUGGLE IN THE PALE. By EZRA MENDELSOHN. *Cambridge University Press. 180 pp. $8.50.*

Reviewed by IRVING HOWE

SHORTLY AFTER the Second World War, perhaps in response to the fact that the world of the East European Jews had been destroyed forever, there began to appear a certain interest among American intellectuals in the life of the *shtetl.* Books and articles were published trying to record its folkways, though more often than not these succeeded only in romanticizing them. Distinctions have to be made. The idyllic reconstruction of Abraham Heschel, though hardly a rigorous or complete picture, rested firmly on a religious worldview, while the far more popular study by Zborowski and Herzog was merely an exercise in sentimental anthropology. The very names of the books published by these authors suggest the difference: *The Earth Is the Lord's* and *Life Is with People.* Naturally enough, the Jewish intellectuals got into the act and there were even rumors that in distant Montana gabardines were being donned. But in a little while the interest of Jewish intellectuals in Hasidism and the *shtetl* declined: it went, you might say, to pot. Intellectually the whole thing wasn't very serious, though it did reflect authentic yearnings for an "essence" of Jewishness apart from history, belief, and institutions.

Meanwhile, more quietly and usefully, the small group of scholars concerned with modern Jewish history was continuing its work of a methodical rediscovery of old-country life. In Yiddish there was a valuable if scattered monograph literature, and still more valuable was the large memoir literature, much of it in manuscript form and preserved by YIVO; it seemed, at times, as if every survivor of Bundism and Zionism had to put down his story, if only to thwart his own awareness that few would care or remember.

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This memoir literature, at once vivid, opinionated, and imprecise, has been used to great advantage by Professor Ezra Mendelsohn of the Hebrew University in his fine little book on the rise of trade unionism, strike actions, and working-class consciousness in Eastern Europe during the last third of the 19th century. Too many writers dealing with this period have focused on the flashier aspects of Jewish ideology, that froth of speculation arising from Jewish energy and despair; but Professor Mendelsohn, who draws upon the literature of five languages, has corrected this skewed emphasis and provides us with an absorbing and scrupulous work of scholarship.

The period he deals with was marked by a mixture of economic decline and cultural upsurge among the East European Jews. In the short run, the emancipation of the serfs damaged the frail Jewish economy, for it undercut their role as middlemen between landowners and peasants. The *shtetl* began emptying out a portion of its youth into the slums of Warsaw, Lodz, Minsk, Vilna, Bialystok, and other cities, and soon it became possible to see the first signs of a Jewish proletariat, that proletariat Karl Kautsky would declare in 1901 to be "still more oppressed, exploited, and ill-treated than all others; a pariah among pariahs."

How terrible the conditions were of these Jewish workers, really more artisans than proletarians, can be glimpsed in a petition sent to the governor of Vilna province in 1892: ". . . work in the shop lasts from 7 A.M. to 11 P.M. or 12 P.M. and before holidays the employer makes us work all night." A report submitted by the Bund to the International Socialist Congress of 1896 estimates that the average working day of a Jewish artisan was between 14 and 16 hours, with the pay as low as two or three rubles a week. If such conditions were everywhere characteristic of nascent capitalist economy, they had a special source in the Pale: a generalized poverty which forced upon small employers an intensive exploitation of labor, as well as the technological backwardness of the handful of "Jewish industries."

All through the 1880's and 1890's bitter strikes kept breaking out, often led by Bundists who saw them as evidence that the class struggle was deepening within the Jewish community. *In di gassn/ tsu di massn* (into the streets, to the masses), began a popular Vilna song of the 1890's. Yet even as these strikes would occasionally bring some relief to the Jewish workers, it soon became clear to almost every strand of Jewish opinion that their effect could only be marginal. Courageous and brilliant in strikes, the Jewish workers often lacked the discipline that comes from factory structure; they would allow their organizations to disintegrate in "normal" times; and only a tiny portion of them managed to elbow their way into the larger and better-paying industries where they might join with the Gentile workers. Abraham Liessen, the Yiddish poet and publicist, acutely remarked that within the Pale the class struggle could be little more than "pauper against pauper." In Western Europe and in the great Russian factory centers, he wrote, "workers struggle against capitalists who are very wealthy, while in our Jewish towns and cities the workers struggle against paupers like themselves." Ber Borochov, the Left-Zionist theoretician, argued that the class struggle within the Jewish community was bankrupt from the very start, if only because the Jewish craft industries were in decline and their artisans more and more obsolete. Even the Bund, committed as it was to political work within the Pale, had to recognize at least the partial validity of what Liessen, Borochov, and others were saying. The Bundist leaders,

> Kremer and Gozhanskii [writes Mendelsohn], conceded that . . . the socialists were operating under severe handicaps. Kremer admitted that since many Jewish artisans might in time become employers who could operate independently within their own shops, "a worker regards his situation as temporary and agrees to put up with a certain amount of sacrifice." Gozhanskii even questioned whether one could hope to improve the living conditions of the Jewish artisan masses when,

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as he said, "some masters are so poverty-stricken that an increase in wages will force them to close down the shops."

Yet by some final historical reckoning—a reckoning that always risks forgetting the misery of men who lived, worked, and died—the nascent labor and socialist movements achieved something of great consequence for the future of the Jews. In these early struggles there began to emerge a new social type who would become the carrier, and often the pride, of *Yiddishkeit*: the self-educated worker-intellectual, utterly plebeian in style and vision, still bearing the bench-marks of the Talmud Torah, forced to struggle into his maturity for those elements of learning that his grandsons would accept as their birthright, yet fired by a vision of a universal humanist culture and burning with eagerness to absorb the messages of Marx and Tolstoy and all the other masters of the 19th century. A certain Moses "the Binder"

> read everything he could get his hands on. Yet in the course of time he developed a feeling for good books . . . he would read only those which enriched him spiritually, which satisfied his need to learn. He loved literature, and was especially interested in the classics. His favorites were works of the great satirist Saltykov-Shchedrin, and those of Turgenev and Tolstoy, Zola and Dickens.

Here a young artisan describes his socialist "teacher":

> I remember as if it were today with what a remarkable feeling of fear and awe I and other students sat on a wooden bench near a large brick oven that was hardly warm. Opposite us, at a table, sat a young man of twenty-seven or twenty-eight . . . [Arkady Kremer, one of the founders of the Bund, whose lectures created the feeling that] a new soul had entered me.

UNQUESTIONABLY the rise of early Jewish socialism was the single greatest factor in stirring the masses of both city and *shtetl* to a new awareness of their condition, their possibilities, their unused powers. But insofar as objective conditions imposed the most severe

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Stanford University Press

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limits upon social revolt within the Jewish community—for such revolt had always to face the feebleness of its victory, the bitterness of the handful of fruits it could gather—the very release of insurgent energies led to frustration and despair, sometimes to the abandonment of the Jewish world entirely. One labor militant, writing from Minsk, shrewdly remarked that "In fact we were only preparing socialists for America." His point could have been generalized. Except for the religious and cultural movements, which by their nature were self-sufficient and whose aims were therefore realizable almost under any circumstances, all the new energies within the Jewish world of Eastern Europe were doomed to failure. Neither communal growth nor political gradualism nor socialist aggressiveness nor Zionist preparations could transform, or break out of, the limits of the Pale. It was finally the special contribution of the cultural-political revival of these years that it made the Jews all the more painfully aware of how intolerable was the very life that had given rise to the revival.

This stirring portion of recent Jewish history is presented by Professor Mendelsohn with a notable objectivity. Especially interesting are his pages on the "Vilna opposition" of the early 1890's, led by a Jewish engraver named Avram Gordon, who insisted—against the Bund and the leading unionists—that in view of the inherent limitations of the class struggle within the Jewish community, the primary task was that of intellectual enlightenment. "The masses had to 'develop' before they could participate actively in a labor movement; this could only be accomplished through education in the [working-class study] circles." In a curious anticipation of Machajski and other radical theorists who would see socialism as a movement by means of which intellectuals impose their will on workers, the autodidact Gordon wrote:

> The intellectuals suggest to the workers a switch from propaganda to agitation. What does this mean? It means that the intellectuals will know Marx, Plekhanov, etc., they will be completely educated. And we workers? We won't know anything, because only agitation will be carried on among us.

A few years later, after Gordon's group disintegrated, there arose a "second opposition," whose rhetoric seems faintly to anticipate that of the Workers Opposition protesting Lenin's centralism in the early 1920's. Attacking the "despotism" of the intellectuals, this "second opposition" insisted upon running its own libraries and local organizations, and focused on cultural self-development rather than social struggle.

In the short run, the Bundists had a good answer to these oppositions: the Jewish workers would "develop" culturally precisely through their struggles for better living conditions. But the opposition groups, though never strong and seldom able to cope with the dialectical resourcefulness of the Bundist intellectuals, seem to have anticipated some of the main problems of both 20th-century Jewish and socialist experience. They grasped intuitively the tension that would necessarily develop between party leader and proletarian follower, between political ideologues and the ordinary *folksmassn,* between those drawn to a historical vision and those committed to the immediacy of experience. And they sensed also the inherent limitations not only of Bundist but of all internal Jewish politics: for if the "class struggle" among the East European Jews was that of pauper against pauper, the political quarrels were of the powerless against the powerless.

I wish Professor Mendelsohn had allowed himself to take a glimpse, so to say, beyond his last page and discuss whether his conclusions for the 1880-1905 period would hold for the Jewish working class and its organizations in Eastern Europe during the 1920-39 period. But perhaps this is an unreasonable demand to make of so excellent a piece of work.

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Speaking Out in Russia

IN QUEST OF JUSTICE: PROTEST AND DISSENT IN THE SOVIET UNION TODAY. Edited by ABRAHAM BRUMBERG. *Praeger. 477 pp. $10.95.*

Reviewed by MAURICE FRIEDBERG

I HAVE before me a petition, signed by some forty men and women, pleading for their right to return to the ancestral lands from which they had been driven twenty odd years ago. The signatories—who bear such unmistakable Mos-

MAURICE FRIEDBERG *is director of the Russian and East European Institute at Indiana University.*

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lem names as Mustafa, Fatima, and Hussein—are not, as one would at first guess imagine, Palestinian Arabs, but Tatars deported from their native Crimea by Stalin's police and still forbidden to return by the same Soviet government that publicly wrings its hands over the fate of displaced Moslems outside the Russian borders.

The petition forms part of this extraordinary collection of material assembled by Abraham Brumberg, currently on leave as editor of the scholarly journal *Problems of Communism* where many of the documents were originally published.* Supplemented by four apposite essays—Sidney Monas on the Russian intelligentsia; Stephen M. Weiner on Soviet courts; George Luckyj on nationalist moods in the Ukraine; and Peter Reddaway on the role of religion in Soviet dissent—and by an introduction by the editor, the volume comprises a unique compilation of uncensored Soviet writing; indeed, it contains some of the most significant expressions of recent ideological and artistic dissent in the USSR. (The term "dissent," in this connection, should be used with a degree of caution since, in a totalitarian state, any unauthorized expression of views, even an ideologically "neutral" poem, once written and disseminated, becomes illegal and thus automatically acquires the status of "dissent.")

What is perhaps most remarkable about these petitions, manifestoes, open letters, essays, and poems is the fact that many of their authors have elected to shed their anonymity, indicating, along with their real names, their professions, addresses, and even telephone numbers. Among the signatories, side by side with the internationally famous scientists and novelists whom one has come to

* *In Quest of Justice* was already on press when scores of petitions from Soviet Jews entreating to be allowed to emigrate to Israel began to reach the outside world. A pamphlet containing the texts of their moving appeals was recently issued by the American Jewish Conference on Soviet Jewry (*Redemption! Jewish Freedom Letters from Russia*. Foreword by Bayard Rustin; edited by Moshe Decter). It is an indispensable supplement to the present volume.

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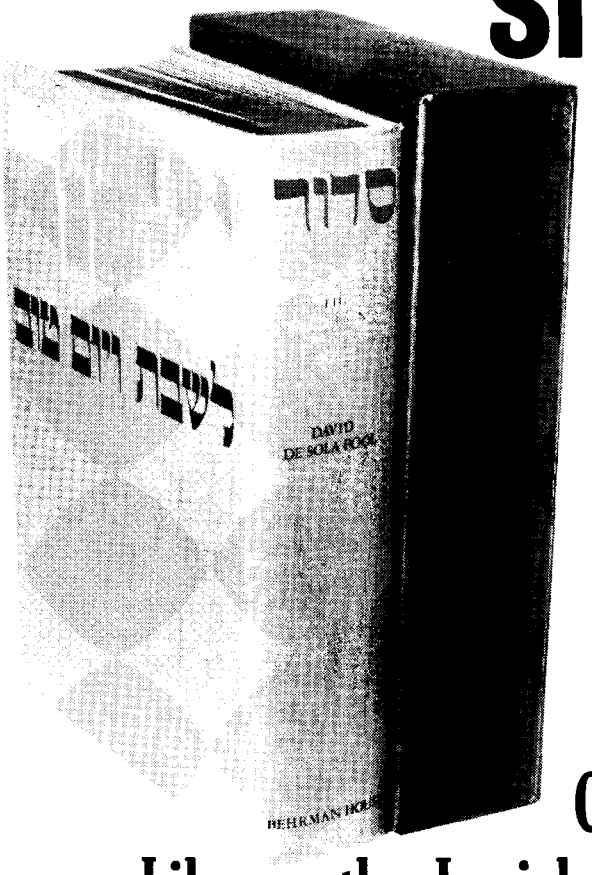

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expect, are to be found ordinary workers, clerks, housewives, and students. It should be borne in mind that in the Soviet Union, participating in protest demonstrations or circulating petitions for the redress of injustice are dangerous activities, considered by the authorities to be crimes punishable by prison sentences. And, as a matter of fact, a large number of the signatories are at present languishing in Soviet jails or in psychiatric hospitals (the latter have become an increasingly popular adjunct to the Soviet penal system, serving to isolate the dissenter from society at large, while at the same time denying him recognition as a rational human being).

IN TRADITIONAL Russian fashion, the most recent wave of Soviet dissent was first expressed in literature. Belletristic reactions to the Stalinist heritage of repression and hypocrisy began to make their appearance in "official" Soviet literary journals almost immediately after Stalin's death in 1953 and well before Khrushchev's celebrated attack on the late dictator in 1956: Ilya Ehrenburg's novel *The Thaw* appeared in 1954 and bequeathed a name to the period that followed. The present volume is not concerned with legally sanctioned or tolerated protests, and therefore its documents take up at the year 1958, when illegally mimeographed literary magazines began to circulate in the USSR. Most of the material published in these journals was politically quite naive, and the rather romantic notions of rebellion occasionally propounded in them were hazy at best. Artistically, they were most uneven, mixing good and bad along with the truly impressive. In this respect, the underground literary journals (with such names as *Phoenix*, *Syntax*, and *Fig Leaf*) were faithful to the traditions of Russian underground journalism prior to the Revolution.

As for public protests, these are a relatively recent phenomenon in the USSR, dating from February 1966, when Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel were sentenced to seven and five years of prison, respectively, for the "crime" of publishing their work abroad under

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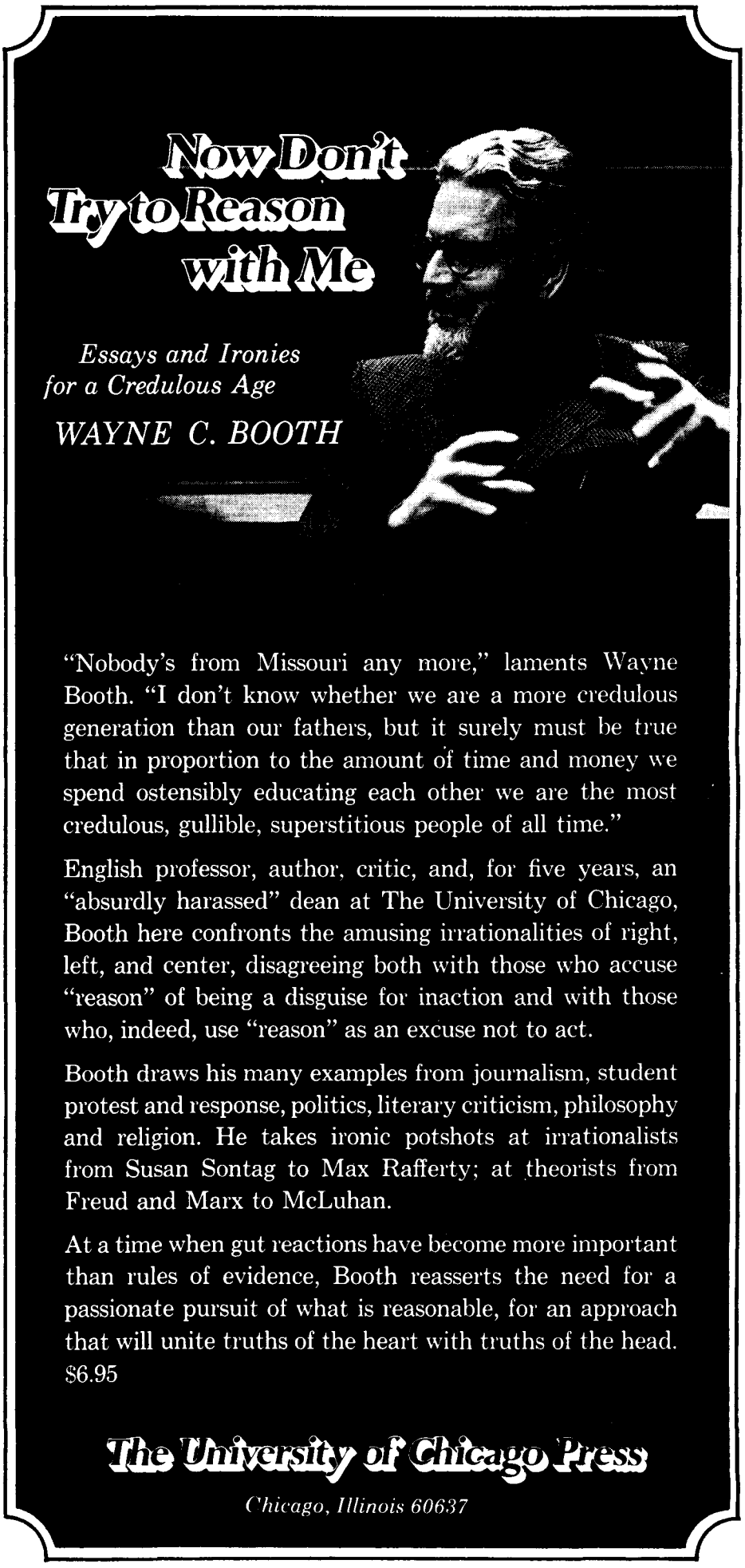
the pseudonyms Abram Tertz and Nikolai Arzhak.* Their trial was an obvious mockery even of Soviet justice: there is no Soviet law specifically prohibiting the publication of a writer's work outside the USSR, and there was no other real crime with which the defendants could be charged. The atmosphere of hysteria in which the trial was conducted (the proceedings have since been published in the West) gave rise, not unreasonably, to fears of a recrudescence of the Stalinist terror—fears that have not been allayed by the increasingly conciliatory tone taken in official Soviet histories with respect to the Stalin period.

It is probably no accident that among the leaders in the Soviet protest movement of the last five years one finds a disproportionate number of young men and women whose fathers, once Stalin's devoted servants, later lost their lives during the dictator's purges. Most prominent among these is the young historian Pyotr Yakir, recently seen by millions of Americans on a CBS documentary dealing with Soviet dissenters; his father, Major General Yona Yakir, was executed in 1937. Even more astounding is the fact that among the most prominent figures of Soviet dissent currently serving prison terms is a man who was once a Major General in the Red Army, Pyotr Grigorenko. Some of the dissenters bear illustrious names, such as Pavel Litvinov, a grandson of the late Soviet foreign minister; others, descendants, as it were, of Old Russia's "repentant noblemen," are said to be children of prominent Soviet bureaucrats. But the dissenters also include the ordinary worker Anatoli Marchenko—he is perhaps the most famous of all—whose book *My Testimony* was recently published in the West. Like their predecessors in Czarist Russia, the Soviet dissenters are predominantly intellectuals and include a large number of persons of non-Russian origin, such as the recently arrested Andrei Amalrik, the author of *Will the Soviet Un-*

* Daniel was released earlier this year, although he has not been permitted to resettle in Moscow; Sinyavsky is still serving his term.



"Nobody's from Missouri any more," laments Wayne Booth. "I don't know whether we are a more credulous generation than our fathers, but it surely must be true that in proportion to the amount of time and money we spend ostensibly educating each other we are the most credulous, gullible, superstitious people of all time."

English professor, author, critic, and, for five years, an "absurdly harassed" dean at The University of Chicago, Booth here confronts the amusing irrationalities of right, left, and center, disagreeing both with those who accuse "reason" of being a disguise for inaction and with those who, indeed, use "reason" as an excuse not to act.

Booth draws his many examples from journalism, student protest and response, politics, literary criticism, philosophy and religion. He takes ironic potshots at irrationalists from Susan Sontag to Max Rafferty; at theorists from Freud and Marx to McLuhan.

At a time when gut reactions have become more important than rules of evidence, Booth reasserts the need for a passionate pursuit of what is reasonable, for an approach that will unite truths of the heart with truths of the head. $6.95

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ion Survive until 1984?, who is of French descent; Alexander Ginzburg, a Jew, who was sentenced to a prison term for compiling a White Book of documents relating to the trial of Sinyavsky and Daniel (the latter, incidentally, a son of the Soviet Yiddish novelist Mark Daniel); the writers Ivan Dzyuba and Vyacheslav Chornovyl, both Ukrainians; and Ivan Yakhimovich, a Pole, who only a few years ago was lauded in a Soviet newspaper as a "model collective farm chairman."

THE DEMANDS of the Soviet dissenters appear modest enough: they ask the Soviet authorities to observe their own laws and the UN Declaration of the Rights of Man to which the USSR is a signatory. Thus, they repeatedly demand the abolition of official censorship, for which there is no provision in the Soviet constitution. They plead for freedom of assembly and for open trials, both of which are officially guaranteed by Soviet law. And they petition, as did Anatoli Levitin-Krasnov, for a real separation of church and state—also as provided by Soviet law—instead of the present situation in which the Orthodox Church is subservient to the Soviet state.

Soviet dissenters are preoccupied with ethnic injustice, a problem that is acquiring fresh urgency now that Great Russians are already outnumbered by the country's non-Russian population. Echoes of protests against acts of minority discrimination, cultural and other, have, of course, been reaching the West for some time. As a rule, however, protesters in the past gave voice to the grievances of their own ethnic groups alone. While such restricted protests continue—especially in the Ukraine and among the exiled Crimean Tatars—*In Quest of Justice* documents instances of protesters taking up the cause of ethnic groups other than their own. Thus, for example, General Grigorenko, himself a Slav, is known for his defense of the exiled Tatars. The late Vasyl Symonenko was a fervent Ukrainian nationalist, but he was also a passionate defender of other minorities, particularly the Kurds. Andrei Sakharov, the prize-winning nuclear physicist, denounced "the stench of narrow-minded anti-Semitism" in the Soviet bureaucracy. Finally, on September 29, 1966, the anniversary of the Babi Yar massacre, the Ukrainian critic and writer Ivan Dzyuba addressed a group of Kiev Jews pleading, in effect, that the two communities together oppose what he described as government-inspired ethnic hatred:

> As a Ukrainian, I am ashamed that there is anti-Semitism or disrespect toward the Jews. . . . You Jews must fight against those in your midst who do not respect the Ukrainian people, the Ukrainian culture, the Ukrainian language—against those who unjustly see a potential anti-Semite in every Ukrainian. Our common past consists not only of blind enmity and bitter mistrust—although there was much of this, too. Our past also shows examples of courageous solidarity and cooperation in the struggle for our common ideals of freedom and justice, for the well-being of our nations. We, the present generation, should continue this tradition and not the tradition of distrust and reserve. . . . The road to true and honest brotherhood lies not in self-oblivion but in self-awareness, not in rejection of ourselves and adaptation to others but in finding ourselves

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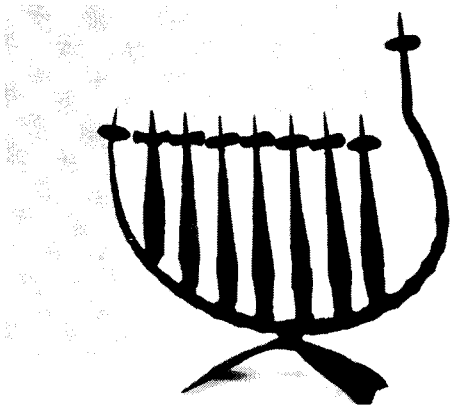

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and respecting others. The Jews have a right to be Jews and the Ukrainians have a right to be Ukrainian. . . . Let the Jews know Jewish history, Jewish culture, and the Yiddish language and be proud of them. Let the Ukrainians know Ukrainian history, the Ukrainian culture and language and be proud of them. Let them also know each other's history and culture . . . and let them know how to respect themselves and others—as brothers.

IT IS, of course, impossible to arrive at a reasonably accurate estimate of the numerical strength of the Soviet dissenters. That the number of their sympathizers is significant is evident from the fact that the clandestine *Chronicle of Current Events,* launched in 1968 to coincide with the International Year of Human Rights, has so far been able to bring out approximately a dozen issues, all of them filled with impartial and, whenever verification proved possible, remarkably accurate accounts of the wave of illegal arrests and trials that is still in sway. Another memorable achievement was the Red Square demonstration, held on August 25, 1968, protesting the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. Only seven persons participated and the event lasted but a few minutes. The demonstrators were savagely beaten and all but one—the poet Natalya Gorbanevskaya, who carried a three-month infant in her arms—were arrested. Gorbanevskaya sent a report of the demonstration to foreign newspapers, and has since been arrested.

Of the two great myths that were smashed in the last decade, one was the myth of Russia's de-Stalinization. Together with the other great myth, that of America as a peaceful amalgam of racial and ethnic groups, it now lies, in Trotsky's phrase, in the garbage-can of history. Neither myth was ever entirely true or justified, but sufficient grounds existed for the creation of each. One of the ironies of the current situation is that Soviet dissenters, by and large, yearn after those very "bourgeois freedoms" that our own extremists find so abhorrent, and would, no doubt, welcome the "repressive tolerance" of representative government.

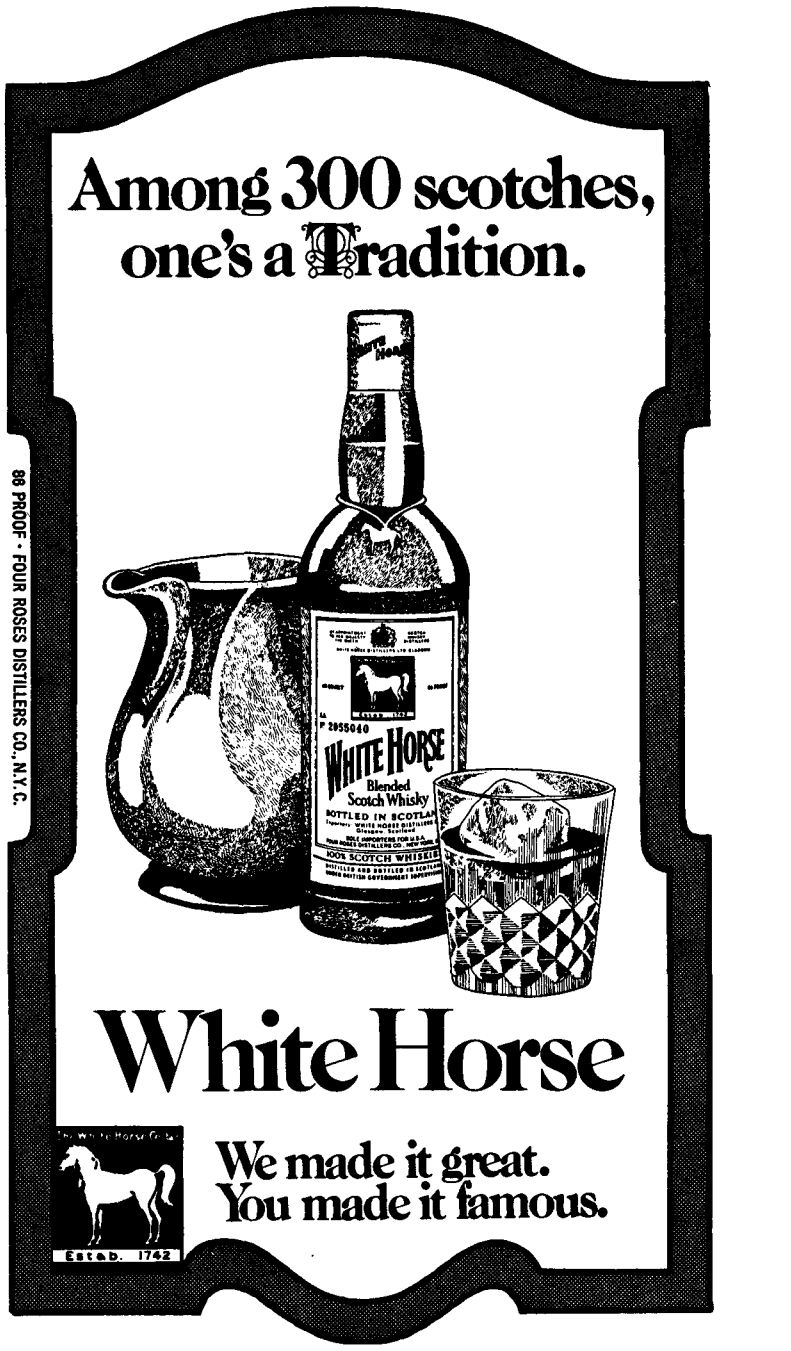
Our Time & the Left

STANDING FAST. By HARVEY SWADOS. *Doubleday. 656 pp. $8.95.*

Reviewed by LIONEL ABEL

ONE COMES away from Harvey Swados's new novel with the impression that it was once the most natural thing in the world for normal and even conventional people—and people, by the way, without any notable political culture—to adhere to the Trotskyist political philosophy. Now Trotskyism, during World War II, opposed the support of America and England, denied that it was possible for the democracies to defeat totalitarianism, and generally aimed at replacing all persons then occupying the world's seats of power.

LIONEL ABEL's *article, "What Is Society?," appeared in our September number.*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With whom? With leading figures of the Trotskyist sect, which probably never numbered more than a thousand American members.

SUCH are the views of Harvey Swados's Trotskyists in *Standing Fast*, and such were indeed the views of the Trotskyists I myself knew and was personally friendly to before and during the war years. But if there are many likenesses, there is also one difference. The Trotskyists I myself knew had an *intellectual* interest in political ideas, while the Trotskyists in *Standing Fast* do not. Carmie, for example, is talking about a play she has just seen, Sartre's *Red Gloves*, in which Charles Boyer starred on Broadway. We are told: "She seemed more struck by Boyer's baldness than by Sartre's philosophy." Now there is very little of Sartre's philosophy in the play for anyone to be struck by, and what is more, this is a political play, and probably the best political play written during the last half century. Moreover, it was inspired at least in part by the story of Trotsky's assassination, as told to Simone de Beauvoir by Bernard Wolfe, who for a time had been Trotsky's secretary; in fact, the one attractive figure in the play was modeled on the revolutionary killed in Mexico. Now how could all this have been missed by a Trotskyist? Carmie, to be sure, is not a party member though one of the group, and is presented by the novelist as peculiarly uninterested in ideas. But are the other characters much more interested?

Anne says to Joe, "All that talk about seafaring, labor, Marxism. What's it got to do with me?" Joe asks, "Don't you know?" Anne replies, "I don't want to know." To Big Boy she says, "I've got a confession to make. I don't care a damn about poetry. And what's more, I don't care a damn about politics." Of Norm we are told that he ". . . had fled the endless theorizing and the tiresome theological certitudes of his intellectual friends at Ann Arbor for the uncomplicated pleasures of the football field." Though his wife is pregnant and he could claim exemption, he refuses to do so and is drafted into the army. His justification is certainly better than that of the pacifist seaman Polonsky, who has joined the navy and explains that if the war had been limited to its Asian theater, he might have remained true to his ideas and been a conscientious objector. He puts it this way: "The Japs never did me anything—it's one more imperialist war, Pearl Harbor or no Pearl Harbor. But with Hitler, the *momser*, you got a horse of a different color. I'll tell you something else. . . . I didn't have the guts to go CO. I was afraid to face the folks on my block."

Norm's explanation to Sy for not claiming exemption is a good deal manlier, but hardly sharper intellectually. He says: "I don't believe in the war. I don't think they're really fighting fascism. But Sy . . . where the dying is, that's where the living is. Not here." To be sure, there is also Harry Sturm, who is somewhat more intellectual than the other Trotskyists, but he is dismissed by Norm as peculiar, almost pathological, in fact in terms quite like those with which the generality of Americans during the 30's and 40's dismissed all Trotskyists. Norm describes Harry—and here I think he has the author's support—as having the voice of a virgin ". . . married to a sick old dad, his chemical engineering handbooks, his files of Marxist periodicals."

NOW IT IS simply not the case that in this country people whose interest in politics was moral rather than political—as is normal with most Americans—ever tended in any real numbers to become Trotskyists. I do not mean to suggest, though, that there is untruthfulness to fact in this superbly written and utterly authentic novel. It is, however, a realistic novel; and is it realistic to believe—this is what the novel seems to assert—that Trotskyism was a perfectly natural option for the people it describes? We have heard recently from Miss Bernardine Dohrn that "freaks are revolutionaries and revolutionaries are freaks," and the odor of pot over groups of campus radicals and war resisters may seem to bear her out. And we have been told by Charles Reich, in *The Greening of America*, that it is possible for us to freak ourselves toward socialism as it was once said by antinomian Christians that men could sin themselves to Jesus. At the present time the association of political radicalism with moral and psychological oddity, and even abnormality, seems quite inevitable. Now there is nothing at all freakish about the characters in *Standing Fast*, just as there is little about them that is especially intellectual. Yet Norm and Carmie and Anne and Joe, like Irwin and Vito and Big Boy and Fred, were Trotskyists at a time when it was unfashionable to be Trotskyist, and also intellectually difficult. Their moral and psychological normalcy, considering the extremity of their radicalism, cannot but seem anomalous. Is it really?

If we do not at once believe what Harvey Swados is saying, yet we do believe in his characters. But they ask us to believe what he is saying, political appearances to the contrary notwithstanding. Certainly their dramatic persuasiveness is an argument, and a powerful one, for the truth of his vision.

SUPPOSE, THOUGH, we shift our perspective and question just one political notion, whose truth we may have simply assumed. What notion? One dear to the radical Right, which claims that it alone represents the American interest, a claim which is agreed with by the radical Left, which is today for the most part anti-American. What if this claim is quite unjustified? What if it is simply false? What if the American interest can only be truly represented by the Left? This view would give coherence to a number of facts which the alternative view makes it harder to understand: the persistent radicalism of our youth; the absence of a white backlash in the South; the weakness of the Wallace movement, with whose menace to us we were constantly threatened; and finally the political impossibility in this country of recruiting a right-wing intelligentsia, that is to say, one of any real quality. But now if we accept the view that this country despite all appearances is essentially leftist, and if we look from our new perspective into Swados's novel once more, the radicalism of its characters will not seem implausible. If it is normal for Americans to be on the Left, then it is not at all implau-

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THE DOMINICAN REVOLT

by THEODORE DRAPER

COMMENTARY published Theodore Draper's article on *The Dominican Crisis* three years ago, in December 1965. Within a matter of days, a New York *Times* editorial hailed it as "monumental." The weeks immediately following brought a torrent of mail applauding its achievement.

Sen. Ernest Gruening wished "that copies could be sent to every member of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate."

Sen. Eugene J. McCarthy called it "a complete observation of the whole Dominican movement."

Irving Howe wrote that it was "intellectual journalism at its best."

> The author of this remarkable article had already established himself as a uniquely conscientious and objective student of contemporary American politics. Previous writing on Latin America, as well as two published volumes in an exhaustive history of American Communism, had won him international acclaim. Theodore Draper's analysis of a crucial moment in American foreign policy which was all too evocative of the Bay of Pigs could not help but be of widespread interest.

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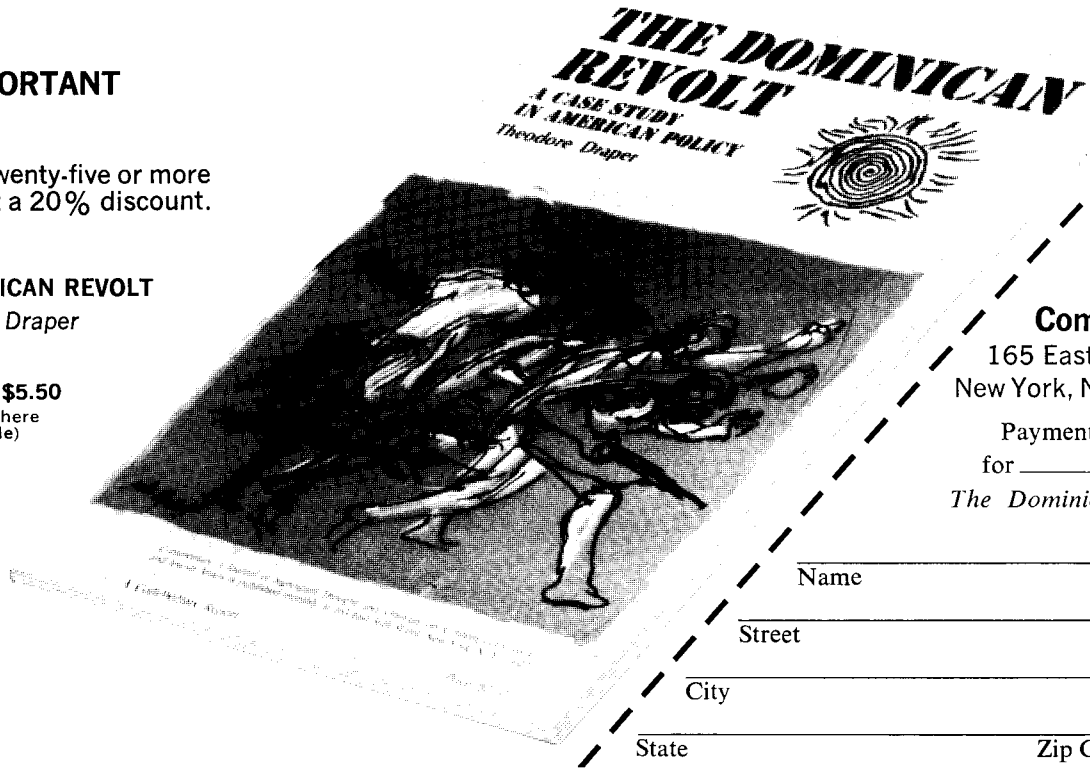

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sible to think that a handful of normal Americans at a moment of historical crisis were to be found at the Trotskyist pole.

What is the truth of the matter? I think the truth is to be found in Swados's artistic vision and not in present appearances, or in the extreme views of right- and left-wing ideologists. I gave as one argument for Swados's vision the livingness of his characters. But there are other arguments.

The French intellectual, Dionys Mascolo, writing in a 1955 special issue of *Les Temps Modernes* devoted to analyzing and defining the Left and leftism, wrote as follows:

> America, taken as a whole, is on the *Left*. No one who observed the life habits of the American soldiers of 1944-45 could doubt this. And Europeans who have lived in America have all been struck by the democratic tone prevailing there in manners and customs. Why, then, does the most democratic of Americans take on in Europe the air of a boss? America, in fact, since the war, has behaved like the rich man of the globe. . . . It discovered then [after the war] that the rest of the world was poor. It was terrified by this discovery, which even made it sick, and it has not yet recovered.

Now it is one thing to think of the United States as the leading counterrevolutionary country of the world (this has been Conor Cruise O'Brien's charge), and quite another to think of this country as Mascolo described it in 1955: somewhat sickened to find itself on the political Right, having lost touch, through affluence, with its naturally leftist bent. And from these two very different judgments of America, two very different judgments of abnormality and freakishness may be derived. One may think of abnormality and freakishness as the penalty Americans have to pay for trying to be radical in a right-wing country; alternatively, one may think of this country as freakish and abnormal insofar as it has not been true to itself, that is to say, to its inherent radicalism.

I suspect that Harvey Swados would find this second view of the United States rather closer to the

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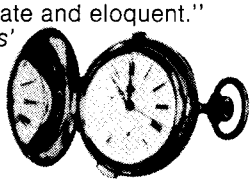

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judgment he himself makes: Swados's novel, though, never touches on the contemporary alignments of freakishness with radicalism; his book ends with the present age. I am sure he began this novel a good while back; it is expressive of earlier and more politically salubrious times. The truth is, I do not think he throws much light on the present epoch, though he does try to connect with our age the past from which his characters emerged. It is to be noted that the figure he has chosen to connect us with the past is the rather sickly if sympathetic Paul, the talented, guilt-ridden, and morally sentimental son of Carmie and Irwin (who has, by the way, become what radicals are never supposed to become, a dentist). Paul, having left Columbia where he did brilliantly, voluntarily embraces poverty, working as a delivery and errand boy. He chooses to live in Harlem, to be close to those who are not poor by choice. His motives, of course, are misunderstood. One night he is cornered by three young blacks, who take his wallet, reproach him because it contains only nine dollars, accuse him of living in Harlem because he is "hot for nigger boys," and then kill him. Here is the end of the event as Swados sets it before us:

> Paul leaped forward. As he grappled for the taunting hand a tremendous blow in the back staggered him. He fell forward and a boot flashed at his head. He could not avoid it, it caught him on the temple, and spun him down half a flight of steps to a black cellar areaway.
>
> Groping, he gripped the concrete steps with his fingertips and began to work his way up. One, two, if he could reach the sidewalk he would make his way to the streetlamps, to life. But then, with the sound of high shrill laughter and fleeting footsteps fading as he strained to lift his ear from the concrete, something gigantic, overwhelming, a huge wave-like force, arose within him. He opened his mouth to release it and blood came gushing forth as he slid back down the steps into darkness.

No doubt Paul can be taken to represent the moral and political attitudes held by youthful idealists during the early days of the SDS. But even that period seems ancient nowadays. And I do not think even that time is seen very clearly by the novelist. His glance is definitely on a remoter past, being caught by what might be called the halcyon days of radical suffering, when leftists stood for the right thing but were outnumbered, when they did not have to win in the present to believe the future would be theirs. Swados's Trotskyists confront the draft, the union bureaucrats, war politics, the McCarthyism of the postwar years, and are finally attacked by the powers of affluence and social decay. Their pathos is to have had less effect on history than time has had on them. They grow old, and lose their beliefs. By 1963, with the assassination of Kennedy, when the novel ends, socialism for Norm is "as dead as God." At the funeral for his son Paul—which he tries to keep his wife Carmie from attending—Irwin judges his ex-Trotskyist comrades thus: "You know what all of us are? Not even a footnote. . . . Roosevelt and the war that you were against, Truman and the war that you were against, Eisenhower and the McCarthyism that you were against, Kennedy and the Bay of Pigs that you were against. . . . Who cared what you thought? Nobody but a handful of cranks and psychopaths. Nuts, freaks, unhappy slobs like me. And kids like my son." Instead of making the revolution he has hoped to lead, Joe Link now hopes to write a book about the black revolution which he cannot lead. Only Vito, who has achieved something in painting (it is something which does not require the help of others), does not seem diminished by the pain time inflicts on him. No doubt Carmie's rather comical and hopeless desire to create something is justified by her obscure perception of the terrible inequality between what time can do to one (always drastic) and what one can do to society (less than one expects, even in the most favorable period).

THE COMPLAINT against time of those who want to make history, this is the theme of Swados's novel, and it is, of course, one of the classical themes of radical literature. It is the theme of one of the very best modern plays, Arnold

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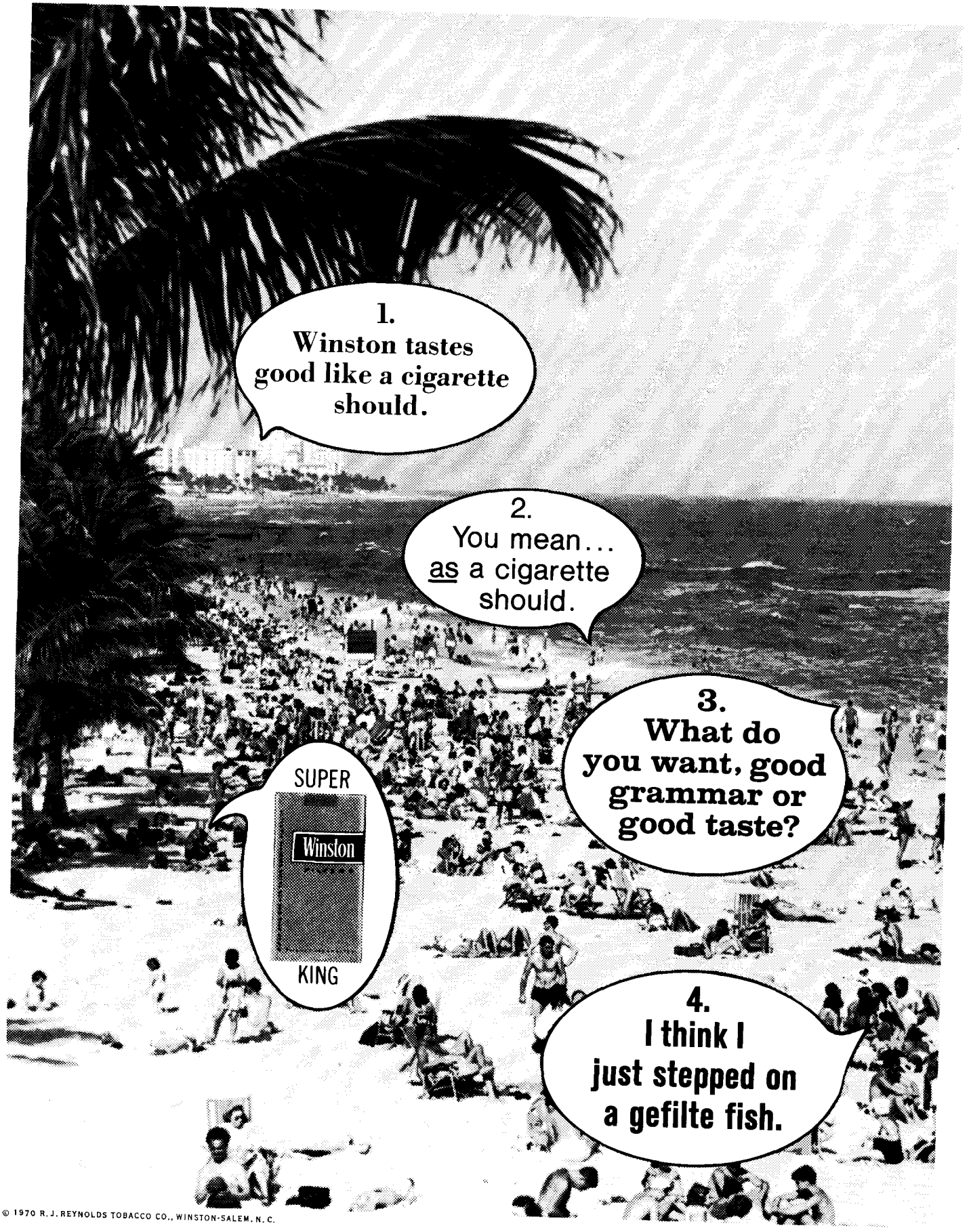

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Wesker's *Their Very Own and Golden City*, in which Andrew Cobham, a radical and an architect, has been dealing with the Labour government; his plan is to erect five golden cities. He has been made a counter-offer:

> KATE. So, they offered you the glory of another fact-finding committee, did they? Asked you to compromise with one voice and told you they loved you and needed you with another. Clever. Clever boys. What was your answer? *(No reply)* Andy, what was your answer?
>
> *(No reply)*
>
> PAUL. What did you tell them, Andy?
>
> STONEY. You didn't agree?
>
> KATE. Leave him answer.
>
> PAUL. Andy, You didn't agree, did you?
>
> KATE. Leave him answer, I say.
>
> STONEY. But he couldn't agree. There's five other committees, they've got sites, all that work, those architects, all that money invested—
>
> PAUL. They didn't promise to finance even one city.
>
> STONEY. Haven't we compromised enough, Andy?
>
> PAUL. Or shall we compromise even on our self-deception?
>
> *(Andy turns to them)*
>
> STONEY. My God, how old you look just now.
>
> ANDY. How old we all look. We'll be very old soon, boys.
>
> KATE. Andrew Cobham, when Brian Cambridge asked you to drop the five Golden Cities, what did you say?
>
> *(Pause)*
>
> ANDY *(defiantly)*. I said—aye.

There is no talk as finely eloquent in the dialogue of *Standing Fast*. On the other hand, Swados's realistic novel is a more powerful means for expressing his theme than is the not always realistic play of Arnold Wesker. First of all, the passage of time has a deeper relation to the form of the novel than to that of the play, which tends to transform everything into present time. Then, too, the play form is too narrow, I think, to counterpose time against history. In Wesker's play, for instance, we do indeed watch Andrew Cobham growing older, so we see time's effect on him directly. But we do not see history being made. The first act ends just before World War II, and the second act begins when it is over. Swados, on the other hand, is able to make vivid the historical events which his main characters direct themselves toward: The beginnings of World War II, McCarthyism, reaction in the labor movement, the execution of the Rosenbergs, and the beginnings of the civil-rights movement. Norm, for instance, is present at the rioting in Little Rock when the courts ordered the desegregation of the schools there. Ham and Paul participate in the Washington march addressed by Martin Luther King. We get the immediacy of the event and also the inadequate relation to that event of Swados's characters.

They, deprived of their ideals by time, remain for the most part normal people, and quite unadapted to this present era, which may be said to have begun at the very point where their story ends. They are perfectly adapted, though, to the realistic style Swados has called on to describe them, and most of them, had they become novelists, would, I think, have written realistic novels such as the one they are in. To be sure, from the perspective we now take, they do seem oddly normal. But I am rather sure that the radicals Swados actually knew and took as models for his characters tried to be more normal than they actually were; that is the way radicals behaved in periods when society was less shaken than it is now. In any case, their normalcy makes it possible for the characters in *Standing Fast* to express in their pathos a classical theme. Time, which cripples, is more of an enemy to the athlete than to the crippled. And it is more hurtful to the moral athlete than to the moral cripple. Swados's characters stand humanly a little closer to the former than to the latter.

And as they are able to represent one of the classical themes of radical literature, even so I think they represent what has to be the major theme of radical politics. Normal people like Swados's radicals are in fact indispensable to any radical movement which is not to end in social catastrophe. No doubt we shall see for some time yet the prominent positions on the Left occupied by characters very different from those Harvey Swados has set before us. But finally, unless the Left is not to amount to anything, leftists will once against express some true commitment to the real. From the notion that revolutionaries are freakish it is only a step to the view now held by many that freakishness is revolutionary. But the further step, to revolution, is going to be a good deal more difficult. For after all, the problem of social change is to persuade the vast majority. One has to persuade them. It is no use trying to kill them. And who would want to make them all "gay"?

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